

Evgeny Kissin:  
ultimate prodigy  
thelongweekend

Geraldine James:  
a jewel in the crown  
thelongweekend

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WORLD CUP FINAL

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL:  
TICKETS, TICKETS AND MORE TICKETS  
the eye



Hands-on: Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott fingering the Labour Party pledge card at yesterday's press conference Photograph: Kalpesh Lathigra

# Mandelson spat takes the shine off Labour's party

**Colin Brown**  
Chief Political Correspondent

Labour celebrations on the eve of its first 100 days in power were overshadowed by questions about Peter Mandelson running the government while Tony Blair is on holiday in Tuscany. Mr Mandelson, the minister without portfolio, came out fighting when he was questioned about his role on the *World at One* on BBC radio 4, which led to "dozens of listeners" telephoning the BBC to complain about his "overbearing, arrogant, pompous" performance. "We always get a steady stream of callers, but there was a marked number about his interview," said a BBC source.

Mr Mandelson earlier attacked "vain-glorious self-indulgent questions" about the prominent role he has played since Mr Blair left to spend his summer holidays in the villa near Siena owned by Geoffrey Robinson, the millionaire Paymaster General.

Although he is not a member of the Cabinet, Mr Mandelson has been in charge of handling the Government's public relations since the news broke last weekend about Robin Cook's affair with his secretary. Mr Mandelson spoke for the Government on the future of the Royal Yacht, the M16 inquiry into whether they were going to exercise "a little responsibility" after being brought into the Government by Mr Blair. "I think the jury is out about what they are going to do."

That was seen as a threat to the Liberal Democrats to toe the Government line. Government sources said Mr Mandelson was aware of split in the Liberal Democrats about whether it was a good or bad thing to join the Government on the committee, and he was developing that debate.

But Liberal Democrat sources said it was retaliation against Norman Baker, a Liberal Democrat MP who has raised a series of Commons questions about Mr Mandelson's role in the Government. Mr Mandelson was said to be "deeply irritated" last weekend when Mr Baker's questions led to reports that Mr Mandelson had not spoken in the Commons for a year.

"He is their political warfare minister and he is getting his retaliation in."

This goes back to Parliament and the hundreds of questions that Norman Baker put down, getting him to spell out that he hasn't spoken in the House since mid-1996. He was very deeply irritated about that," a Liberal Democrat source said. Labour's first 100 days, page 12  
Leading article, page 13  
Commentary, page 15

## 100 days ... and the going gets harder

As I entered Millbank Tower yesterday, it occurred to me how proud my father would have been to be there.

He was a lifelong socialist, and even the last time I saw him he was championing the cause, lamenting how employers had curtailed his career. Sadly, Dad is no longer with us. He spends two months each summer at his house in the south of France.

Labour's first 100-day celebrations therefore passed him by, but there may be other opportunities. If the party makes this report a consistent event, and manage to stay in power for as long as the Conservatives, there will be about another 65 self-aggrandising festivals.

Yesterday's launch was notable for the characters absent rather than those on hand. Tony is in Tuscany, but it seems Robin Cook, Lord Simon and Andrew Slaughter, the beaten Uxbridge candidate, have been sent to Coventry. Labour's march to a century seemed to be going well until, like a nervous batsman, they got the jitters in the 90s.

Robin's absence was a personal blow. My racing colleague does the selections for the *Glasgow Herald*, and there has been much discussion of the consistency of his tipping this week. Exactly 190 years ago, a horse called "Election" won the Derby, and there have been interesting Blue Riband winners since. Tony Blair will know that "Quest For Fame" was successful in 1990, while Peter Mandelson's favourite is doubtless "Dr Devious" two years later.

There was promise of a further racing connection yesterday with the appearance of the former steward, John Prescott. He, though, was not affiliated to the Jockey Club; rather to the Cunard line.

In spite of the trident hidden in his lapel pocket and the long, pointed tail tucked into his trousers, Mandelson's charcoal suit seemed to be hanging rather well. The minister without portfolio dislikes the media's attempt to demonise him as the arch manipulator, yet somehow he had attracted more than 10 camera crews to observe the simple act of him reading a great trumpeting of the party.

Questions were taken and questioners were humiliated, and by the end, the Fourth Estate was so concussed there was not even mention of the previous day's fourth interest rate rise since Labour took office.

Our speakers left in a red ministerial Jaguar with Prescott on the passenger side and Mandelson in the back. Who knows which of them has been in the driving seat while Tony Blair was away.

## A mother's 395-day wait for Godot

**Imre Karacs**  
Bonn

Somewhere in Hanover there is a very happy little boy. For 395 days of his short life he lacked a name but now, thanks to his mother's persistence, the long wait is over. A toast to Max Geronimo Godot.

"Godot?", asked the town registrar all those 395 days ago. Flicking nervously through his list of approved German names, the civil servant smiled as he spotted "Max", his brows furrowed as he searched among the Gs for Geronimo, and began to twitch nervously when the baby's mother started to spell out G-O-D-O-T.

The registrar was well-read. He had heard about Geronimo, though he was pretty sure it was not a German name. Worse, he had seen the name "Godot" written down somewhere. "I've got it," he exclaimed. "Godot is in no way a forename. It's a fantasy name from literature. You can't have it." To prove he was not a heartless pen-pusher he nodded "Geronimo" through.

Normally, such verdicts are final. The laws of German nomenclature are strict to the point of defining how many words a name can consist of, and even what a married woman is allowed to call herself. The system is designed to keep silly names like Elvis out of the telephone book. The registrar also wanted to prevent the child being subjected to ridicule, he said. But the mother did not let the matter rest and petitioned the regional court. The learned judges have spent more than a year considering the matter, and issued their verdict yesterday. "Fantasy names are allowed if a child has several forenames, so that he can choose later in life what he wants to be called."

The implication is that if Max excels at sports for Godot, he might be in trouble with the law again. But that's 17 years away - almost an eternity.

# Anger over Grobbelaar court costs

**Michael Streeter**

A row broke out over the failed multi-million pound prosecution of alleged match-fixing in football after former Liverpool goalkeeper Bruce Grobbelaar was yesterday cleared of accepting a £2,000 bribe. The verdict, directed by Mr Justice McCullough after a Winchester jury failed to agree, ended claims of widespread betting corruption that have hung over English football for three years.

As Mr Grobbelaar, currently without a team, described his ordeal as "hell", an MP asked whether it had been right to proceed with an investigation that has led to two long trials and, according to some estimates, costs of up to £20m. Labour MP Tam Dalyell, who is tabling Commons questions to discover how much public money was spent, said: "The whole thing has been quite preposterous and especially the decision to hold a second trial after the first one ended without agreement by the jury. As someone ... who saw the TV and video clips of Grobbelaar ... I cannot imagine how it could be suggested that he threw the games."

There was also anger that the judge refused costs to defendant John Fashanu, a former Wimbledon player, and ex-team-mate Hans Segers, both cleared with Mr Grobbelaar and businessman Heng Swan Lin on Thursday of conspiracy to throw matches.

Mr Justice McCullough said: "It seems clear Mr Fashanu's own conduct brought suspicion on himself and led the prosecution into thinking the case against him was stronger than it was." It is also understood the Inland Revenue may investigate unpaid tax in football after the court heard that players had been accepting money legally to forecast matches for an Indonesian gambling syndicate.

The Football Association has already announced an inquiry into match-fixing and betting and confirmed last night that it would examine whether Mr Grobbelaar had breached current regulations.

Mr Fashanu, who sold his penthouse to fund his case, said he will appeal against the costs ruling, which could leave him with a personal bill of around £650,000. Mr Segers, who like Mr Grobbelaar received legal aid part-way through the case as funds ran out, will lose £65,000, and his co-defendant at least £30,000. A defence source said later: "Financially this can be described as a Pyrrhic victory."

The theme was taken up by Mr Grobbelaar after the jury, which deliberated for 30 hours in total, said it was unable to reach a verdict on the final charge. At the inconclusive first trial the jury deliberated for 11 hours after a 34-day hearing. The goalkeeper denied accepting £2,000 from his former business partner, Christopher Vincent, to throw matches, in a sting set up by *The Sun*.

Mr Grobbelaar told a press conference: "The verdicts of today and yesterday are a victory for football. Right from the beginning there has never been a game thrown, either in the future or in the past ... It has been sheer hell for my family. As a man who has seen a lot in life, for me to go through this has been sheer hell." He refused to comment on his legal bill or whether he might continue a libel action against *The Sun*, which in November 1994 broke the story of the alleged football scandal of the century. The paper indicated that it would fight any action.


Later the Crown Prosecution Service, which confirmed it would not be seeking a second re-trial, defended its handling of the case. "The seriousness of the offences left no doubt that the public interest required a prosecution."

Hampshire police also defended their investigation. Assistant chief constable Peter Linden Jones said they had to investigate "very serious" allegations in *The Sun*, though the public could now be reassured by the verdict that there was nothing "untoward" in football.

Costly case, page 3




Grobbelaar celebrating with his wife yesterday John Voos


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**QUICKLY**  
**Pound plunges**  
The pound plunged on the foreign-exchange markets after the Bank of England's hint that no more interest-rate rises were necessary. Page 18

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## news

## significant shorts

## Bomb drops into woman's lap in Belfast café

An incendiary bomb dropped into a woman's lap as she took her seat in a south Belfast coffee shop yesterday. The small device, wrapped in tissue paper, was hidden underneath a table at the shop in the Finaghy district. It dropped to the floor when the customer got to her feet. Staff alerted the police, who evacuated the immediate area before Army explosives experts were called in. Police later confirmed the device was an incendiary.

Sean Corrigan, a Catholic who owns My Granny's Pantry coffee shop, said he was stunned by the attack. "The woman was very calm until she realised it was a bomb. She couldn't believe it," he said. "I've no idea why the shop was targeted."

## Lake rescue attempt on girl, 7

The body of a seven-year-old girl was dragged from a lake yesterday after a car plunged into the water at Womersley, near Selby, North Yorkshire. The girl had been under the water for at least 20 minutes and attempts were being made by doctors to revive her, police said. Police said it was not known how many people were in the car and divers were searching the lake.

## Green-belt factory gets go-ahead

Ministers have over-ruled one of their own planning inspectors to allow a micro-electronics plant to be built on green-belt land outside Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham. Green-belt land is meant to be protected from construction to stop cities sprawling, but planning minister Richard Caborn said there were "very special circumstances" - the urgent need to diversify the West Midlands economy and the lack of an alternative site for the plant. The planning application for the 140-acre site at Minworth was made by the Government's West Midlands Development Agency, but it is thought that Dutch multinational Philips is interested in occupying the factory.

Nicholas Schoon

## Alien sex fiend is new Modesty Blaise



The role of comic strip heroine Modesty Blaise, reportedly turned down by Uma Thurman because it involved nudity, has gone to the virtually unknown actress Natasha Henstridge (left). Ms Henstridge is best known for playing an alien sex fiend in the science fiction film *Species*.

Modesty Blaise, the sexy adventures from the novels by Peter O'Donnell and the long-running syndicated comic strip that appears in the London *Evening Standard*, was brought to the screen in 1966 by Monica Vitti and co-starred Terence Stamp. The new version will be directed by Frenchman Luc Besson, responsible for this year's box office blockbuster *The Fifth Element*.

David Lister

## Children's home worker suspended

A care worker has been suspended as part of an inquiry into allegations of physical and sexual abuse at children's homes dating back more than 30 years, it emerged yesterday. Kirklees Social Services in West Yorkshire has received four complaints, some referring to the 1960s, from people who say they were mistreated while in care in Dewsbury. West Yorkshire police are working with social services and the NSPCC on the inquiry.

## Neo-Nazi concert in South Wales

Police are to mount a major operation today to prevent any trouble from a planned neo-Nazi rock concert. But senior officers yesterday were still trying to locate the South Wales venue of the so-called "Aryan Fest" advertised in leaflets circulating among ultra-right extremist groups in Europe. Special protection is being given to the Asian festival at Cardiff International Arena to celebrate the 50th anniversary of independence for India and Pakistan.

## Windsor castle oil well abandoned

A Canadian oil exploration company has abandoned its plans to drill an exploration borehole beneath the Queen's Windsor Castle after its government licence to do so expired.

## Birmingham lands Eurovision

Birmingham's National Indoor Arena was announced as the venue for next May's Eurovision song contest, beating venues in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Glasgow to stage the event.

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## people



Ken Rutherford talks to the Princess on her arrival in Sarajevo yesterday (Photograph: Reuters)

## Victim's praise for Diana's message on landmines

Diana, Princess of Wales, arrived in Bosnia yesterday, and earned the praise of a landmine victim, who said people around the world would not be distracted from her visit's message by world headlines about her new "romance".

The princess flew into Sarajevo for the start of a three-day visit to develop her campaign against landmines by meeting maimed victims, who regard themselves as "forgotten". She smiled and was clearly relaxed as she alighted from the unmarked white jet in which she flew from London.

She was welcomed by a small group of officials and charity workers, before boarding a car carrying the markings of Norwegian People's Aid. Ken Rutherford, co-founder of the Landmine Survivors' Network, which arranged the trip, was on the tarmac to welcome her. He had lost both his legs in a landmine explosion in Somalia.

"I have lost both my legs and I have testified to the US Senate and spoken to a lot of politicians" said Mr Rutherford. "I have met the Princess and she is a real person. She cares about this issue in her heart."

"You don't come to Bosnia for a vacation. I think most people around the world will see her just as I do. She really cares."

American-born Mr Rutherford was an aid worker in Somalia in 1993 when he lost his right leg, and part of his left leg needed amputating.

He founded Landmine Survivors' Network in September 1995 with Jerry White, also 33, who lost his

foot when a landmine exploded on a hiking holiday in the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights in 1984.

Mr Rutherford said he met the Princess when she had addressed a meeting in London about landmines earlier this year.

"It's incredible that she has come to Bosnia. She is the most renowned face in the world and for her to support what we are doing is incredible."

He believed she had been particularly attracted to the fact that the network was particularly concerned about landmine survivors long after they were injured.

The security surrounding the visit was so tight that some of the families the Princess was to meet were unaware that she was coming, he said. Others had been told only in the last few days. Security considerations meant there were few further details of the Princess's itinerary, but she was due to meet groups of mainly military victims of landmines during an evening at an hotel in Tuzla last night.

International discussion about the need to ban landmines had tended to ignore the problems faced by the victims, said Mr Rutherford. "These people become forgotten, shut off in their own homes."

Diana had just returned from a Mediterranean holiday with the millionaire playboy Dodi Fayed, 41, son and heir of Harrods owner, Mohamed al-Fayed.

According to reports, the Princess was seen arriving at his apartment on Thursday night, apparently to have dinner with him, only hours before her departure for Bosnia.

## Heart surgeons fix it for Sir Jimmy Savile

Sir Jimmy Savile was moved out of intensive care yesterday morning, after a quadruple heart by-pass operation. He was said to be in good spirits, chatting to doctors and nurses as well as his wife, the hospital spokeswoman.

The 71-year-old veteran broadcaster and charity fundraiser, who was admitted to King's College Hospital in London, West Yorkshire, underwent a three-hour quadruple bypass operation on Thursday.

His secretary, Janet Cope, said: "He's talking to the surgeons and nurses, smiling and responding well to the operation."

Sir Jimmy learned he needed the heart operation four years ago but continually put it off. Mrs Cope said: "He kept going to check-ups and putting it off until a few weeks ago, when his sister Chrissie, who was 76, died from a heart attack."

"I think that made him realise it was time for him to go in to for the operation."

Sir Jimmy was expected to remain in hospital for two weeks and must then take it easy for three or four months.

## Lecturer sacked for saying child sex 'harmless'

Chris Brand, the Edinburgh University lecturer who claimed child sex was harmless in certain circumstances, was sacked yesterday after a tribunal found him guilty of gross misconduct.

The psychology don's claims on the Internet that paedophilia was acceptable, as long as the child was over 12 and of above average intelligence, were condemned as "disgraceful" by Professor Sir Stewart Suderland, principal of the university.

Mr Brand, 52, was suspended from his teaching and administrative duties last November following complaints about his conduct. A university disciplinary tribunal,



submitted its report to the principal. The university faced down calls for Mr Brand's resignation earlier last year after he wrote a book claiming whites were more intelligent than blacks.

The more recent case was extraordinary, the tribunal found, because he had "courted further publicity and shown a desire to pursue his own goals at the expense of others." The effect of his remarks was "to undermine completely any of the remaining trust and confidence which members of the Department might have had in Mr Brand as a colleague."

Lucy Ward

## briefing

## BROADCASTING

## Radio 1 listeners fall below 10m for the first time

Radio 1's forthcoming 30th anniversary celebrations had some of the fizz removed yesterday, when it emerged that its listenership has plunged below the 10 million mark for the first time.

The latest statistics from ratings researcher Rajar show that BBC's pop and prattle service for young people is down to 9.67 million listeners - just over half the audience it drew when it was launched in 1967. The loss of 1.3 million listeners year-on-year is largely due to Chris Evans' abrupt departure from its breakfast show in January.

Evans' fans have been retuning in recent months to Virgin Radio or vibrant local music stations such as Capital and Heart FM in London. In overall national terms, commercial radio is enjoying unprecedented popularity, now accounting for 50.2 per cent of all listening. Radio 3's audience of 2.3 million is just half that of its commercial rival, Classic FM.

The latest Rajar results would have been even bleaker for the Beeb if Radio 2 and Radio 4 hadn't boosted their popularity. Critical attention will be focused on the latter to see whether it gains or loses listeners as a result of major scheduling changes it has just announced. But the impact of the controversial reforms won't register with Rajar for some time.

Rob Brown

## HEALTH

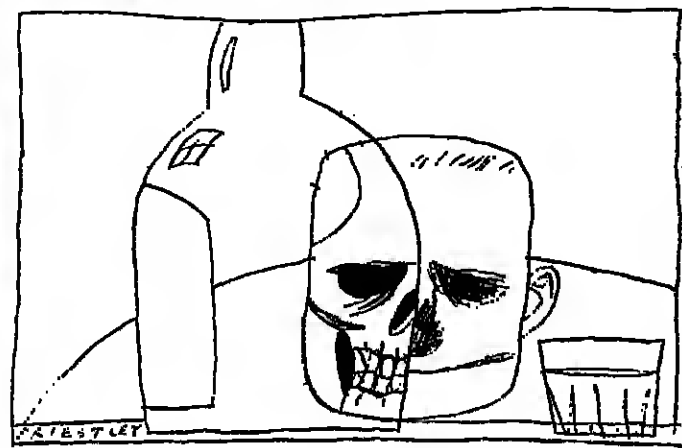
## Alcoholism cuts lives short in Russia

Russians appear to be drinking themselves to death at a rate unmatched anywhere else in modern times, researchers say. The average life expectancy for Russian men fell by 6.2 years and for women by 3.4 years between 1990 and 1994, and a major reason for that was a high consumption of alcohol, according to a report in the *Lancet*.

"The available evidence suggests... that the very high alcohol consumption, together with the habit of binge-drinking, may be resulting in a very large number of circulatory deaths in middle age," according to the report.

The team led by David Leon of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine worked with staff from the Center of Demography and Human Ecology in Moscow. The report was based on an overall analysis of statistics between 1984 and 1994.

It said average life expectancy at birth for Russian men fell from 63.8 years in 1990 to 57.6 years in 1994 and for women from 74.4 years to 71 years. "The magnitude and steepness of the fluctuations in mortality rates and life expectancy for Russia are without parallel in the modern era."



## RESEARCH

## Protein link to brain diseases

British and German researchers have reported significant progress in understanding how brain cells die in people suffering from Huntington's chorea, as well as two other degenerative brain diseases.

The findings of the researchers, published in the journal *Cell*, indicate that Huntington's chorea is caused by a build-up of proteins inside the cell, which eventually kills it. A similar process may be at work in two other crippling brain disorders, Alzheimer's disease and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease.

Priority will now be given to screening for drugs that inhibit the protein buildup. "We all know what we think the primary event [cause] is, so we can start working on a cure, perhaps by stopping these aggregations from forming," said Dr Gillian Bates, of Guy's Hospital in London.

Huntington's chorea is an hereditary degenerative disease that causes premature death of nerve cells in the brain, triggering mental and physical deterioration. It is characterised by involuntary movements of the body and dementia.

## TELECOMS

## Dialling a number you won't forget

Business telephone numbers could be easier to remember, under plans announced yesterday by telecommunications watchdog, Ofcom.

Under the proposals, companies and public organisations can choose to change their current numbers to one prefixed with "05", regardless of where they are in the country. The number will be followed by three digits which identify the company and six more to get the individual line.

The 05 scheme will be voluntary and numbers will be available for distribution from 1998. Ofcom hopes it will be up and running by 1999. The plans have been initiated in order to reduce the pressure on 01 numbers and lessen the need for future code changes.

Don Cruickshank, Director General of Telecommunications, at Ofcom, said: "These plans are in response to clear customer demand. The scheme is primarily intended for organisations who operate extensive multi-site networks of their own, although smaller companies will also be able to use it."

## NATURE

## Birds feel heat of global warming

Many British birds now lay their eggs nine days earlier each spring than they did a quarter century ago, say researchers, and they suggest man-made global warming is behind the change.

The British Trust for Ornithology analysed nest-laying records for 65 native species from 1971 to last year, kept by hundreds of dedicated amateur ornithologists.

It found that for 20 of those species, the average date when the first egg was laid became significantly earlier over the 25 years, and for only one species, the stock dove, did that date become significantly later.

For the remainder of the birds, no strong trend in egg-laying dates emerged - although there was a weak, overall tendency towards earlier clutches. Warmth earlier in the year makes plants and insects grow more rapidly, which provides more food for baby birds - thus there is competitive advantage in earlier egg-laying. The research is published in this week's issue of the science journal *Nature*.

Nicholas Schoon

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# Killer had boy in his sights

Steve Boggan

A heroin dealer whose five-year-old stepson was killed in a drug-fueled shooting has told detectives that he believes the boy was deliberately targeted.

Before returning to his home under heavy police guard yesterday, John Bates, the stepfather of Dillon Hull, revealed that his assailant had waited until the child victim was by his side before opening fire.

Dillon was shot through the head and Mr Bates suffered a minor stomach wound in the attack last Wednesday.

Angry residents in Deane, Bolton, Greater Manchester, launched a petition yesterday to have Mr Bates, 28, and Dillon's mother, Jane Hull, 29, moved from their home in Jauncey Street as it emerged that both had appeared in court last year on heroin dealing-related charges.

Then, Mr Bates was jailed for

21 months, while Recorder Arthur Noble, sitting at Burnley Crown Court, put Ms Hull on probation with the warning: "I hope that you will bring your son up properly and make sure he doesn't have any such involvement [with drugs]."

However, his warning went unheeded. Ms Hull gave birth to another boy, Codie, three weeks ago which, according to her father, Robert Hull, was born a heroin addict.

"He was born addicted to drugs," Mr Hull told the *Manchester Evening News*. "That's why he's still in hospital. Jane is a registered heroin addict."

Bolton Social Services said there had been no care orders relating to either Dillon or Codie, but a spokesman said the family was "known" to social workers.

Detective Superintendent Peter Ellis, the man leading the murder inquiry, said Mr Bates had been able to give him a full account of the attack before dis-



Dillon Hull, pictured with his mother, Jane Hull.

**'The man in the yellow Metro has chosen to carry out that attack when John Bates was with Dillon'**

charging himself from hospital and returning home in the early hours of yesterday.

Mr Ellis said the assailant had waited in a yellow Metro while Mr Bates was alone in the street looking for Dillon. Once he found the boy, the gunman launched his attack.

"Mr Bates believes that the man had every opportunity to

attack him at that time but, for reasons best known to that individual, he did not take that opportunity," said Mr Ellis.

The man in the yellow Metro has chosen to carry out that attack... when John Bates was with Dillon. To me, that demonstrates the callous nature of the man I am looking for."

terday offered a £10,000 reward for information leading to the killer's conviction.

The decision to allow Mr Bates to return home was taken after long consultations with police but it provoked an angry response from neighbours.

"We had to respect their wishes to return to their home and their community" said Mr Ellis.

"There is a increased uniformed presence and we have taken other measures to guarantee the safety of the bereaved family and people of Deane."

However, many residents said Mr Bates's return spelled danger for their children.

"I am absolutely furious that they should let him back here," said Bert Pimley, 38. "I feel very sorry for what has happened but there are repercussions for other people. I have 14 grandchildren, but there's no way I can let them visit while he's here."

Details of Ms Hull's court

case, published in the *Lancashire Evening Telegraph*, showed that she only avoided a jail sentence for allowing her home to be used for drug dealing because she had Dillon.

Mr Bates told the court that she had "turned a blind eye" to his dealing so he could fund his own heroin addiction.

The court was told that Ms Hull had tried to remove Mr Bates from her home because of his drug abuse but she allowed him back because she was "fond" of him.

Judge Noble said he would spare her from jail for the sake of Dillon and so put her on probation for two years instead. He said Ms Hull appeared to have been "dominated" by Mr Bates and advised her not to allow him back into her home until he had weaned himself off heroin.

However, instead of weaning Mr Bates off heroin, it appears that she became hooked on the drug herself.

## Philistines: That's what Sir Colin Davis thinks about the Cabinet

David Lister  
Arts News Editor

Tonight's Promenade concert at the Royal Albert Hall is unique. It will undoubtedly be the only time during the whole promenade season that the orchestra is in tears at the end of the concert.

The teenagers of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain will be releasing pent-up emotion at the climax of their year as they perform Sibelius, Vaughan Williams and Tippett. But their conductor tonight, the illustrious Sir Colin Davis, has tears of genuine rage over the fact that Britain's premier youth orchestra is in perpetual financial straits.

In an interview with *The Independent*, Sir Colin denounced the Government as "philistine" for refusing to invest in youthful talent. It is the first time this term of cultural abuse has been aimed at the new Labour administration. Coming from one of the world's most renowned conductors it is likely to sting both the Prime Minister and his Culture Secretary Chris Smith.

The NYO, founded in 1948, has produced numerous fa-

mous musicians and conductors such as Sir Simon Rattle and Mark Elder. It costs £550,000 a year to run and receives only £25,000 from the Arts Council and £800 from the Department of Education. The Arts Council cannot give more as it does not give major revenue funding grants to amateur organisations.

Michael de Grey, chief executive of the orchestra, said: "Our future is insecure. We are dependent on private sponsorship and it only needs one sponsor to pull out and we're under threat. It's been a battle to raise sponsorship every year."

"Yet being in this orchestra changes people's lives, even if they don't become musicians," he says. "It provides them with discipline, teamwork, friendship and the pursuit of excellence."

The NYO has a lottery application for £500,000 with the Arts Council, but even if they receive this sum, it could not go towards their core funding which takes 150 talented youngsters on three residential tuition courses a year, culminating in the Proms.

Sir Colin Davis is now pub-



Sir Colin Davis rehearsing the National Youth Orchestra for tonight's Prom concert

Photograph: Andrew Buurman

licly advocating that what is really needed is a rethink of how public money is channelled to the arts.

At present it goes to the arts institutions which reach the biggest audiences or provide ground-breaking radical new work. But there should be a third strand for funding. Namely, highly talented, amateur outfits which bring young people into creating and performing.

Sir Colin, who has just led the NYO in three days of lengthy

rehearsals, for tonight's Prom, forfeiting his own fee, said: "It's disgraceful that the NYO hardly gets any public money. The government advocates improving the quality of life. But I fear the worst. I fear it's government by philistines for the rest of my life. After the War, when I was a boy, there were all kinds of intellectuals in the government - cultivated people. We need a bit more of that vision now."

"All the NYO needs is £50,000 a year. Think what it

does for these kids. They are welcome everywhere they go. Mr Blair cannot talk about 'Education, education, and education' while grants for the arts concentrate on the big institutions and leave this young people's orchestra searching for money."

He added: "Without sounding pretentious, those of us who are older ought to work with the young - give them a taste of what it costs to play this kind of music, the emotional cost, the mental cost, the tech-

nical cost."

Sir Colin, former music director at the Royal Opera House, said: "We [top conductors] get paid a lot, probably too much. You've got to plough something back."

Clare Duckworth, 17, from Bolton, leader of the orchestra, said: "Tonight is the peak for the NYO. It's very sad as well. We've been together for an intense time and got to know each other so well. We all tend to cry a lot at the end of the Prom, or actually in it."

## Business deal that cost Grobbelaar dear

Michael Streeter

For the rest of his life Bruce Grobbelaar, the Clown Prince of football, will regret the day in July 1992 when he walked into a Chester wine bar to meet businessman Christopher Vincent.

It was their business deal and resulting friendship which was to lead to the allegations of match-fixing against Grobbelaar and spark off nearly three years of investigation culminating in two trials.

Although cleared yesterday, the case has been, financially at least, a Pyrrhic victory. He faces legal bills of tens of thousands of pounds, the case has coincided with the final stages of his soccer career - he left Plymouth Argyle at the end of last

season - and put tremendous pressure on both his personal and business life.

Grobbelaar, an ebullient personality who achieved superhero status on Merseyside in a Liverpool side full of heroes, had gone into business with fellow Zimbabwean Vincent. Knowing his playing days were numbered, he aimed to set up his future financial security. Even after court victory, that dream seems shattered.

The goalkeeper was to lose £70,000 when their safari company Mondoro collapsed in 1994, but the personal fall-out was even more spectacular. Feeling hurt, and seeking money and "revenge", Mr Vincent went to the *Sun* newspaper with a remarkable story: that the Liverpool and Southampton

**'Grobbelaar received treachery and lies in return for giving Vincent his time, money and friendship'**

goalkeeper, one of the highest names in English soccer, had been trying to fix the result of Premier League games for a Far East gambling syndicate.

The newspaper used Mr Vincent to set up a "sting", in a series of interviews with his old friend in October 1994 which were secretly videotaped. It was these tapes which formed the charge that Grobbelaar took £2,000 from Mr Vincent as a bribe to influence football games for another - invented - syndicate, and on which he was formally cleared yesterday.

The footballer claimed later that he had been stringing Mr Vincent along, suspecting that his former friend may be trying to set him up.

The re-trial jury also spotted that a crucial line from the video tape had been missed by both prosecution and defence and did not appear in the transcript: that when Grobbelaar picked up the £2,000 offered by the non-existent syndicate it was only after Mr Vincent, referring to the cash, said to him, "I don't have a jacket, you carry this."

The jury was unable to reach a verdict on the charge against Grobbelaar and the judge entered a verdict of not guilty.

Mr Vincent, the key prosecution witness, was attacked by the defence.

Rodney Klevan QC, Grobbelaar's counsel, said the player had given Mr Vincent his time, his money and his friendship. "In return he has received treachery and, more importantly, he has received lies," he said.

The defence highlighted Grobbelaar's reputation, from boy soldier with the Rhodesian army to the man who comforted the families of victims after the Hillsborough tragedy.

His remarkable, and sometimes lighthearted approach to football, came from his expe-

riences on national service. "Losing a game is not a tragedy after experiencing border raids and having to eat beetles because you are out of rations."

A string of impressive expert witnesses, including 1966 World Cup heroes Gordon Banks, former Arsenal goalkeeper and television pundit goalkeeper Bob Wilson, and the goalkeeper's manager at Southampton Alan Ball, testified to Grobbelaar's performances.

Grobbelaar yesterday movingly thanked the fans who had stood by him.

Their attitude was summed up by a front page headline in a Liverpool newspaper when the allegations were first made. It ran: "We stand by our man".

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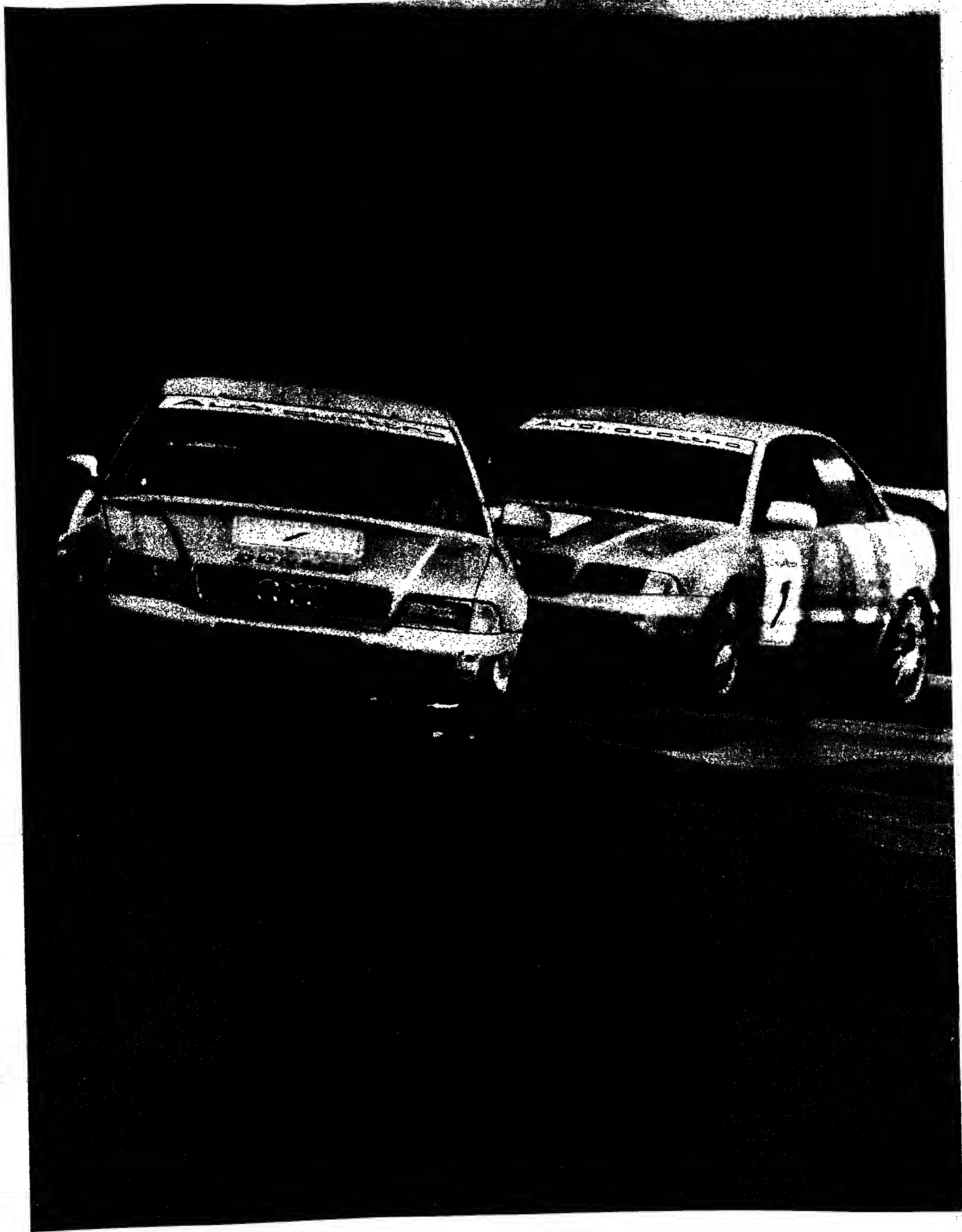
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# It jumps, it moves, it makes you laugh and cry...but is it art?

David Lister  
Arts News Editor

The Simpsons, television's cult cartoon comedy series, is now art, a notion that might drive the anarchic, iconoclastic family to hysterics.

Original drawings from the series will feature in their own exhibition, The Simpsons Animation Art Exhibition, at the Animation Art Gallery in Great Castle Street, London, from next weekend.

The exhibition will be opened by Yeardley Smith, the actress who is the voice of Lisa Simpson. The drawing themselves are likely to fetch up to £500 each.

In moving from the anima-

tion studios to the art market, The Simpsons are part of a growing realisation among galleries of the desirability among collectors for original examples of screen animation. The most common reasons have been nostalgia and interest in cinema and television history, which is why early Disney drawings still fetch the premium prices.

But latterly much more recent animation is appearing in galleries and at auction houses. The Simpsons is only six years old. And the successes British animation from Cosgrove Hall studios are also attracting attention.

Russell Singler of the Animation Art Gallery says: "Ani-

mation art is highly collectible. We specialise in Disney, Warner Brothers and Hanna Barbera, but many of the smaller studios have also produced collectible animation.

"The range goes from £20 to several thousand pounds. The most expensive item we have is

a six-dwarf set up from the original 1937 drawings for Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs. That is priced at £5,600."

Alongside Disney in Mr Singler's gallery are Batman and Spiderman animation art, The Flintstones from the Eighties (£400), as opposed to the orig-

inal Flintstone drawings from the Sixties which are very rare and would fetch £1,800.

Key characters from our childhoods inspire higher prices. An original storyboard drawing of Cruella De Vil from Disney's 101 Dalmatians is valued at £2,500. And at

an original from that series." Finding the original cels - a single scene which will make up only a fraction of a second of the version seen on film - can be difficult. "Most of the older animation cels were just thrown away," says Mr Singler. "They were never seen as anything of

value but today it's quite different. This is North American heritage."

The Simpsons is art, adds Mr Singler, "because art is something you buy because you enjoy looking at it. It means something to you, inspires emotions and you enjoy it".



Moving pictures: Russell Singler of the Animation Art Gallery with a cel from Disney's 1937 film Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

Photograph: Nicola Kurtz

## Lawrence inquiry to be held in public

Jason Bennett  
Crime Correspondent

The inquiry into the murder of Stephen Lawrence will be held in public in a building close to where the black teenager was stabbed to death, it was announced yesterday.

An appeal will be made for people to come forward with evidence. The inquiry, as well as examining the circumstances surrounding the killing, will also have wide-ranging implications for how the police and courts deal with racially motivated

man's 1981 inquiry into the Brixton riots. It will examine the events surrounding the stabbing of the 18-year-old student at a bus stop in Eltham, south-east London, in 1993.

Sir William met his fellow inquiry members for the first time at the Home Office in London, yesterday. He shook the hand of Tom Cook, the former Deputy Chief Constable of West Yorkshire Police, the Rt Rev John Seaman, Bishop of Stepney, and Dr Richard Stove, chairman of the Jewish Council for Racial Equality.

Sir William said in a statement: "We will be holding public hearings later this year and we would like them to take place in Greenwich. A public appeal will be made for people to come forward with evidence. Following that appeal, decisions will be made about who will be called before the inquiry."

The Police Complaints Authority is currently investigating complaints made by the Lawrence family about the Metropolitan Police's handling of the case. They are expected to complete their findings by October. Fuller details of their report will be published - this has only happened on four previous occasions - although witness statements will be kept secret.

Sir William's inquiry will only begin after the authority's report has been completed. The inquiry has been given power to summon any person or obtain any documents. Refusal to testify would be contempt of court and could lead to imprisonment.

'An appeal will be made for people to provide evidence'

crime. Sir William Macpherson of Cluny, the judge heading the inquiry, said yesterday that he intended proceedings to be "as open as possible".

He said public hearings would be held later this year and an appeal would be made for people to come forward. The judge, formerly a High Court judge of the Queen's Bench, was appointed by the Home Secretary Jack Straw to lead the inquiry last week. The announcement followed a meeting between Mr Straw and the Lawrence family.

The inquiry will be given powers last used in Lord Scar-

## Police move to stop Nazi rock concert

Ian Burrell

A major police operation is taking place to prevent hundreds of Nazi skinheads from all over Europe staging a rally and rock concert in South Wales today.

After a raid on a house in Cardiff on Thursday, police made four arrests and seized weapons and 30 boxes of literature.

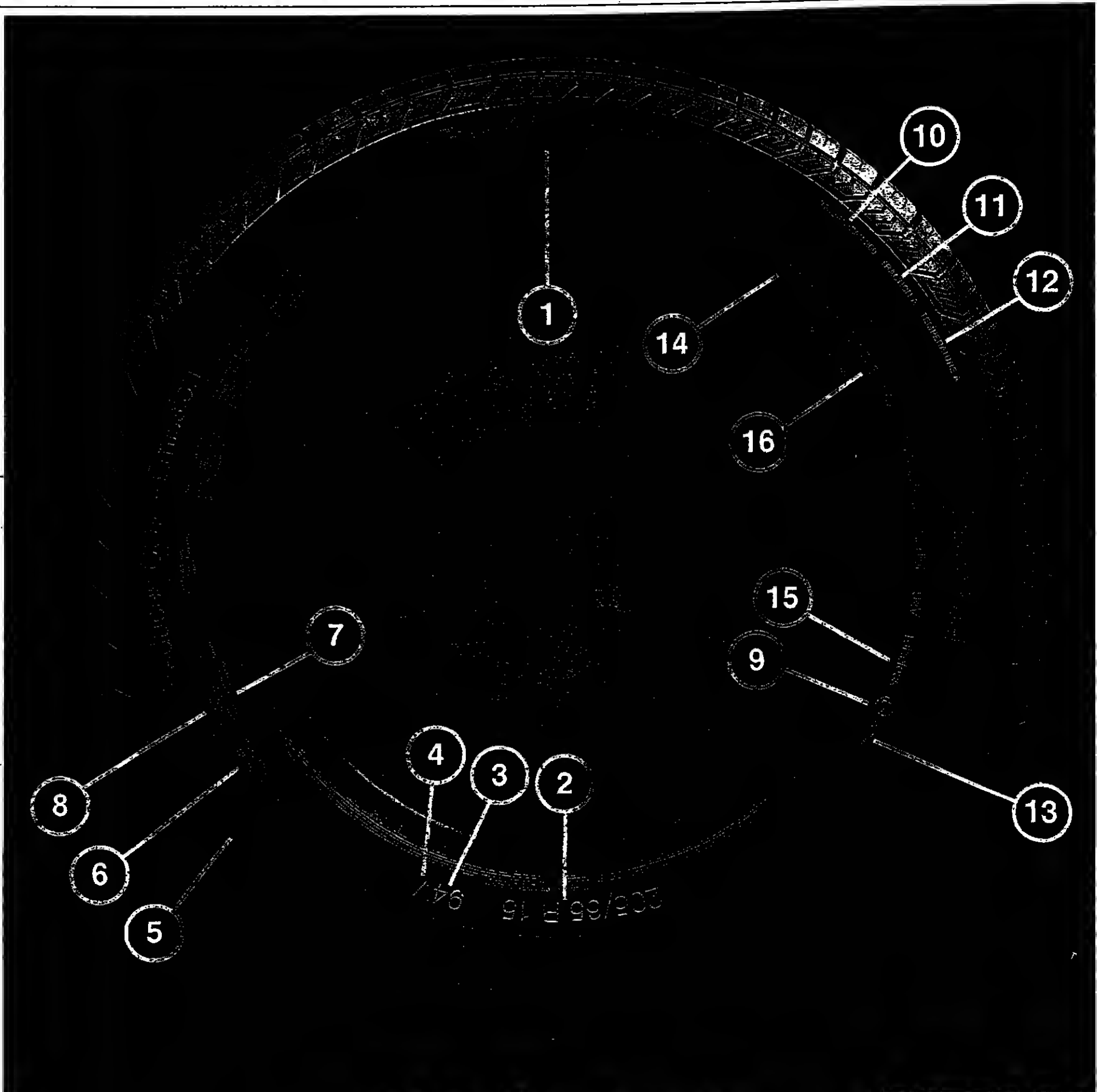
Billy Bartlett, 29, from Cardiff, was charged with public order offences and released on bail. His girlfriend and two other men, both Americans, were released without charge.

Blood and Honour, the Nazi skinhead group which is behind the event, is hoping to attract up to 1,000 supporters, with around 150 skinheads travelling from France, Germany and Belgium. But the police initiative was to-

day threatening to create a massive loss-of-face for the organisers who are believed to have been searching for last minute alternative venues in the west of England.

Plans for the so-called "Aryan Music Fest" have alarmed politicians including the South Wales MEP, Glensy Kinnoch, and the Plaid Cymru president, Dafydd Wigley MP, who have called for a ban. And the Anti-Nazi League has called on supporters to rally in Cardiff and Bridgend.

The British Nazi skins, who are highly regarded by their peers in other countries, face humiliation over the climb-down. Similar events are staged regularly in Germany, with 1,000 people attending and British skinhead bands invited to play as headline acts.



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## Drenched in Devon, but there's always a sunny side

Thousands were heading to the coast yesterday to take advantage of the hottest weekend of the year so far while certain parts of the country were still mopping up from some of the worst storms in decades.

With temperatures in central and southern England set to reach 30C, the sudden good weather follows a week in which parts of Britain have suffered torrential rain, flooding hundreds of properties and closing scores of roads.

South Wales and the South-west were the most badly affected parts of the country. In east Devon, where three inches of rain fell in just 45 minutes on Thursday night, the worst flash floods for decades forced the evacuation of nearly a thousand holiday-makers from a campsite near Honiton.

In the village of Ottery St Mary, the water reached three feet in places. The town's fire station was flooded, and firefighters' cars had to be rescued. Martin Weiler, of the Environment Agency, described the severe thunderstorm as "very, very unusual".

By yesterday morning, however, the heavy rain was receding and mopping-up operations could begin to clear roads blocked by the deluge.

The road-rescue organisations are advising motorists that most roads in the area are passable with care.

"The A30, the main route in and out of the West Country, has been reopened, but some minor roads remain under water," said an RAC spokeswoman.

But the recent rain is still likely to add to problems on the roads as thousands of people head for beaches in Devon and Cornwall.

Meanwhile, the bookmakers William Hill have cut the odds on the temperature reaching 100F (37.8C) this year from 50-1 to 33-1.

Graham Sharpe, Hill's spokesman, said: "On the hottest day of the year so far, we have taken a string of bets, and it could cost us a payout of up to £250,000 if 100F is reached for the first time."

The sunny weather is expected to break at the beginning of next week giving a gloomy outlook. Thunder showers will hit most parts of the country.



Wash out: A family carrying their belongings after heavy rain flooded their campsite at Ottery St Mary, Devon

Photograph: Guy Newman/Apex

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## Court comes to the aid of Saudi nurses

Ian Burrell

Two British nurses accused of murder in Saudi Arabia heard yesterday that their chances of avoiding the death penalty had increased after an Australian court ruling.

The brother of murdered Australian nurse Yvonne Gilford has called for her British former colleagues, Deborah Parry and Lucille McLauchlan, to be executed if they are convicted of the killing.

But there is intense dispute over whether Frank Gilford has the legal right to represent his family's wishes on the possible beheading of the accused.

Yesterday the South Australian State Supreme Court ordered him not to make further calls for the death penalty until his mother's mental state has been assessed.

Judge Len King said there were serious questions about the mental competency of Muriel Gilford, and ordered her son not to claim she backed the potential death penalty for her daughter's killers.

Under Saudi law, a call for the death penalty by a victim's family must be unanimous.

Michael Dark, representing Ms Parry, 41, and Ms McLauchlan, 31, welcomed the decision of the Adelaide court and said it is now up to the Saudi courts to decide what happens next.

"We were given until Sunday to produce evidence showing that Mrs Gilford is not mentally competent," he said.

"We asked Frank Gilford's lawyers if they would let us have any evidence to confirm that she is in a nursing home but they refused," he said.

"Or it might be decided that some sort of guardian should be appointed to make the decision on her behalf."



Accused: The nurses Deborah Parry (left) and Lucille McLauchlan could be beheaded if found guilty of murder

"We didn't have much choice, but to ask the Australians to help us"

Michael Boylan, representing Frank and Muriel Gilford, said the Australian proceedings were an attempt to interfere in the trial and were an abuse of legal process.

He said Frank Gilford's comments had been made through his lawyers in Saudi Arabia and were outside the jurisdiction of the Australian court.

It is possible, though unlikely, that the case will finish this weekend.

No Westerner has been executed in Saudi Arabia although dozens of foreigners, mostly Asians convicted of drug smuggling, are executed in the kingdom every year.

The dead nurse's body was found in December in her room at the King Fahd Military Medical Complex, where three worked.

Forensic reports showed that the victim had been stabbed 13 times, beaten and suffocated.

## Foreign dissidents face jail in crackdown on terrorism

Jason Bennetto Crime Correspondent

Foreign extremists in Britain plotting to carry out terrorism abroad could be jailed under proposals being considered by ministers.

The Home Office confirmed yesterday that it was in an early stage of examining whether to introduce new legislation to outlaw dissidents conspiring to commit crimes in other countries.

The move follows growing concern that London is being used as a base by extremists to plot or finance terrorist attacks.

fax machine from Britain for the violent overthrow of the Saudi royal family.

Israel has also complained to Britain that radical Arab groups such as Hamas and Islamic Jihad are using London as a conduit for funds.

Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, said in a letter to the Board of Jewish Deputies that Labour was "carefully considering the question of introducing legislation that would give the courts jurisdiction over acts of conspiracy performed in this country in respect of criminal acts abroad".

A private member's Bill by the Tory MP Nigel Waterson during the last Parliament had a similar objective but failed because there was no quorum

in the Commons. This led to a slanging match between the parties, each blaming the other for the break down.

Mr Masari successfully fought an attempt last year by Michael Howard, the then Tory Home Secretary, to have him deported to the Caribbean island of Dominica.

Mr Howard was forced to make a U-turn after a High Court ruling that he had circumvented the UN Convention on Refugees for "diplomatic and trade reasons". His presence in Britain was an embarrassment for the Tory Government. It had been keen to maintain friendly relations with the Saudis in order to preserve £20bn of arms sales and protect jobs.

سكرا من الامم



# The world hates the French ... and they don't like each other

## PARIS DAYS

"Great Debate in the British Press," said the headline in *Le Figaro*. "Are the French Detestable?"

The *Daily Mail* sent a reporter to find out. He discovered the French were appalling. Was there any chance that the *Mail* might have reached the opposite conclusion?

The great debate has been raging for three weeks (or, if you insist, for over 900 years). It started with a survey of tourists by the Paris Chamber of Commerce, which concluded that many foreign visitors, and not just the British, regarded France as a wonderful country, scarred by the fact that it was inhabited by the French.

The British found the natives arrogant, rude and disorganised; the Germans thought they were arrogant, rude and unwashed. And so on.

This was cheered in the British tabloid press as an own goal: that is, the French are so insufferable that they are forced to admit it themselves. In truth, the report pointed to something else: the French, or some of the French, are aware they climb (one way or another) up the nasal cavities of foreign visitors and they are trying to do something about it.

In my experience, the French, especially younger generations of French people, are not quite so implacably and splendidly rude to foreigners as they used to be.

The second salvo of cross-Chanel bile was fired by the small Cotswolds town of Stow-in-the-Wold, which might now, perhaps, consider changing its name to Stuck-in-the-Mud. Its parish council rejected a plan to twin with a French town, citing grievances ranging from the mad cow dispute to the Hundred Years War.

Twinning, if it has any purpose at all, is intended to overcome doty and vacuous prejudices of this kind: Stow preferred to cherish its prejudices.

The French were rather wounded by this rejection. They knew the British liked to make fun of them but did not suspect such outright hostility existed. Some of the post-Stow commentary in French press was also over the top; it failed to point out that scores of British towns and villages are contentedly twinned with similar places in France and, in some cases, dissimilar places.

What, for instance, does Bolton have in common with Le Mans? And yet the towns have been happily twinned for more

than 20 years. (I did try to check how many French towns and villages are twinned with British ones; but this is August. The only person at the French twinning association, Cités Unies, who knew how to work the computer was away on holiday.)

Julian Barnes, the francophile British novelist, attempted this week to place the disorganised-detestable-French debate in perspective. In an open letter to the people of France, published in *Le Figaro*, he told them, in effect: yes, you are awful but that's what makes you French and you mustn't change. We would hate that even more.

He summed up: "Your historic role in Europe, especially for the British, is to embody Otherness. Don't wash just to please the Germans. Don't organise yourselves better just to please the British. Do you see that pavement? Let your dog do its business on it without hesitation. It's your patriotic duty."

There is a rich paradox here. France is already the most visited country in the world. The decline of the franc means France is likely to break all records for receiving foreigners this year: well over 60 million, including 10 million from Britain.

Not only do many of these visitors say they dislike the French; many of the French say they dislike the visitors. As the satirical newspaper *Le Canard Enchaîné* commented, turning the conclusion of the Parisian visitor survey on its head: "The French like tourism but not tourists."

They are hardly alone in this. But, as I tried to explain once before (only to be accused of French-bashing), there is a particular difficulty for the French in getting on with foreigners because they don't read-

**'Yes, you are awful but that's what makes you French ... don't wash to please the Germans or get organised to please the British'**

Julian Barnes



Essence of Frenchness: How accurate is the image of a nation implacably and splendidly rude to foreigners? There are signs of change, especially among the younger generations. Photograph: UPP

ily, on a casual basis, get on with one another. Chumminess is not a French talent.

More precisely, France operates on the basis of familiarity and established groups of relatives, friends and clients. If you are a stranger, whether foreign or otherwise, you should expect the minimum service and maximum charge. Once you become an established member of a community, how-

ever informal, everything changes.

I go to the same café every morning to read the French newspapers. Madame, the patronne, is fearfully rude to foreign tourists who show the slightest hesitation in giving their order. But she brings my usual coffee and croissant with a smile. This week, with half of Paris closed down, she was unable to secure croissants from her usual suppliers.

On Monday, she apologised, almost tearfully: I could have no croissant with my coffee. By Tuesday, she had located an alternative source. There were no croissants displayed on the counter. They were too precious to offer to the public. But she came to me furtively and triumphantly with a croissant on a small white plate and said: "Look, I managed to get you one..."

I sat staring out at the deserted boulevard, chomping proudly what might have been - Madam Brando eat your heart out - The Last Croissant in Paris.

John Lichfield



## Miracle-worker pulls off deal among feuding Bosnians

Marcus Tanner

The Europeans wheedle and threaten to little or no effect. United States Secretary of State Madeleine Albright harangues Presidents Tudjman and Milosevic in public - and in vain. But when Richard Holbrooke steps back onto the stage the feuding leaders of former Yugoslavia suddenly, almost miraculously, agree to a host of issues that have held up all progress on the Bosnian peace deal for months and even threatened to plunge the country back into armed conflict.

Yesterday Mr Holbrooke, the US envoy who pulled off the peace deal for Bosnia at Dayton, Ohio, in December 1995, pulled off another deal on diplomatic posts, the telephone system and passports - all of which had appeared totally insoluble until he arrived back in former Yugoslavia two days ago on another whirlwind diplomatic mission at the request of President Bill Clinton.

Under the package, Bosnia's ambassador to the United Nations will be a Muslim, Wash-

ington will go to a Serb and Tokyo to a Bosnian Croat. The other 30-odd diplomatic postings will be distributed equally between the three communities.

Leaders of the Muslim-Croat federation and the self-governing Bosnian Serb entity also agreed to set up a commission on the Bosnian telephone network - the business of a single country code having bedevilled ties be-



Holbrooke: Recalled for special diplomatic mission

tween the two Bosnian entities and assumed enormous, sinister, significance for the Serbs.

Several disputes evaded solution even by Mr Holbrooke. Among them are Bosnia's new currency and final responsibility for issuing passports and resolving questions of citizenship. Both are pressing issues for the Bosnian Serbs, as they will affect their independence from the Sarajevo government. The Serbs want to unite their currency with Belgrade, not Sarajevo. They also want to give several hundred thousand Serb refugees from Croatia full citizenship, which Sarajevo opposes.

But the US envoy was satisfied. "These are steps forward and pretty solid ones," he said after 10 hours of meetings.

The US and the European Union states suspended recognition of Bosnia's present, Muslim-dominated ambassadorial corps after an internationally imposed deadline for the distribution of posts among Muslims Serbs and Croats ran out on 1 August. German officials yesterday said they would now

recommend their partners to resume diplomatic contact with Sarajevo immediately as a result of the talks.

Mr Holbrooke yesterday headed for the northern town of Banja Luka to show his support for the so-called "moderate" Bosnian Serb President, Biljana Plavsic, in her power struggle with the former Bosnian Serb president and indicted war criminal Radovan Karadzic.

After his triumph at Dayton in 1995, which ended Bosnia's bloody three-and-a-half-year civil war, Mr Holbrooke left the diplomatic field for private business. Since then, Bosnia's peace process has all but collapsed and the more ebullient tactics of his successors in mediation have only persuaded the Bosnian factions that they can get away with not fulfilling any of the Dayton provisions. President Clinton's fears that it would not be possible to withdraw 8,000 US peacekeepers next year, therefore, led to the bullish Mr Holbrooke being recalled for this one-off special mission.

## significant shorts

### Buthelezi party storms out of peace talks with the ANC

South Africa's Zulu-based Inkatha Freedom Party withdrew from talks to end bitter decade-long turf wars with President Nelson Mandela's African National Congress. The Inkatha chairman, Ben Ngubane, cited the bias shown against his party at Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings this week as the main reason. Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the IFP leader and Home Affairs Minister in Mr Mandela's cabinet, was accused at hearings this week of knowing about killings carried out by IFP-aligned hit-squads. Reuters - Durban

### Bomb damages Swedish stadium

A bomb destroyed part of a sports stadium in Stockholm but no one was hurt. The device, which exploded in the press stand, spread debris and bricks into a nearby street. There was no warning of the explosion, which followed a number of attacks on sports arenas. Swedish media have linked them to opponents of Stockholm's bid for the 2004 Summer Olympics. "I'm very sorry to hear about it," the International Olympic Committee president, Juan Antonio Samaranch, said. AP - Stockholm

### Rebel bishop denounces Pope's visit

The rebel French bishop Jacques Gaillot accused the Pope of encouraging militant anti-abortion groups by honouring one of their heroes during a visit to France this month. Mgr Gaillot, ousted by the Vatican from his diocese in 1995 because of his views, said a visit to the grave of the Jerome Lejeune would be seen as symbolic support for the militant groups. Reuters - Paris

### Suspected spy beaten to death

A man suspected of being a police spy was beaten to death at a Nairobi rally and hundreds of opposition supporters took to the streets to press demands for reform. Some 1,000 activists turned up for the rally to hear speakers demand reforms from President Daniel arap Moi before elections due this year. A man identified as Gilbert Ahanya Simiyu was pronounced dead on arrival at hospital. Reuters - Nairobi

### Italy plays down Somalia torture cases

Italy confirmed that soldiers tortured Somalis on a peace-keeping mission but a report said the abuses were not widespread and senior officers were largely blameless. The report was produced by a commission set up after the press printed allegations of rape, murder and brutality by Italian soldiers serving in a US-led humanitarian mission to Somalia from 1992 to 1994. Reuters - Rome

### Sob story on Elvis anniversary

The town of Durne has been rocked by claims that a bust of Elvis Presley has started to weep. As the 20th anniversary of his death approaches, a Dutchman says his statue of the King has begun to shed "tears of joy". "He is crying for all his fans around the world," Toon Nieuwenhuis said. "He knows how much they love him." Reuters - Durne

### Mean greens wreck kitchen

When an explosion rocked a flat in Vladimir, near Moscow, firefighters and police scaled a ladder to a shattered kitchen window, unsure of what they would find. Rather than a bomb, they discovered only two shattered jars of pickled cucumbers that a housewife had placed on a shelf in the sun. AP - Moscow

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international

# Embers of Berlin cigarette wars smoulder on

Imre Karacs  
Bonn

After more than 40 deaths in Berlin's notorious cigarette wars, 16 members of the city's top Vietnamese mafia appeared yesterday in a built-up courtroom, opening the highest trial in post-war Germany against organised crime.

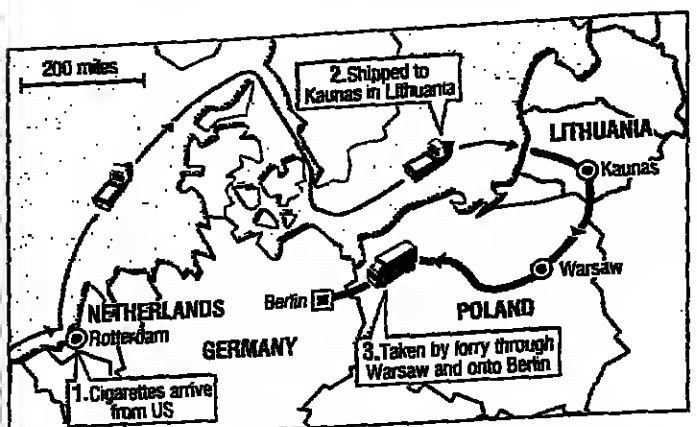
Hiding his face from the cameras, "Ngoc the Merciful" led his soldiers into the room. Mr Ngoc, whose real name is Le Duy Bao, was allegedly the leader of the eponymous Ngoc Thien gang, the terror of the Berlin underworld.

His men controlled three-quarters of the illicit cigarette trade worth 1.5bn German marks annually. Mr Ngoc and his cohorts, including his 16-year-old girlfriend who collapsed in court yesterday, are charged with nine counts of murder, extortion, kidnapping and illegal possession of weapons.

By the time Mr Ngoc, 26, and his closest aides were arrested in a raid last September, more than 40 Vietnamese had been



Round up: Police arrest a suspected member of a Vietnamese gang in the fight against organised illegal cigarette selling in Berlin. The problem has moved from the streets to the estates. Below shows the route the illegal cigarettes now take  
Photograph: F. Bickler/Network



ritually murdered in the intestine battle for Berlin.

The police were clueless. They were led to the gang's hide-out by a Vietnamese woman whom they had kidnapped.

Even with the boss behind bars the war continued, until, most of the rest of the gang were wound up during a shootout in December with a rival group.

About 30 of Mr Ngoc's alleged associates are still at liberty, but

appear to have been silenced recently by their foes.

The origins of the conflict go back to the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, when Vietnamese students and guest workers in East Germany were left sud-

denly without a livelihood. Profiting initially from the low price of cigarettes in Eastern Europe, the Vietnamese set up a simple smuggling operation, and started to appear on Berlin's street corners fogging their wares.

By 1993 the cottage industry had grown into big business, sparking the first clashes among groups organised along regional lines. The Quang-Binh gang from central Vietnam managed to rub out the leader of the

North Vietnamese mafia. It was in response to this killing that Mr Ngoc allegedly set up his own outfit, reorganising the North Vietnamese into a potent military force.

Mr Ngoc's group proved unstoppable, taking more than 800 out of Berlin's 1,200 selling points. Each cigarette vendor had to pay up to DM14,000 (£4,700) to the organisation for a street location protected by the mob. Those who did not pay up were beleaguered.

The other groups called up reinforcements from the old country. Soon several armies were fighting it out. The death toll stood above 30 when Mr Ngoc made his biggest move in May last year, allegedly dispatching seven people, all suspected Quang-Binh soldiers, to their deaths. The victims were found dead with two bullets each in the head.

The Berlin police set up a special task force to fight the mobs, but their ensuing success owed more to gang rivalry than diligent detective work. Mr Ngoc and his people were snatched by their underworld enemies.

The trade is now believed to take place in flats in East Berlin's housing estates and there are signs the gangs are expanding to other cities in the east.

The police's task against the invisible enemy has become harder. All they know is that the Quang-Binh gang are the new masters, and their soldiers have been spotted in Leipzig and the Czech Republic.

Meanwhile, smuggling is becoming a white-collar crime, employing sophisticated accounting tricks to evade the law. Only a small portion of the cigarettes, which sell for half their shop price, reach Berlin via the "ant-trade" - hidden in columns of cars crawling past the border points of the old country.

Most of the goods, arriving by ship from the US, are loaded onto lorries at bonded warehouses in Rotterdam. Posing as legitimate importers, the mobsters' agents avoid excise duty in the Netherlands. The cargo then goes directly to Berlin and vanishes. Or it is loaded onto boats heading for Lithuania, where it is reloaded onto a lorry, mysteriously avoiding Lithuanian tax. The lorry then goes to Poland where the cigarettes are packed into furniture bound for Germany. Even with the biggest gang behind bars, reports of the death of the illicit cigarette trade seem premature.

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# Dogs of war straining at the leash

# Rocket attack raises stakes in border zone

The Israelis were encouraged, however, by yesterday's Hizbollah announcement from Beirut that the Islamic Party of God was not responsible for the Katyusha firing on Kiryat Shmona. As one official put it in Jerusalem, "What's important is not whether they are telling the truth, but that they

The occupation zone cannot stop rocket attacks on Israel - as the April 1996 war proved all too vividly - but cannot be abandoned without loss of face by a right-wing Likud government. The Hizbollah, after the killing of five of their men - including their head of guerrilla operations for Nabatea - by Israeli booby-trap bombs this week, have sworn to retaliate.

Civilian casualties have been treated with the deepest cyni-

This may be confirming news for Israelis but it sounded little less than obscene to a Lebanese audience. Nor is there any end in sight. The Hezbollah attacked another "SLA" position yesterday at Tayr Harfa with 15 mortars, one of them a direct hit. The Israelis responded with 25 shells from mortars, artillery and tanks. No one was wounded — this time.



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# Labour's first 100 days

## A stronger, fairer Britain? Ministers give their report on progress so far

Labour marked its first 100 days in office yesterday by announcing that Tony Blair will give an annual performance report on the Government's performance.

The Independent asked Cabinet ministers to provide an audit of what they believe they have achieved during the 100 days. We also returned to our panel of voters in Redditch, a group which personified the millions who switched their votes from Tory to Labour.

Issuing a check-list for the first 100 days, John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister, said the Government was delivering its side of a contract for a "stronger, fairer, modern Britain" without any sense of complacency.

"We believe we have got off to a flying start.

This is not the end of our crusade, but only the beginning," he said.

Peter Mandelson, minister without portfolio, said it had "not been easy" and hard decisions had been taken.

Ministers across Whitehall have told *The Independent* in their end-of-term reports that they have found the pace of change "breath-taking".

The highlight of the 100 days for many was the decision by the IRA to renew its ceasefire in Northern Ireland. But there have been many more changes, from independence for the Bank of England to next month's referendums in Wales and Scotland on devolution.

Leading article, page 13  
Commentators, page 15

## "You'll find great end of season savings at B&Q."



DAVID RUPNARIN  
Department Manager  
B&Q STANMORE



SAVE  
£91

Lutyens  
Hardwood Bench 5ft (1.52m)  
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Ascot Hardwood  
Bench 4ft (1.22m)  
Features a  
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keyhole design.

WAS £125  
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5ft (1.52m) (Not shown)

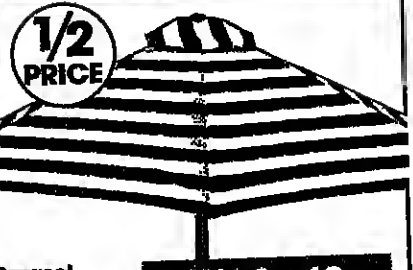
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SAVE  
£10

Char-Broil  
Portable Gas  
Barbecue  
Heavy duty steel  
with chrome  
plated grill. Legs  
swing up and  
double as  
carrying handles.

WAS £35  
**£25**



Parasol  
2m. Available  
in green and  
white or  
burgundy and  
white stripe.

WAS £40  
**£20** each



SAVE  
£19

Safari Dining Table  
Constructed in  
oiled hardwood.  
Seats 4 people.

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**£40**



SAVE  
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Char-Broil CB 60  
Gas Barbecue  
Cast iron cooking  
grate, steel body  
and legs, single  
stainless steel  
burner.

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## The Blair revolution ... in their own words



People power: Tony Blair promises an annual performance review

### JOHN PRESCOTT Deputy Prime Minister

By integrating environment, transport and regional development into one ministry, and putting the Deputy Prime Minister in charge, we have sent the clearest signal that the environment is at the heart of Government thinking. From ambitious greenhouse gas targets to local council services, this department impinges on the quality of people's lives in ways large and small.

We are boosting social housing, releasing nearly £1bn of capital receipts. And we are not just concerned about the quantity of housing but the quality. Our showpiece Millennium Housing Project at Greenwich will meet the best standards. Our Environmental Task Force will match skills to need, from home insulation to nature conservation. We are revitalising local democracy, for example offering Londoners an elected mayor and a strategic assembly.

Agencies have been overwhelmingly endorsed, allowing people to create wealth in their own communities instead of relying on others.

Our integrated transport policy will aim to shift the emphasis to public transport and relieve road congestion.

### JACK STRAW Home Secretary

My priority when I arrived was, and is, to overhaul the system dealing with young offenders. The Crime and Disorder Bill will put many of these reforms into law, including measures to deliver our early pledge for a fast-track for persistent young offenders; ensure they repair the damage they do to victims and the community; and make parents more responsible for the children's behaviour.

The Bill will strengthen communities by giving the police and local authorities new powers to tackle disorder and will create new offences of racially motivated violence and harassment. We have already implemented other key manifesto commitments, including introducing a Bill to ban handguns.

Prisons have taken up much of my time over the last 100 days. Last month, I awarded the Service an extra £43m to cope with overcrowding. My department is presently drawing up legislation to incorporate into UK law the European Convention on Human Rights, and last month I announced that the 1999 European elections would be fought under a PR system.

Since 2 May I have announced: a judicial inquiry into the Stephen Lawrence murder; further support for crime victims; new measures to help ex-prisoners find work; proposals for a new offence of corruption to include bribery of MPs; and plans for a new Race Relations Forum.

### ROBIN COOK Foreign Secretary

In the first fortnight in office I drew up a Mission Statement which set out four key objectives:

- To enhance Britain's security by promoting international stability and fostering strong alliances;
- To make maximum use of our overseas posts to promote trade abroad and create jobs at home;
- To improve our quality of life by working with others to protect the common environment and tackle international crime;
- To secure respect for Britain's commitment to building a strong international community based on democratic values.

In Europe, we announced our intention to sign up to the Social Charter. During the conclusion of the Inter-Governmental Conference we defended our national interests robustly without indulging in petty obstructionism.

The Government has played a leading role in strengthening the international community's resolve to implement the Dayton Peace Agreement in Bosnia. We have shown our determination to ensure that those indicted for war crimes are brought to justice.

Elsewhere, we have ensured the successful transfer of sovereignty over Hong Kong to China and begun the process of building a new relationship between Russia and an enlarged Nato.

### HARRIET HARMAN Secretary of State for Social Security

Reforming the welfare state to reduce poverty and welfare dependency is a priority of this Government. We believe that work is the best form of welfare for people of working age.

In July, we launched our *New Deal for Lone Parents* - a programme which will provide opportunities to work for half a million lone parents on Income Support with school age children, using £200m from the windfall tax.

Childcare is vital for many women to get into work. The Budget put childcare at the heart of our economic policy and took the first step towards our *National Childcare Strategy*. This will make child care more accessible and affordable.

Disabled people with long-term ill health are also being offered new opportunities. We will develop a

package of measures to help them get into work using up to £200m from the windfall tax.

And we are taking steps to ensure that everyone can enjoy a secure and dignified retirement. VAT on fuel has been cut to 5 per cent and we have announced a wide-ranging review of all aspects of pension provision.

### MO MOWLAM Northern Ireland Secretary

We have begun to make the process of governance in Northern Ireland more open and included more people in helping make key decisions on issues like public spending. We have injected new energy and resources into priorities education, NHS patient care and getting people off benefit and into work.

We have taken decisive steps to improve the prospects for lasting peace. Much had been put in place by the previous government. We added clarity and new impetus.

Setbacks - such as the disturbances after the Drumcree parade - have been followed by advances like the peaceful outcome of the July 12th weekend.

The IRA restored their ceasefire on July 20th. The talks process will be in earnest on 15 September to tackle the core issues at the heart of Northern Ireland's problems. We want to see all parties arguing their case on behalf of the people they represent.



Harman: 'Reducing poverty and welfare dependency is priority'

There is now an unprecedented opportunity to work through the talks for a new settlement that both unionists and nationalists communities in Northern Ireland can support.

### CHRIS SMITH Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport

We have consigned the backward-looking Department of National Heritage to history and established a new Department for Culture, Media and Sport - signifying a new approach to Britain's 450 billion creative industries. In less than three months, actions have spoken louder than words.

I asked Richard Branson, David Puttnam, Paul Smith, Alan McGee and others to spearhead the Government's support for arts, music, media, tourism and intellectual property.

The National Lottery White Paper sets the scene for a new People's Lottery. £1bn of lottery money will be spent on health and education projects, as well as on NESTA - the nation's fund for talent.

The Millennium: I announced that the

exhibition of Greenwich would go ahead and declared that more than £1bn worth of projects would be taking place.

British Film: I announced a £92.5m lottery cash boost to three new film franchises and new tax breaks for the film industry.

British Sport: £55m has gone to the Football Trust to improve ground safety and we have set up the Football Task Force.

Broadcasting: We removed the outdated Channel Four funding formula to help C4 spend more on diverse programme-making and British film.

### MARGARET BECKETT President of the Board of Trade

As one of my first actions, I wrote to businesses throughout the country, committing myself to working with business. I have delivered on this promise. As a first step, I launched Competitiveness UK. We have:

- Established a Taskforce for Competitiveness in Europe; held a Competitiveness Summit; announced a new Advisory Group, plans for a White Paper and, most recently, published proposals for the reform of UK competition law.
- Announced a wide-ranging review of utility regulation, pledged to introduce electricity and gas competition.
- Awarded £35m support for research and training projects to improve UK competitiveness.



Prescott: 'This is the beginning of our crusade'

Demonstrated our commitment to support of small and medium-sized firms by launching the *Smaller Firms Guidance Project* and proposals to introduce a right for small firms to claim interest on the late payment of debts.

Announced a review of options to give the Post Office greater commercial freedom and introduced legislation to reform management of the radio spectrum.

Freed money for research into astronomy and announced Foresight awards of £10m to help science and business collaborate.

### LORD RICHARD Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Lords

The political situation in the Lords is almost a mirror image of that in the Commons. With 126 Peers taking the Labour Whip, we have effectively a minority Government.

But, we have succeeded where we needed. The Government has put two Bills meeting key manifesto commitments on to the statute book in

three months - on the education reforms and phasing out the Assisted Places scheme.

We look forward to major bills delivering our manifesto commitments on: devolution; crime and disorder; standards in schools; the European convention on human rights; reform of the Lottery; a national minimum wage; the London referendum; and regional development.

### CLARE SHORT International Development Secretary

When Tony Blair spoke at the UN Earth Summit in New York in June, the atmosphere was electric. My Department's contribution to the speech was the commitment to halving world poverty by 2015 and to reverse the decline in our aid spend until we reach the 0.7 of GNP UN target.

The OECD's development committee has picked up targets from UN Conferences and called on the world to commit to halving extreme poverty by 2015. This means getting all the children of the world into primary education, basic health care, and clean water for all. I have set myself the task of doing all I can to mobilise the political will.

My White Paper setting out the details of this work will be published shortly. My aim is to leave behind me an international commitment to poverty eradication and the measurement of progress year on year.

### ANN TAYLOR Leader of the House

Management of the Government's heavy legislative programme, modernisation of the House of Commons, and anti-drugs co-ordination have been the key areas of my work since we have been in Government.

In our first 100 days, 18 Government Bills were introduced (compared with 10 in 1979); six Bills received Royal Assent; four White Papers were published; and 15 oral statements made.

I have set about modernising the House of Commons, which has included improving Prime Minister's Question Time and setting up a Select Committee on Modernisation. In the autumn, a Daily Agenda will replace the order paper. Some Bills will be carried over to the next session, ensuring vital work is not pre-empted and there will be better pre-legislative inquiry stage, with consultation within and outside the House.

Drugs Challenge Fund awards have been set up, with £2m going to 79 anti-drugs partnerships. An extra £1m has been generated from business and voluntary sectors. We also plan to advertise for UK Anti Drugs Co-ordinator.

### JACK CUNNINGHAM Agriculture Minister

Our manifesto aims were to make a consumer involvement and protection the recognised cornerstone of MAF's role, to improve standards of animal welfare; and to get the EU ban on British beef exports lifted as soon as possible.

Within a matter of days, I announced my intention to update the ministry to become more open and accountable including preparing a new mission statement and a change of name.

By mid-June Elliot Morley, Minister for Fisheries and the Countryside, had drawn up new rules to improve the welfare of livestock being transported. A tough approach to hygiene standards in abattoirs was also pursued.

Jeff Rooker, Minister for Food Safety, announced on 21 July that to improve openness and information to consumers the brand names of products tested in food surveys would be given when such results were published.

On 26 June, the McDonald's food group announced that they would return to using British beef, and Burger King did likewise several days later.

On 23 July, the European Union agreed to introduce Europe-wide controls to remove specified materials from beef carcasses - matching existing UK measures.

### DR DAVID CLARK Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Office of Public Service

Our manifesto said that our aim would be to rebuild trust between the Government and the people by: cleaning up politics; rooting out public spending waste and inefficiency; and listening to the people and developing services to meet their needs.

In 100 days, we have made a significant start in making the government a genuine servant of the people. We have started by:

- Changing the culture of secrecy in Whitehall by showing our commitment for Freedom of Information legislation.
- Announcing steps to make quangos fully answerable.
- Issuing a tough new Code stating that ministers should be accountable to Parliament.
- Setting up a new Better Regulation Unit to reduce burdens on business, and ensure that regulations are necessary.
- Planning the introduction of a Food Standards Agency.
- Considering a People's Panel whereby the public tell us their views on government services.

## Tory deserters breathe sigh of relief

### Michael Streeter

The land of Mondeo man has given a cautious welcome - a C+ rating - to the first 100 days of New Labour.

Those on *The Independent's* election panel in Redditch, Worcestershire, who switched their votes to Tony Blair see little reason to regret their change; most are quietly impressed with the party's move to power. There is little sense of excitement though, just relief.

Equally, most of those who stayed with the devil they knew and voted Conservative can pick out enough wrong in just three months to vindicate their decision.

The one issue which unifies them is concern over money - and the regular increases in interest rates since polling day.

Mark Redfern, 29, an engineer, who voted Labour for the first time, said:



"Since they've been in everything seems to have gone up. My mortgage costs about £10 to £15 a month extra."

But he adds: "I think I always knew the rates would have to go up once the election was over. I'm still glad they got in, but I think I'll be able to give a better view in 12 months."

Brian Nicholls, a butcher aged 60, who also made the switch for the first time, is even more cautious. "I think it was a smart move of the Chancellor's to let the Bank of England decide interest rates, as it gets him out of hot water. But it's early days, isn't it?" he said.

A former British Gas travel manager Roger Frost, 54, likes the calm, purposeful way the Home Secretary Jack Straw has acted, citing the inquiry into the murder of black teenager Stephen Lawrence.

"I also still like the way Tony Blair is handling things. I've no regrets. The interest rates help with the savings."

Craig Coates, 37, a local authority administrator, admits he was a "sceptical" first-time Labour voter, but is so far impressed with the Government's positive attitude. "I knew the Conservatives were keeping interest rates down so the rises haven't surprised me."

But he added: "Nothing's really hit them yet, has it?"

The caution gives way to outright scepticism among the Tory voters. Susan Lovett, 38, a former sales consultant, is struck by the activity of New Labour. "They seem to be going at a fair

old pace, but I'm not sure they are achieving a lot. For example on devolution - how effective is it going to be?"

Meanwhile Denise Sparkes, 35, a dressmaker, is unhappy at plans to charge for university tuition and suggestions the age of consent for gays should be lowered to 16. "And I was proved right on interest rates - it's costing us £40 a month more."

But Lionel Baird, 52, a paramedic, conceded he may not have been right in voting Tory. "It can leave a bad taste in the mouth but sometimes you have to admit you've got it wrong. So far I've been pleasantly surprised with the Government."

Roger Jones, 42, the only one of the panel to vote Liberal Democrat, was less enthusiastic. "There's been nothing earth-shattering so far, it's been middle of the road - what some people have described as a lukewarm government."

صلى الله عليه وسلم



# Mr Blair's first 100 days: we like what we see

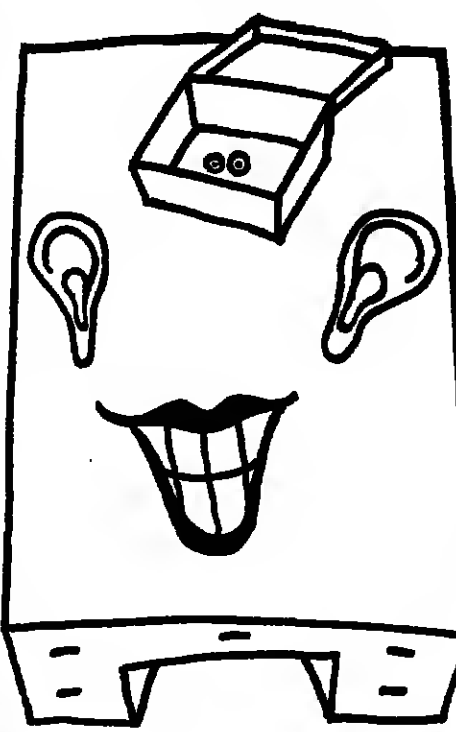
Tony Blair himself was never that keen on the idea of the "Hundred Days". That sort of thing usually ends in tears, he said, when he stressed that he was not promising the Earth, and that making a difference would take time. That was before the election, of course, and now looks like a clever feint so that we would be the more surprised by the energy and pace of the Government's debut.

But he also said that "the project" would not become clear to people "until you are in government and you're doing things". In opposition, he only ever gave us an anti-ideology. He was against dogma: a shirt-sleeved manager with common-sense, pragmatic views. And so it came to pass in government. Equally, in opposition he never gave us his character. He adjusted his message instinctively for different audiences, not pretending to be things he was not, but never revealing quirks or prejudices that might offend. The voters had no objection to what they knew of him, but now they know him better, and it should be easier to disentangle his personality from the various personae constructed for him. So what do Mr Blair's first 100 days tell us about the character of the man?

On the first day of the new dawn there was a carefully orchestrated photo-opportunity in Downing Street which one Labour official

with an ironic sense of history said was supposed to look like a "spontaneous outpouring of workers from factories and offices". The portrayal of Everyman with his stylish wife and attractive children amid a sea of Union Jacks was propaganda, but it was also true to the man. Despite the unconvincing tone of Mr Blair's self-deprecatory jokes about not recognising himself as Prime Minister, there is something resolutely unstatesmanlike about him. Much of his first few weeks in office were spent abroad, fêted as, if not the great young hope for the world, the brightest prospect for managerial centrism (with a social conscience) since Kennedy. But television footage of him on a bicycle or running from one meeting to the next at the Amsterdam summit did not convert into a largeness of stature. This is not a fault, however, but a strength. Mr Blair cannot be a larger-than-life personality because he does not have the self-blindness of a Thatcher, or a Kohl, or a Kennedy. The "people who live in the dark" may want to present him as a conviction politician in the Thatcher mould, but ultimately they cannot do it because that is not what he wants to be.

Instead, Mr Blair is supremely good at epitomising what we would like to be as a nation. When he does his "I am one of you" routines (closely modelled, one suspects, on Clinton's "I feel your pain"), what he really seems to be saying is: "Don't you want to be one of



me?" And, on the whole, we do. An overwhelming majority of the nation would like to be smart but casual and drive a Ford Galaxy full of football and Spice-Girl-mad children. And have the exciting job and the high-powered (and attractive) spouse. Everyone in Britain aspires to be informal middle class - even toffs and royalty - with all three members of Prince Charles's crowded marriage falling over each other in their rush to kick a football around the Chequers lawn.

There is something else, too, that we have learnt of Mr Blair's modesty since 1 May. He has been accused of being autocratic, while beginning a programme of democratic power-sharing more radical than anything since the Civil War. What his critics have failed to see is that 10 Downing Street may be at the centre of a tightly controlled web in matters of presentation, but the initiative for policy has genuinely been devolved to departments, especially the devolution from Downing Street to Mr Blair's closest political ally, Gordon Brown. David Blunkett astutely recognised the importance of this point, flooding the Chancellor with memos. Mr Brown is firmly in the driving seat when it comes to the domestic policy decisions that matter: independence for the Bank of England, the "welfare-to-work" programme, billions from the reserves for education. The one big decision directly attributed to the Prime Minister was heavily

presentational - the go-ahead for the Millennium Dome - which is why the job then passed on to Mr Blair's other closest political ally, Peter Mandelson.

It is clearer than ever that policy will be looked at regardless of where it comes from. In his eagerness to bring in business leaders, Mr Blair has tripped up on the sleaze issue, simply because it never occurred to him that he would be judged by the same standards as the outgoing government. But in the longer term, the significance of Lord Simon's appointment is as a token of Mr Blair's pluralism. He has brought in Liberal Democrats and given free rein to Labour figures such as Frank Field and Stephen Byers, whose views most jangle ancient inner-party nerves.

And proposals will be tested against pragmatic criteria - and, above all, market-tested with focus groups and opinion polls. Mr Blair would not doubt protest that policies will also be judged against "values", but this is perhaps the largest area of outstanding doubt. So far, what is striking about his values is how unspecific and consensual they are. Neither the values nor the character of Mr Blair have been tested by crisis - partly because this Labour Government unexpectedly faced a sterling appreciation crisis, rather than devaluation, on coming to office. Until something does go seriously wrong, all judgements are bound to remain heavily provisional.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Health authority covered up failures in psychiatric care

Sir, Your report "Inquiry into deaths finds mental health unit at fault" (2 August) has uncharacteristically missed the point. Sane does not object to families remaining anonymous if they wish. Nor do we want to see blame placed on individual doctors or nurses, although, as professionals, we need to know why the system fails so frequently, and who should be made accountable.

In May 1994, faced with increasing public concern about homicides involving mental patients, the NHS Executive instructed health authorities to initiate independent inquiries into every case. The publication of these

painstaking inquiries has been the major source of evidence of what has gone wrong with psychiatric care both in the community and in hospital, and they are widely used in attempts to improve the service nationally.

When Paul Medley walked out of the Royal Oldham Hospital's psychiatric unit in September 1994 and killed Harry Johnstone, the West Pennine Health Authority set up an independent inquiry, as it was required to do so. However, it also asked that the inquiry should consider the cases of four other "clients" of the hospital.

Unlike any previous homicide inquiry, the report of the inquiry

into "the treatment and care of five individual patients by Oldham NHS Trust" was not published, on grounds of patient confidentiality. The recommendations and some conclusions of the report did not mention the homicide, nor that the other four individuals were dead, having committed suicide. Thus patient confidentiality was, sadly, no longer an issue. All four cases were the subject of a coroner's inquest and were therefore in the public domain.

Keith Jones, commissioning director for the West Pennine Health Authority, said he could not compromise confidentiality, and that he had personally approached

the families, who had unanimously asked that the report should not be published. Within hours, Mary Smith, mother of one of the suicides, broadcast on radio and television asking for publication of the full report. Another of the families has called the report a "cover-up".

It is hard to escape the conclusion that the health authority used the cloak of confidentiality to obscure the truth about the specific failures in mental health care provided in Oldham.

MARJORIE WALLACE  
Chief Executive  
Sane, The Mental Health Charity  
London NW1

### Rethink UK sanctions on Iraq

Sir: Geoff Simons (Letters: "Iraqis killed by sanctions", 1 August) is correct in pointing out yet more gaps in New Labour's supposed ethical foreign policy, but his point needs further emphasis.

The UK is not merely a member of the Security Council which renews sanctions on Iraq every two months, but is also, alongside the US, the principal supporter of the sanctions regime. Britain therefore bears considerable responsibility for the deaths resulting from what is termed in polite political conversation "the containment of Iraq". The sanctions policy was barbaric in the aftermath of the Gulf War in 1991. It is even more barbaric six years later, when it no longer appears to serve any purpose other than to maintain the status quo in the Middle East. Despite the attempts of Madeleine Albright, the US Secretary of State, to make the sanctions policy look positive, killing is killing, it is not kindness. Seven years is too long, it is time to rethink the sanctions regime. SIMON FAULKNER  
Campaign Against Repression and For Democratic Rights in Iraq, North West Manchester

### Children who aren't ready to read

Sir: Thomas Sutcliffe and his son are locked in mutual bafflement: so can't read and Dad can't understand why not (Tablet, 7 August).

For years, I have been baffled over why the British force little children to read before they are reading-ready. Making the connection between spoken sounds and little squiggly symbols on paper is actually quite a complex process. There is plenty of well-documented evidence, acted on in the States and in Europe, that most children make this connection around the age of six or seven. That is when they start school, and they learn to read in weeks.

In the UK we start them off at barely five, some as young as four. We have confused nursery school with school. We must produce educational "failures" who need special education to help them out of their misery. It has become a British cottage industry to provide therapy for children who were taught formal lessons before their time.

Quintillian was right - wait till they are seven. Parents could play with their children and they could enjoy each other's company in those precious early years. What a thought! RUTH VECHT  
Special Needs Teacher  
London NW11

### Pay per view

Sir: I have a suggestion on charging for, or, rather, the financing of, museums and galleries. Here in Italy, because I have reached ripe early middle age, I am entitled to enter the main galleries free of charge. Being as vain as any *grande horizontale*, and being paid decently for one of the most enjoyable jobs in the world, I do not exercise that right. (I have tried claiming to be under 18, but that overworks.)

My suggestion is that (thinking of the Gemadegalerie, Berlin, or the Museo Capodimonte, Naples, for example) our museums charge, say, five pounds. Those claiming on their own say-so, to be under 25, or over 65 should be admitted free. Anyone cheating to get in deserves the educational experience thus gained. Professor ARTHUR MARWICK  
Royal Hotel, Naples

The writer is Professor of History at the Open University.

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

Summer again, and the real editor escapes for a few days' peace - or so he thinks. Andrew Marr (Top Man, as we call him here) chose for some reason known only to himself to take his family off to Devon this week.

Quite why he didn't go to France, where he can get silly numbers of francs for his pound, it's hard to say; that's certainly where the economics editor is going on holiday. Indeed, she had the foresight to buy her francs 10 days ago, when the pound was riding high. If she'd bought them yesterday she'd have been a lot worse off, which just goes to show that, on matters of personal finance, you should trust the economics editor of *The Independent*.

Still, on day two Andrew called in just to see how things were going in his absence. "Fine," said I. "Don't worry; just relax and enjoy yourself." "Humph," he said. "Right now we're cooped up in the kitchen, with three children going stir crazy; it's chucking it down outside, and anything but relaxing." Never mind, I assured him, the clouds will blow over, you'll have a lovely time.

Next morning the news editor bounced into our morning conference suggesting that we send a photographer down to the Devon coast, because there were flood warnings all over: "Chuckling it down, so I'm told," he declared cheerfully.

"Terrible pity for anyone on holiday there. Oh, isn't that where the editor's gone for his break? Perhaps we should ring him up and get him to send us a piece (chortle, chortle)."

Now, it is true, and I am ashamed to admit it, that most good journalists do have a small vein of mischief in their bodies that would incline them to be mildly amused, in a *schadenfreude* kind of way, at the thought of the Top Man pacing irritably up and down his Devon cottage kitchen muttering imprecations at the weather.

But I firmly pointed out that that was not fair, and that we should be more civil and understanding about it.

So I didn't ask Andrew to write a piece - I just rang him to - well, you know, ask what the weather was like. "Humph."

I'm thinking of coming back early," he snarled. "If it goes on like this."

Next morning the news editor breezed cheerfully into morning conference. "Guess what. You know where the editor's staying, down on the south coast? Well, there's a place near there they had three inches of rain yesterday. No kidding. In only a couple of hours. Chuckling it down." And we all looked out of our 18th-floor windows in Canary Wharf, at the hazy hot sun and the clear blue sky, marred only by the faint haze of yellow smog out across the City.

Well, I thought, better ring

'What's the weather been like in London?' 'Oh, I lied, as kindly as I could, 'a bit cloudy now and then, in between the unbearably hot and really rather unpleasantly insistent sunshine'

the editor and commiserate. "Gather the weather's not so good down there. I hope you're still having a good time though," I said, as kindly as I could.

"Humph," came the reply. "What's the weather been like in London?"

"Oh, I lied, as kindly as I could, 'a bit cloudy now and then, in between the unbearably hot and really rather unpleasantly insistent sunshine.' There was a long pause, and I could almost hear him thinking what we all learn every summer, but then conveniently forget before the next time: holidays are over, only the stress is different, which makes it OK.

Never mind, next week Andy's back, and things will look up again, and I'll escape for a few days with the family. We're off to - where was it again? Ah yes: mid-Devon. Best take the waffles.

Colin Hughes

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

I hope it will soon become smart for the British sneerers to join the rest of the human race in loving Mr Bean - John Casey, *Fellow of Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge*

I love sleeping. My greatest talent. I once fell asleep on stage, playing a statue of Queen Victoria - Nicola McAuliffe, *actress*

The assumption is that because we are surrounded with a plethora of sexual messages in the media, people are enjoying healthy, happy, sexual relationships. That is not the case - Anne Weyman, *of the Family Planning Association*

They won't be like Alan Clark's diaries, but the fall of Heath and the rise of Thatcher should prove of interest. I think eight volumes should be about right - Lord St John of Fawley, *Tory peer, who is about to publish his memoirs*

The English have a natural tendency to yobbishness. Ally this to collectivism, and you have a very nasty mixture - AN Wilson, *author*

Neil has taken to reading newspapers off the shelves in our local newsagent, but we always welcome copies of yesterday's from neighbours - Christine Hamilton *announcing that her former Tory MP husband has been forced to cancel their newspaper subscriptions*

### No excuses for drug users, whoever they are

Sir: James Humphreys ("The cost to society is so great it makes me dizzy", 7 August) appears to believe that his taking his turn to collect drugs for his friends is purely a matter between him and them. They are, after all, "adults", as he informs us. The point is, of course, that his opinion of the arrangement is completely irrelevant. He was doing something which he knew was illegal, and deserved the consequences.

There are indeed many people in prison who should not be, and the system should be so administered that petty and young offenders are not condemned by association with career criminals to a life of crime. Humphreys says that he is dizzied by the cost to society of imprisonment, but does not seem to acknowledge that, as a representative of the best-educated people in that society, it is his duty to contribute to its improvement. Instead he embraces the habits of a criminal.

Well-educated people who, rather than regret crimes committed out of self-indulgence rather than anything resembling need or pressure, say that the system is wrong, deserved the excesses of the last Home Secretary, whose exit from office is otherwise heartily to be welcomed. C J SHEPPARD  
Southampton

Sir: Those who lobby against the legalisation of soft drugs try to justify criminalising something no less dangerous than nicotine or alcohol.

The hypocrisy of this situation is infuriating. James Humphreys may well have been prosecuted, convicted, or even sentenced by somebody who enjoys occasional drug use. The only difference between Mr Humphreys and these respectable citizens is that his drug of choice is considered illegal.

ALEC McEACHRAN  
Lichfield, Staffordshire

Sir: Perhaps James Humphreys has had time to reflect on the fact that, although he has never directly harmed another person, by buying illegal drugs he fuelled the fire of warfare between rival drug dealers. His money might well have supplied them with the money to purchase weapons and given them the ability to make the lives of innocent people thoroughly miserable.

Can he categorically state that the dealer he bought from did not ever sell to under-18s and is not connected, in any way, to those who protect their trade with violence? KAREN DIMMOCK  
Stourbridge, West Midlands

### Energy from London's waste

Sir: Mr Clement of the London Planning Advisory Committee (LPAC) is right to draw attention to London's acute shortage of landfill (Letters, 7 August). But the solution he outlines assumes a conflict between recovering energy from waste and recycling that is illusory.

To move towards more sustainable waste management, in line with public aspiration and Government policy, we must pursue an integrated solution. Of course London should recycle more, though LPAC's new target (40 per cent) is heroic indeed. But a moratorium on new energy from waste plants in London will not of itself recycle one more bottle or can. It will however result in the landfilling of millions more tonnes of waste, with the associated emissions of methane - a potent global warming gas.

A balanced approach such as that taken in other European capitals - far from calling for yet more delay - demands that much needed new energy from waste capacity is developed in parallel with major efforts to increase recycling and composting, so as to optimise value recovery overall. In this way wider environmental aims can also be met, such as greenhouse gas reduction and increased generation from renewable sources.

RAY PALIN  
Director, Energy from Waste Association  
London W2

### Long odds for lottery gamblers

Sir: I never cease to be amazed at how ignorant the general public seem to be on the risks involved in gambling. David Spanier, in his Gambling column (7 August), refers to a leaflet now available in casinos entitled "The Risks of the Game", gaming's equivalent of a (financial) health warning.

I suggest that providing information and education about gambling should go further. It should be taught in schools as part of the maths curriculum. Gambling is, after all, entwined with probability theory. Schools offer education on sex and drugs, so educating pupils about gambling would be a useful addition to their preparation for life.

After all, the whole country is starting to resemble a vast casino, with the general population bombarded from all directions with horrifically unrealistic odds. How many of your lottery-ticket-buying readers appreciate, for example, that if they bought £100 worth of tickets a week, they could expect to pick up a jackpot once every 2,700 years?

NIC SZEREMETA  
General Secretary  
European Poker Players' Association  
Torquay, Devon



'Endearing but villainous animals': the Boston raccoon

### 'Mythical' raccoon spotted in Boston

Sir: Mary Dejevsky says of raccoons: "these endearing but villainous animals are just another component of the American myth... the truth is that they do not exist." ("The great suburban sinner who has gone to ground", 4 August).

I have never yet photographed a unicorn successfully, but Ms Dejevsky may like to see this photograph of the "mythical" raccoon taken from a second-floor

window in Monument Square, Charlestown, Boston, Massachusetts, at 7.30am on the morning of 15 July this year. He was seated on an old fire escape which stops at first-floor level, some 12 feet above the ground.

I wonder if any reader can advise me on the best time of day to see a unicorn? LIZ FINCH  
Liverpool

### Othello: educated gentleman of any colour

Sir: Why do we accept the assertion that "not white" = "black" ("Can it be wrong to 'black up' for Othello?", 7 August)? Othello was a Moor; strictly, a person of Berber and Arab descent; but a word more loosely used at the time of Shakespeare to indicate any persons of North African or Islamic origin. He may indeed have had black ancestry (the trans-Saharan slave trade flourished for thousands of years and is rumoured to continue to this day) but this is not necessary. All that is certain from the text is that he was darker-skinned than 16th-century Venetians, to whom "black" meant anything swarther than themselves.

Far more important than his colour is Othello's cultural background, from a military Islamic society strongly influenced by an ancient and sophisticated Persian culture, and with trading contacts with India and China. It is unlikely he would have reached the rank of general in his own country, let alone Venice, without education in science and the arts. Arab culture saw no incompatibility between a soldier's profession and an appreciation of literature and poetry. They were essential, social

accomplishments, hence those poetic and storytelling skills which captivated Desdemona. Yet this sophisticated gentleman is too often portrayed as an unpolished simpleton played upon by the cunning Venetian.

Cast a man of any colour as Othello but, please, let us see a more imaginative interpretation than theatrical tradition has afforded us. DEBORAH TOMPKINSON  
Maidenhead, Berkshire

Sir: Film and television particularly have made us used to seeing the "real thing", but this insistent realism may incur its own losses. Some of the greatest and most memorable performances in the recent past have been big make-up jobs: for me Laurence Olivier's Othello, Charles Laughton's Quasimodo, Alec Guinness's Fagin, and (best of all, perhaps) John Hurt's Elephant Man.

Real equality may find it perfectly acceptable to portray physical characteristics not possessed by the performer. Political correctness may be a deadly brake on creativity. IAN FLINTOFF  
London SW6

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## the saturday story

## Happiness is a quiet week in Ulster

One of the most common charges levelled at journalists covering northern Ireland is that they rarely focus on the positive, that they only want to report bloodshed and violence. Well, it has been sunny all week in Belfast. While the local news carried pictures of storms and severe flooding across the south of Ireland and England, these stopped dead at Ulster, leaving the people of the province basking in glorious sunshine.

There were other reasons to be cheerful: on Thursday the supergroup U2 announced that they were to play a massive gig in Belfast, a piece of news described by one newspaper as "one of the best the city has received in a very long time". "We're very excited about it. I don't think there's been a big outdoor concert in Belfast like this ever," said U2's manager Paul McGuinness. Compensation indeed for the news yesterday that the city had lost out on its bid to host the next Eurovision Song Contest.

There was jubilation in the world of business, when two large foreign companies announced investment worth almost £7m in Belfast and Newtownards, with the promise of a significant number of new jobs. And then there was politics. Last week saw the dozing monster that is the talks process once again lurch slowly and warily into life. This was the week that Sinn Féin president Gerry Adams met with the Secretary of State Mo Mowlam, for the first time since before the previous ceasefire was broken in January 1996. Although the meeting was billed as preliminary and largely symbolic, it lasted well over its predicted time

The weather's been sunny in Northern Ireland, and despite some storm clouds on the horizon, a cautious optimism is in the air, says Jojo Moyes

span and ended with the promise of further talks. Significantly, perhaps, Dr Mowlam said afterwards that both sides had acknowledged "the need to change a bit". There was widespread acclaim for an agreement by Ulster Unionist MP Martin McGuinness to take part in a face-to-face televised debate next week, the first such meeting since before the previous ceasefire. Media commentators Roy Greenslade described it on BBC Radio Ulster as "the thinnest of bridges", but nevertheless a cause for optimism.

Predictably, perhaps, the Reverend Ian Paisley was critical of the decision, saying that unionists should not speak to the IRA until they were disarmed. But there was general support for the move, even among unionists, who said he should attend – even if only to ensure the Republican view did not go unchallenged. There

was also concern about heightening splits within the Unionist community – a worry not alleviated by Mr Paisley's charge that Mr McGuinness's decision signalled "the beginning of the end for the Ulster Unionist Party".

"We want Paisley in the talks," said one "lifelong unionist", sunning herself outside Belfast's City Hall. "His mandate is to represent us. If he stays outside, we'll end up being left behind."

Indeed, Mr Paisley's insistence on staying outside the talks process appeared to be out of step with much popular feeling. The host of Radio Ulster's *Talkback* programme, a forum for all shades of opinion, noted on Thursday that the endless negative preoccupation with sectarianism could be dispiriting. He sounded positively resigned shortly afterwards when one caller chose to rant about marches. "Is there no way we can move this thing on?" he asked plaintively.

But there were causes for optimism, too. Tensions over today's planned Apprentice Boys parades were eased when, following a police edict, Orangemen agreed to re-route some of the smaller "feeder marches" that lead into the main parade around Londonderry's walls. Although disappointed by the police decision, Orange leaders stressed that they wanted the marches to pass off peacefully and agreed to stay within the confines of the law. By yesterday afternoon, their protests had been confined to the handing in of a letter, and, of course, a protest march.

The *Irish News* was among those to pick up on the good mood. It noted yesterday that after last month's scenes at the

Garvaghy Road, it had seemed inevitable that the rest of the summer would witness "a long and bloody series of confrontations across northern Ireland". Instead, it said, an "unexpected outbreak of common sense" had battered those hoping for a more lasting peace.

And there were other, smaller moves towards reconciliation. Earlier this week, Londonderry's SDLP Mayor, Martin Bradley, helped launch a pageant organised by Apprentice Boys governor, Alistair Simpson, at the organisation's headquarters. Mr Simpson spoke of his delight at welcoming the mayor, the first nationalist mayor ever to attend such an event, saying afterwards: "It is something that I never dreamt of – that we would have this type of thing here."

Martyn Lewis, the newspaper who once famously complained that there should be more good news, might have enjoyed himself here last week.

Even the potential loss of John Hume from the peace process to the Irish presidency was largely overshadowed by the possibilities for amusement afforded by the prospect of the singer Dana as his opponent. These may be small steps in one short week, but the knock-on effects are crucial. If the ceasefire, no matter how precarious, has one important consequence, it is in helping rebuild the confidence of Ulster's business and industrial base. Belfast suffers some of the worst unemployment in Europe, with all the resulting economic and social problems, and no one would dispute the need for further investment.

Colin Anderson, president of Northern Ireland's Chamber of Commerce and Industry, which represents more than 3,000 businesses, said yesterday that that with this in mind, the business community had viewed the week's events with "cautious optimism". "We have not experienced the euphoria

that occasioned the last ceasefire so we want to wait and see ... but we're hopeful that it's here to stay," he said.

Mr Anderson pointed out that business can be an important unifying influence. The Chamber of Commerce, he said, has been meeting with political leaders in an attempt to push the province's economy further up the political agenda. A key factor in ensuring a lasting peace was to put money in people's pockets. "Then they see life isn't so bad, and they're not as likely to get involved in violent activities."

As he spoke, Economy Minister Adam Ingram was in the United States accompanied by Ulster Unionist Jeffrey Donaldson and the SDLP's Mark Durkan in a joint attempt to woo foreign investors. Mr Anderson said that despite the end of the previous ceasefire, there is little to stop it becoming the underlying trend for northern Ireland was still one of growth. This appeared to be borne out by a stroll around the

city centre, which was yesterday bustling with shoppers.

"The one thing that builds people's confidence is the lack of bombs," said a spokeswoman for the group Families Against Intimidation. "People like to know they can come into the city centre and feel safe." There are other, perhaps subconscious, factors that contribute to that confidence: the unsettling noise of overhead security forces helicopters, so often omnipresent, was absent. And in an hour, only one armoured vehicle passed by.

One of the things least often reported about Belfast is its beauty, and friendliness. The south of the city is rarely affected by trouble, and much of the local countryside is stunning. Mr Anderson describes it as "the best kept economic and tourism secret in Europe". Should the ceasefire continue, there is little to stop it becoming a major tourist destination.

Tourism is often the litmus paper of confidence in the



Business as (un)usual: shopping in Londonderry yesterday

Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

province. Yesterday a survey of 89 of Belfast's hoteliers revealed that 79 per cent believed the success of the peace process was the most crucial factor in developing their business. Their confidence is not yet widespread, however. Equal numbers (27 per cent) described themselves as pessimistic about the future as said they were optimistic. This is unsurprising. Even the uninitiated can appreciate that a week is a long time in Ulster politics, and for all the good signs during the last week, there was plenty that could be put forward to dampen any prematurely high spirits.

Yesterday morning, the residents of Newtownabbey, the site of a proposed march by the loyalist Royal Black Preceptory today, were calling on "nationalists throughout Ireland to come along and support the beleaguered residents in their time of need", if attempts were made to force the march through. They were planning to rally last night at the village RUC station. The *Belfast Telegraph* noted that there was "the prospect of serious trouble unless the situation can be defused".

The same morning, 1,000 Protestants marched through Londonderry, protesting about their "right to march". Both had the potential to heighten tensions over the weekend. The Parades Commission was said to be keeping a close watch. Meanwhile, police noted that levels of so-called punishment attacks were still high. Claims from the family of a shooting victim that the gunmen had described themselves as Republicans also tempered some of the optimism that the police had allowed themselves since the latest ceasefire was announced.

In what appeared to be a deliberate attempt at provocation, two hoax devices were delivered to the offices of Unionist councillors last week. An Orange hall outside Newry was damaged in an arson attack. And yesterday homes were evacuated when a hoax bomb was detonated in Strabane, and another incendiary device was defused in South Belfast. It was, said one RUC source, much too early to draw any conclusions about the ceasefire.

A few clouds were gathering overhead yesterday evening, signifying a possible end to the balmy weather. But across the city, people in Belfast appeared to be looking for the good. "Cautious optimism" was still in place that the weekend's planned parades would pass without violence, prompting the question: could one week's good news be a building block for the province's future?

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## karen krizanovich

Self-help books are comedy. It's not that they don't do their job. Lots of normal people take secret delight in seeing the words, "You're all right, really," in print. If it's in print, it must be true.

This scares me. I'm suspicious of books like *The Celestine Prophecy*, a wonky bestseller which makes you want to ask the author, "What colour is the sky in your world?" Merely insisting that Life is Beautiful turns self-help into the fuzzy-thinker's crutch, tossed aside when you get better.

Hard-core self-help, however, is honourable. The best come with aggressive titles like *Toilet Training Your Inner Child*, *I'm Okay, You're Going To Hell* and *Losing Weight By Eating Less And Exercising More*. That's why I'm ripping through *Emotional Blackmail* by Dr Susan Forward with Donna Frazier (Bantam Press, £15.99). The masterful copywriting on its dustjacket implores, "Do [important people in your life] shower you with approval when you give in to them and take it away when you don't?"

Soon you're weeping. "Yes! Yes!" and leaning against the cash till, book and credit card in hand. Although it baits browsers with the same dirty tricks on the outside, striving for mediocrity on the inside, *EB* delivers the goods. It's touchy-feely American analysis-u-like. The doctor's favourite example of a manipulative phrase is, "Gee, I wish

someone would open the window," rather than, "Could you please open the window?"

Nice try. In my house, whining works best. "I'm dying here. Did you have an affair with a double-glazing salesman or is this a terrarium? When did you move the sofa and the TV into the oven?"

Dr Forward is no slouch. She's authored two best-selling milestones in self-help – *Toxic Parents* and *Men Who Hate Women Who Love Them*. (I want to write a rip-off called *Men Who Hate Women Who Hate Them More*.)

*Emotional Blackmail* has helped me already. The other night, two dear but squiffy friends begged me to come and party with them. "If you don't come over," one pleaded, "I'll commit suicide." On page 39, Dr Forward calls suicide threats "The Ultimate Self-Punishment." Taking a tip from page 239 (Strategy: No 4: Using Humor), I quipped, "Oh? What kind of flowers should I send?" Thanks to Dr Forward, I won. The police are still searching for my friend but only a manipulated person would feel guilty about that.

Taking a step back from feeling righteous, I re-read Forward's checklist responses to emotional blackmail. In effect, defence phrases such as, "I'm sure that's what you believe," are merely manipulation lobbed back. It's like saying, "I'm sorry you got angry when I called you loud-ass." Apologising for their feelings, you're

actually apologising for nothing.

Concerning "the silent treatment", her last advice is to "Let some things slide." This reminds me of my *French for Travelers* phrase book which had "STOP OR I'LL SCREAM" in phonetic French. With *Emotional Blackmail*, thousands of shook-up people will also be feverishly thumbing its pages, trying to find the right thing to say at the right time. My advice? Let everything slide – including your personal hygiene, housework and coming home at night. That's what I think.

Somebody said that Stella Tennant was a supermodel for two very good reasons other than being thin and beautiful. Both of her names are names of lager. Hence, if my mother had called me Bud, Miller, Coors or Rolling Rock, I too would be a supermodel who had to beat men off with a bat.

We are jealous of beauty. We women hate other women who have that ineffable oomph. In the original script for the movie *The Long Kiss Goodnight*, the heroine is described as "effortlessly beautiful". No matter what she does, she's gorgeous. This irked me so much I couldn't finish the script. Excuse me? Effortless beauty? Never in anyone over the age of 12.

Yet here is Elizabeth Hurley doing just that. I hate to say it but she is marvellous in the new Pathe film, *Austin Powers – International Man Of Mystery*. Released in September, this is the best

comedy I've seen since *Airplane!* Liz plays the sex bomb Bond girl with M Appeal to Mike Myers' Austin Powers. He's a cryogenically frozen secret agent/photographer/rock star from the Sixties, thawed out to battle Dr Evil (also played by Myers).

It's fast company for Liz but she lets the plethora of breast jokes do the work for her. I'll forgive the massively airbrushed Estée Lauder commercials and her overblown, blowfish lips. In *Austin Powers*, she is, if not redeemed, made.

I bated her even more when she was going on recently about her cursed "boy's bum". In her youth, she had to stuff her jeans with tissues to get "a curve". This girl loves fry-ups. Bacon sarnies are her best friends, next to Hollywood bigwigs. This is a gorgeous woman who wears nothing but jeans and T-shirts around the house and, famously, on film.

Liz, can you say "Cooper's Droop" five times fast? Who repealed the law of gravity around your chest?

The truth is, Liz Hurley is playing at effortless beauty. Just wait until her chain smoking catches up with her. She'll look like a rucksack with eyes. Or maybe not. In Scapellato, or, Los Angeles, California, plastic surgery is a new religion. A talented surgeon can wipe away all traces of sin from your skin. You'll look and feel years younger. And, like those old medieval indulgences, it'll only cost a lot.





**IMAGE OF THE WEEK** A scene of complete serenity. Or is it? The rolling hills and cosy little farmhouses of Dovedale in Derbyshire belie the fact that more tourists in pursuit of peace and quiet will visit this beauty spot this year than ever before.  
Photograph by Brian Harris at 1/500th at f5.6 on 300mm using 160 ASA film. For a copy of this picture, for £15, phone 0171 293 2534



# the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 9 AUGUST 1997

## WORDS OF THE WEEK

### Answers to the meaning of creation

Five leading writers from a variety of religious and cultural backgrounds, including Fay Weldon, right, answer questions of faith in a series of Prom interval talks

**Fay Weldon:** I see God as the Author of the Universe ... God the writer. "In the beginning was the word ..." See it literally. The word on the page, the idea confined and controllable, shared by our common understanding ... To those who are creative, creation seems as nothing. You make something where nothing was before: easy peasy. You think it up. The greater the gap between nothing and that something is how you judge the quality of creation. A good book floats free, a bad book bumps along on the ground. The gap between a world without Shakespeare's plays and the world with them is pretty big. The gap between non-existence and the entire universe, God's doing, is of course overwhelming.

**Howard Jacobson:** There is a clown, sacred to the Sioux Indian people, whose business it is to be his own contradiction, his own upside-down shadow, a refutation of all reason, a man who says the opposite to what he means, and does the opposite to what it is usual and practicable to do. Like all clowns he is divided down the middle, the hair on the right side of his head shaved, the hair on the left hanging long. He is called a *heyoka*, or contrary clown.

But in order to perform in a *heyoka* ceremony it is not enough merely to wish to do so. In order to joke, you need to have dreamed; in order to cause laughter you need to have experienced terror. If you want to be a Sioux comedian, you have first to be a visionary. A dog is killed, its neck broke, its carcass offered to the thunder gods before being flung into boiling water. While the dog boils the clowns perform their tricks, carrying bows that are too long to bend and arrows that are too crooked to fly. They shiver in the

heat. They pretend to drown in shallow water. They make as if to swim in mud. They say the opposite of what they mean. Everybody laughing, everybody trying to get a piece of the dog flesh. Mirth and ferocity interchangeable.

When the ceremony was over, everybody felt a great deal better, for it had been a day of fun. They were better able now to see the greenness of the world, the wideness of the sacred day, the colours of the earth, and to set these in their minds. Does art have any higher aim than that? Does religion? To revivify the senses, to reconfirm belief in the sacredness of existence, to restore glory to the earth ... and to set these wonders in the mind of all who behold them.

**Hanif Kureishi:** Fundamentalism provides security. For the fundamentalist, as for all reactionaries, everything has been decided. Truth has been agreed and nothing must change. For serene liberals, on the other hand, the consolations of *knowing* seem less satisfying than the pleasures of puzzlement, and of wanting to discover for oneself. But the feeling that one cannot know everything, that

there will always be maddening and live questions about who one is and how it is possible to make a life with other people who don't accept one, can be devastating. Perhaps it is only so long that one can live with that kind of puzzlement. Rationalists have always underestimated the need people have for belief. Enlightenment values don't provide spiritual comfort or community or solidarity. Islam could do this in a country that was supposed to be home but which could, from day to day, seem alien.

Muslim fundamentalism has always seemed to me to be profoundly wrong, overly restrictive and frequently cruel. But there are reasons for its revival that are comprehensible. It is this that has made me want to look at it not only in terms of ideas, but in stories, in character, in terms of what people do ... Perhaps the greatest book of all, and certainly one of the most pleasurable, *The One Thousand and One Nights*, is written in Arabic. This creativity, the making of something which didn't exist before, the vigour and stretch of a living imagination, is a human affirmation of another kind, and a necessary and important form of



self-examination. Without it our humanity is diminished.

**Karen Armstrong:** We all know the power of poetry. The sound, rhythm and allusive connotations of the words chosen by a poet can take language into a new dimension; poetic language can enter us deeply, reaching a level that is more fundamental than the cerebral; it can lift us momentarily beyond ourselves. Theology should work in the same way. It cannot be a mere statement of fact; it must touch us emotionally and give us intimations of transcendence. The first Muslims were often converted not so much by the message of the Koran as by the extraordinary beauty of the text, which cannot come across in an English translation. Thus Omar had been fiercely critical of Mohammed until he heard the Koran recited aloud. The poetry reached through his reserves of intellectual resistance to a core of receptivity that he had been unaware of. We seem to have lost this sense of scripture and God-talk and have become obsessed with the historicity, rationality and literal meaning of theology. As our Western modernity has spread to other parts of the globe, Jews,

Christians and Muslims have all become worried about the integrity of their scriptures in a new way. Unless and until we recover a sense of the language of religion as dogmatic, in the Greek sense, our view of religious truth will be impoverished and we will deny ourselves an important means of discovering that transcendence which human beings are compelled to seek.

**Michèle Roberts:** The old mother goddesses, officially cast out by the masculine religion of Christianity with its drama of Father and Son, survived in pagan practices, in the folklore and heresies that have always flourished at the fringes. The female body, so feared and repressed, returns to haunt and dazzle us in the shapes of visionaries and visions - the Virgin Mary, apparently increasingly making herself visible all over the world in our own day, seems to represent, to those who see her or are moved by reports of her presence, Godness itself. God is presented as female form.

There is clearly a tremendous hunger among people to have bodily experiences of God: why else do miraculous statues bleed and weep? Here are those physical processes shunned by the Churches - menstruation, lactation - so often made numinous and holy. The reality of these miraculous events and visions is a psychic one. People produce and project their own images, individually and communally. God is worshipped through images of the physical. God is found through images of the physical. God is not any longer simply Him Up There. God has become part of us.

*'Flesh Made Word' can be heard during the Proms tomorrow on BBC Radio 3.*

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A home-made stealth bomber – the ideal accessory on a summer day, writes George Buchanan

We go kite flying in the summer. The weather is nearly always perfect: hazy winds, scudding clouds, squalls of horizontal rain – the very thing for soaring birds and kite flyers.

Now and again we make a kite. Of course one can buy a kite but we prefer to make our own. The ones we make are large, slow and heavy, and resemble monstrous stealths sliding across the sky. In strong winds they are difficult to fly, prone to spectacular crashes and with wrenching surges of power. In these conditions they might, at best, last a few days, and survive a dozen nosedives and cartwheels, before the sticks splinter, the seams tear, and the joints spring loose.

Cattle and walkers on the Common may have seen our latest monster flying high. You can't buy a Flying Manta but this is how to make one. It shouldn't take more than an hour.

Paradoxically, because the materials are so heavy, it has to be quite large to fly. Twelve and a half square foot of wing area is about the minimum viable size for summer stealths.

For the wing fabric you will need a scrap of damp-proof membrane (which you can buy from a builders' merchant), four long bamboo bean sticks, a roll of parcel tape, a roll of carpet tape (the reinforced kind), a key ring and a wire coat hanger. To cut and twist the wire you will want a pair of pliers, and unless you have teeth like a ferret, you will need a knife to cut through the tape. An unexpected ingredient is the spring from a derelict clothes peg.

Using the wire from the coathanger, fashion the twisted inserts illustrated (fig 1). Fit them in the wide end of each stick; the Z-shaped one goes into the centre stick, and the two loops fit in the ends of the outer sticks. Bind some parcel tape round the ends to prevent them splitting, and secure the inserts by knotting string to them and taping the ends of the string to the bamboo.

Fit the three sticks together. The Z-shaped wire is inserted through the wire loops in the outer two sticks, and secures them. Lay the sticks in position on top of the plastic sheet and cut the sheet to size (fig 2). Tape the edges of the sheet to the two outside sticks. Use the carpet tape at the point, at the end of each stick, and at one or two intermediate stations between.

Make the anchorage wires for the cross stick (fig 3), and tape them to the side sticks, equidistant from the point. When the kite is laid flat, the cross stick should be about two inches short of a fit. In the air, the wings sweep upwards and hold the stick in position.

Now fit the harness strings. These comprise a centre loop which is fastened to the point, and runs to the very end of the centre stick, and one intermediate string, that passes through the wing and is tied to the centre stick, more or less at its centre.

Before fastening the rear end of the centre loop, thread the string through the barrel of the clothes peg spring. I have illustrated a round turn and two half hitches which is suitable for tying the ends of the string.

Knot the intermediate string to the middle of the centre stick, and pull it



## Gain altitude with attitude

tight. Make a small incision in the wing, and slip the string through. With the kite upside down on the floor, pull the centre loop taut, and fasten the intermediate string to the barrel of the spring which (you will notice) slides freely along the centre loop. This gives you the adjustment facility you need to control lift.

The kite string is fastened to the barrel of the spring, and its position on the centre loop determines lift. This is found by experimentation. Too far back and the kite lurches backwards,

too far forwards, and there is insufficient lift. To secure the spring, take a single hitch round one of its arms as illustrated (fig 6). Fix a shackle or a substantial key ring on the spring as a fixing point for the kite string.

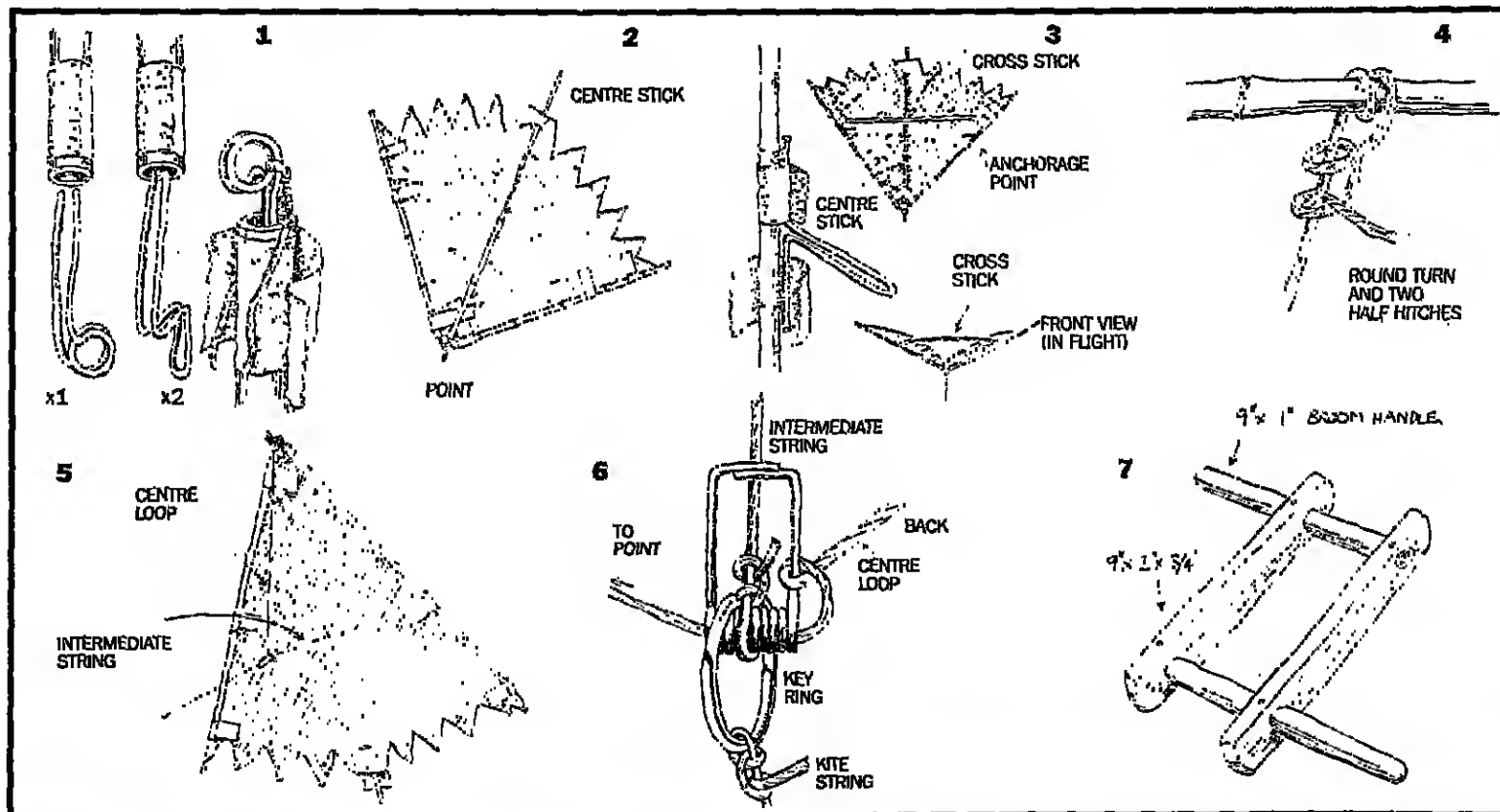
The tail should be long, and have considerable windage; its drag helps keep the kite head to wind. Make the tail from offcuts of the plastic sheet, and make it longer than you think necessary. Cut the tail to length when you first fly the kite: ie if it doesn't lift, snip off a few feet.

Secure all the side seams with parcel tape. At close quarters it looks very amateurish, but at 20,000 feet it doesn't notice.

I made the winder from two 9-inch lengths of 2 x 1/4 inch pine, and two 9-inch lengths of broom handle, (fig 9). You will need tough string to hold this kite: ordinary kite thread will snap. Polypropylene baler twine or garden string is ideal.

Fly the kite in a wide open space, miles away from power cables, and thunder clouds. If Defenders and

Troopers, and four wheel drive Subarus trundle across the turf to get a clearer view, wave them away. Gentle as a lamb in soft winds, in rough weather the Manta is an unpredictable and short tempered beast, prone to violent changes of attitude. It might take a sudden dislike to them, and dent their lids. And grapple tight to any child weighing less than 11 stone to make sure they don't soar skywards. In an emergency, let go the string; given its freedom, our Manta tumbles gently to earth.



## Games people play

Pandora Melly talks to the man who beat the man who was the father of the South London ping-pong champion.

Craigie Alchison RA, 70, painter

I used to play ping-pong in the nursery at home with my brother, and if we did anything wrong during the day, we weren't allowed to play. If you dropped your napkin, that was just one of the things that mattered, or if you didn't eat the fat at lunch. It wasn't my parents, it was the people who looked after us. The worst one was the governess.

Ping-pong was taken very seriously. I expect I usually lost, because I remember hanging the table in a temper. Later I played with the painter Euan Uglow. We used to play the best of three, but if Euan lost, he made me play the best of five, so there were huge rows and banging the table. I liked playing with Euan, because he hated losing.

I was always told that I had a cheat's serve, because you're meant to do it sideways. It doesn't say so in the rules, but I was accused of serving in a cheating way and there were rows over that. I'd drop the ball on the table, and hit it across. Are you meant to have it up in the air or something first?

My claim to fame in this area is that I beat the father of the South London ping-pong champion. I never let Euan forget that. It doesn't mean a thing really, because the father was doing the decorating here. I played him and beat him, but it wasn't like beating the South London champion.

I like ping-pong because it's not at all sporty and you don't have to be dressed up for it. Unfortunately I no longer have the table. I took it to Italy, and we had it outside, but it got all wet and fell to bits. I've always meant to get another one.

## Premonitions

On Paul McKenna's appalling *Paranormal World* on television the other week, they showed a chap in Nevada who has been doing research into precognition. Subjects are wired up to a device that gauges emotional reaction by measuring electrical activity in the skin, then they are shown randomly selected photographs, some of which are idyllic and pastoral and the others are so filthy that they had to blot out the rude bits on our screens. Anyway, what the results claim to show is that subjects reacted to the emotionally charged pictures even before they had been selected. The experiments were cited as evidence of precognition.

This, of course, merely adds a human dimension to the celebrated work of the parapsychologist R L Morris who, in 1967, showed that if you put three goldfish in a tank, then use a random number generator to decide which one to fish out, there is a tendency for the about-to-be-caught goldfish to swim about a bit more frantically before his number comes up.

We mention all this only because of some work we have been doing in our newspaper database. Since the murder of Gianni Versace, we have been monitoring occurrences in the press of the word "frock". We felt that it had come into relative prominence since his death, and were wondering whether this was purely temporary or the start of a new linguistic vogue. Since we needed a base level for purposes of comparison, we monitored the occurrences of "frock" over each of the past few months, here are the monthly totals since December:

Frock	Dec	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun
	124	126	104	102	90	135	167

Throughout 1996, frocks had been running at about 120 a month, and as these figures show, that rate was maintained in January. But the next three months showed a marked decline, followed by sudden and dramatic rises in May and June. The June 1997 figure is, in fact, the highest ever recorded for a calendar month. And if we were to plot these figures on a graph, it would look just like the read-out from the device used on the Paul McKenna show. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that precognition is an exact science – with hindsight.

The games page is edited by William Hartston

## Chess William Hartston



The endgame study composer Genrich Kasparian, who died last year, was one of the strongest players of all problemists. (Many very strong players have composed the occasional fine problem, but few top-class problemists have had much of a playing career.) Perhaps this is why so many of his compositions have that light touch that appeals to players as well as purists. The position above is a good example. It is White to play and win.

At first glance, it looks simple: get the bishop out of the way and promote the pawn to a queen next move. But things are not so simple.

After the natural 1.Bg6 (or 1.Bh5) Black plays 1...Rb8+ 2.Ka7 Bd4+. Now 3.b6 is forced, when 3...Bxb6+ 4.Ka6 looks, and is, good for White. But Black plays instead 3...Rxb6 and after 4.e8Q+ Kc7 the threat of Rb8+ guarantees Black a draw. The white queen has no good square from which to give check.

But if moving the bishop out of the way doesn't work, how is White to make progress? If this were a lesser composer's work, the answer might begin with 1.Rxc6+ dxc6 2.Bxc6, but Kasparian would not do anything so crude. Black draws easily with 2...Rb8+ 3.Ka7 Bd4+ with Kc7 to come.

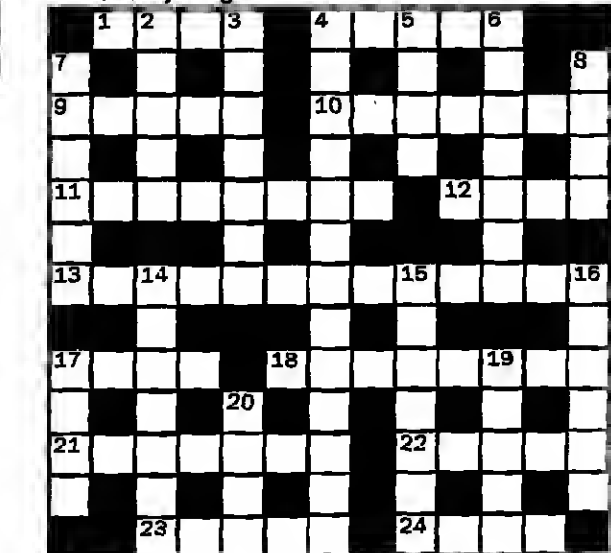
So what about trying to get the bishop out in the other direction? 1.Rd2 looks promising: the threat is 2.Bxd7+ and the rook also puts paid to that troublesome check from the bishop on d4. Again, however, Black has an ingenious defence: after 1.Rd2 he plays 1...Rxb5! 2.Bxd7+ Kc7 and the threat of mate on a5 saves the game for him.

Finally, 1.Bxd7+ Kxd7 2.bxc6+ looks tempting, but fails against 2...Rxc6! 3.Rxc6 Kxe7 with a draw. So what's the answer? The first idea was correct, but you have to pick the right square for the bishop. Try 1.Bf7! Rb8+ 2.Ka7 Bd4+ 3.b6. Now after 3...Rxb6 4.e8Q+ Kc7 White plays 5.Ra2! (where the rook is now protected by the bishop) Rb8+ 6.Ka6 Rb6+ 7.Ka5 and White wins.

The real point of the study, however, is seen after 3...Bxb6+ 4.Ka6 Bd8! Black threatens mate, but White gets there first with 5.Rxc6+! dxc6 6.Be6+ Kc7 7.e8=N mate! Bravo.

## Concise crossword

No.3373 Saturday 9 August



### ACROSS

- Seven days (4)
- County (5)
- Composition (5)
- Whitewash (5-2)
- Additional work (8)
- Way out (4)
- Daringly (13)
- Of great size (4)
- Australian state (8)
- Windpipe (7)
- Oxford college (5)
- Stretched tight (5)
- Prophet (4)

### DOWN

- Follow (5)
- Rare gas (7)
- Expel from church (13)
- Rescue (4)
- Copies (7)
- City of Romeo and Julie (6)
- Precise location (4)
- Tramp (7)
- Choices (7)
- Annually (6)
- Detest (4)
- Elevate (5)
- Part of leg (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Chateau, 5 Wring (Shattering), 8 Rafo, 9 Jericho, 10 Lister, 11 Idyll, 12 Bleach, 14 Agreed, 17 Coyne, 19 Mongrel, 22 Morocco, 23 Views, 24 Sisal, 25 Holster. DOWN: 1 Car, 2 Artiste, 3 Evolve, 4 Unjust, 5 Working, 6 Ilcby, 7 Growled, 12 Becomes, 13 Council, 15 Earnest, 16 Smooth, 18 Yards, 20 Novel, 21 Loser.

## Bridge Alan Hiron

East-West game: dealer South

North	South
♠ J 5	♠ K 5 2
♥ K 5 2	♥ 6 4 2
♦ A Q 10 7 6	♦ A Q 10 7 6
♣ K 7 4	♣ 10 9 8 6 3 2
♥ Q J 9 8 7 6	♥ 3
♦ K 9 5	♦ J 8 7 3
♣ 3	♣ K 4
♠ A Q	♠ A Q 10
♥ A 10 4	♥ J 9 8 5 2

South spotted the danger that might have upset his contract of Three No-trumps on this deal and made an effort to bypass it. However, he did not choose the right line of play and still went down. Can you spot his mistake? South opened One No-trump (16-18 points) and West overcalled with Two Hearts. He had a lucky escape when North

## Perplexity

Literary confusion:

Ghastly fat whores jog nasty here

We are looking for the name of a famous author and the title of his or her perhaps most celebrated work. And all you have to do to find them is unjumble the letters in the above sentence.

Last we mislead, we should like to make it clear that apart from having the same letters, there is no intended connection between

raised his partner to game instead of doubling and taking a substantial penalty.

West led ♠Q against 3NT and, not wanting to give East the lead if it could possibly be avoided, declarer won in dummy and played the ace and another club, rejecting the finesse. He did not mind West getting in and now had the extra chance of dropping the king of clubs. East won the second club, however, and switched to spades. The finesse lost. West cleared the suit, and now South could not come to more than eight tricks.

South was quite right to be apprehensive of a spade lead from East, but he missed a neat play. It is perfectly all right – indeed, a good idea – to cash the ace of clubs, but when the king does not fall, declarer should finesse the queen of diamonds. West may well be able to win, but now any continuation gives South plenty of time to establish and cash nine tricks.

the answer and the meaning of the sentence itself.

A prize of the *Chambers 21st Century Dictionary* will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer we open on 21 August. Answers to: Perplexity, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

Answers and the winner's name of the Perplexity competition that appeared on 26 July are held over until next week.

## Backgammon Chris Bray

Those seeking to study the history of backgammon are confronted with a difficult problem. There is no definitive history of the game, which can trace its antecedents back some 5,000 years. The very first backgammon book of the modern era, appropriately entitled *The Backgammon Book* by Jacoby & Crawford (ISBN 0 14046260 0) does have a brief but excellent history of the game as its first section. The other useful reference book is H J R Murray's *A History of Board Games other than Chess* which notes that the first recorded use of the word backgammon was in 1645.

*The Backgammon Book* traces the game from its murky origins in Mesopotamia, through the Egyptian Pharaohs, the Greeks – the tedium of the siege of Troy was lightened by playing an early form of the game – and the Romans. The Emperor Claudius is said to have written a book on the game!

The game's route into Europe is obscured by time although the Roman Empire obviously played some part. It is mentioned in old English glossaries of the eighth and ninth centuries but its great popularity apparently dates from the Crusades whereafter it became known as Tables. A backgammon board was found on the wreck of the Mary Rose.

Different versions of the game can still be found around the world varying from the US Navy's Acety-Deucey to Greece's Tavli. The modern version of the game gained new life and immense popularity in the 1920s when some enterprising gamesman in one of the New York clubs came up with the idea of the doubling cube. The first laws of the game were drafted in 1931 at the New York Racquet & Tennis Club.

*The Backgammon Book* also contains some excellent photographs and prints of early artefacts and boards and more recent paintings from European archives. Like many backgammon books of the early 1970s the book is currently out of print but it is well worth checking your local second-hand bookshop for a copy, and you can occasionally find a copy in a public library.

On a more modern note, Malcolm Pein of Chess & Bridge Ltd. informs me that they now stock all versions of *Jellyfish* and are willing to give demonstrations or to send a demo disk free of charge to anyone who requests it. They can be contacted at 369 Euston Road, London NW1 3AR. Tel: 0171-388-2404.



# Late bloomer



**Julia Kaminski**  
talks to  
**GERALDINE JAMES**

Rose strides towards me along the street on impossibly long, black-stockinged legs. At least, it looks like Rose, the reformed hooker in *Band of Gold* – shaggy curls, incy-wincy skirt, spiky heels – but the woman who offers me a makeshift seat on the pavement (“In the shade, if you don’t mind, I can’t go near the sun”) sounds rather more like Sarah Layton, the awfully nice colonel’s daughter in *Jewel in the Crown*. In fact, Geraldine James is neither Nice Sarah nor Flawed Rose, although she can identify with both. “It’s a very short step from Rose to me,” she explains over lunch later. “In fact, sometimes I think there’s no step at all.”

James, in Manchester to film an autumn sequel to the Bradford prostitutes’ drama *Band of Gold*, is taller and skinnier than you’d expect, especially if you’re watching the current repeats of *Jewel*, set in 1940s India, in which her Sarah is a solidly built, plain girl with a strong line in very proper dresses and suppressed sexuality.

“When we were filming *Jewel*, in the mid-Eighties, it was only 40 years after the setting of the series, and I could sort of feel Sarah across the time gap. So much had happened to women, and here we all were, going ‘Yes, Sarah Layton, hey, we’re with you-o-o’, whereas at the time she felt completely isolated, mad, and wrong, and had, but she couldn’t speak up for herself because she was in that world that said ‘Tup! Not a word’. You’re female, you don’t question things. They think she’s being difficult if she doesn’t smile and want to play tennis every afternoon.”

If there’s one thing that James does not share with Sarah Layton, it is diffidence. She talks 20 to the dozen, a breathless stream, without full-stops or commas. “Sarah has flashes of humour, but most of the time that’s completely repressed, and it was fascinating to play it. When I saw the repeats, I was startled – I didn’t remember that I was so uptight and anxiously retentive, but I think I based it on Celia Johnson in *Brief Encounter*.”

Did she look like Sarah then? “She was meant to be spectacularly plain, but I think the make-up person went a little far!”

India, where she also filmed *Gandhi*, was a rich experience for James. The people were “absolutely fantastic.”

“One waiter in the hotel where we were staying took us all to his mum’s for dinner one night. We went to weddings. We went to Simla, which is this extraordinary place up in the mountains, very British, with the Gaiety Theatre or something like that with all these photos from the Forties of these English people doing plays as if they’d been in Woking.”

“But I was very frightened, too,” she recalls. “I was very insecure as an actress. There was Sarah in her time, with me, Geraldine, in the Eighties, going ‘You’re all right, but I was thinking ‘I can’t do this. I’m no good, I’m hopeless’. Now, 15 years later, I wish I’d had that extra iota of confidence that I now have, so I could have gone, ‘I can play this part!’”

This is a recurring theme: her lack of faith in herself, even now at 46. Why did she continue to act if, even in her thirties, she felt she couldn’t do it?

“But I still think I can’t do it,” she wails. “The only reason I think I less – and this is absolutely, genuinely true – is I’m doing it and I now have a backlog of work. I can feel a little quieter in my soul. And it also matters less than when I was in my thirties. And nobody can tell me I’m not going to be an actress, because I have been an actress. I can go before my maker and say ‘I was an actor,’ – this in an emphatic voice, presumably one kept specially for addressing one’s maker – “and I can say ‘I’ve brought a few videos’.”

“I have taken risks in my life, like playing Rose. I honestly thought when that series came out that I would be laughed out of the country.”

Fears that she was miscast dogged her at the beginning, in the same way that Sarah had felt out of place in the world of the Raj.

“I thought people would go ‘This is ridiculous, this girl is middle-class, how can she possibly play this creature, who does she think she is? I mean, listen to her!’” Soora drips from these words convincingly. “I honestly thought people would think that, and instead they went ‘Yeah, gosh,’ and so a little bit of me went ‘Phew! I’ve got away with it again!’” Surely she doesn’t feel like this every time? “I do. I think ‘This time I won’t be able to do it, this time I’m going to miss the diving board and go off in the shallow end and there won’t be any water in it anyway. I’m going to completely land on my face!’”

To James, the crucial thing about *Band of Gold* is that it must be believable, and must not



Geraldine James: ‘I honestly thought when “Band of Gold” came out that I would be laughed out of the country’  
PHOTOGRAPH: ROB BODMAN / NTM

knife out... no wonder the girls fear for their lives. They have such low self-esteem. In my experience, almost all of these women have been abused. So they already think of themselves as complete rubbish. The fact that they go off with a man who starts hitting them around somehow fits in with their lives.”

James is most scathing of the pimps who lure young schoolgirls into the game. Having a 12-year-old daughter, Eleanor, brings it sharply into focus for her. “That whole pimp thing is so disgusting. They’ll seduce very young girls literally by giving them sweets. Buying them nice clothes. Encouraging them, developing their sexuality when they’re far too young.”

Did it strike a chord when her character Rose discovered, in the second series, that her estranged daughter was a hooker? “I could imagine what it was like for Rose. But I don’t relate it to Eleanor very much. I did get very alarmed on one location when we were filming outside a junior school, and somebody said ‘This is where pimps will identify their likely candidates, and start working on them.’ Now if they’re strong, secure children with loving families, then they’re not going to be taken in by that – I hope.”

Does Eleanor feel insecure, with her mother away so often? “Well, it does get tougher for her as she gets older, because she’s more aware. When she was a baby, I didn’t work until she was about 15 months old, and by the time I went back to work I was going up the wall. I realised, there’s a bit of me that is nourished by acting, which is kept at bay when I’m at home being a mum. It’s phenomenal to do both, but I can’t choose.”

The actress in James was born at boarding school in Berkshire, where she felt miscast. “Very early on there were the girls who were good at singing, at the arts, or mathematics or languages, and I wasn’t good at anything. I didn’t shine. So I became the clown in order to have an identity and at the age of 13 they put me into acting. I had a fabulous teacher, my headmistress’s husband, who taught Shakespeare for A-level, and then I found this person called William Shakespeare and a play called *King Lear*. The teacher took us to see it at Stratford and I remember Eric Porter, Alan Howard, Michael Williams and being completely blown away by it. I worked with Eric Porter on *Jewel in the Crown* and I remember sitting opposite him and I couldn’t believe that he was there. Eric Porter, who had been my major inspiration, with these incredibly long, beautiful hands, and I remember being mesmerised by these hands and just wanting to say to him ‘I’m here today because of you’. He was wonderful.”

As *Jewel in the Crown* draws to its conclusion at the end of August, Nice Sarah will disappear to be replaced by Rose, as *Gold* (the third series of *Band of Gold*) is screened in October. In the meantime, Geraldine will retire to her “little house” in Sussex with Eleanor and her husband Jo Blatchley, a film producer and director at Rada. After *Gold*, James will reappear on screen in a new series of *Kavanagh QC*, scheduled for next January. “My opposing character to Rose is my wonderful QC in *Kavanagh*, Helena Harker. She has a very extraordinary, lateral-thinking mind, she does these great loops in her head. I read it and get mentally exhausted and to play somebody who has that mental agility... it’s great. I like her very much.”

It’s some time since she appeared on stage, and she’s itching to return. “I want to do theatre; I really, really want to do some more, because I miss it. It’s been difficult because there have been things I’ve had to do personally, that have meant it’s quite hard to commit to a long time in the theatre, but next year I will. I’ll find something and do it. You feel you’re really stretching yourself in the theatre.”

“I don’t like doing what I’ve already done. But there’s a lot of different kinds of characters that I’d like to play. More comedy, more classical theatre, more European theatre, more movies. I’d love to play a character close to myself in a film... because then it’s about revealing, rather than about putting on a character. I try to only do jobs I don’t know how to do. I did *Moll Flanders* although I thought it was not remotely interesting, but Morgan Freeman was going to be in it, and I thought ‘Christ, I would love to work with Morgan Freeman’. I didn’t particularly want to do *Portia in The Merchant of Venice* until I saw Dustin Hoffman was in it.”

Some “extraordinary, exotic” people came to see *The Merchant of Venice*, she says. “Robert De Niro came to see it in London, and he’d just got off the plane, and Dustin was in a terrible state because De Niro was in, and I thought I was being rather marvellous, which is a dangerous thing to ever think. I knew where he was sitting and I just glanced up to see if I was being appreciated by the great De Niro and he was” – she throws back her head, closes her eyes and opens her mouth – “sound asleep.”

glamorise prostitution. The first series divided police opinion in the Bradford area, where it is set, between those who felt it increased public awareness, and those who felt it encouraged kerb-crawling and possibly even tempted young women into prostitution, believing it to be glamorous.

“This programme must be authentic. It isn’t *Dynasty*, it’s about life on the streets, and if people can see it and believe us and think ‘That’s what these women are like’, they may change their attitudes. Many people dismiss and loathe prostitutes, they think they’re the scum of the earth. If we can say they’re human beings, and understand what may have led them towards this life and be a little less judgemental, and please can

we also talk about the gentlemen who need to use these women’s services...”

“It has completely changed my own views. I think in some awful way I had a romanticised view of it. I thought it would be easier to play than it is. Within about a week we were wearing these costumes – you have a bit of you that you’re selling yourself on, my bit was my legs and my tits [goodness me, that Nice Sarah would never say ‘tits’], so they had to be fairly well exposed, and that’s fine when you’re acting, but when they go ‘Lunch!’ you’re still exhibiting yourself and we found that you just get looked at. That was very startling, to realise what it would be like, for me,” she emphasises, “not to be in control of how I present myself.”

Researching Rose brought James into contact with prostitutes in Bradford’s Lumb Lane red-light area where she heard all the gruesome details of life on the streets.

“We see them at home making a cup of tea and saying ‘Christ, it’s tough out there’ and we realise what it would be like to work in those clothes, in winter, getting into hot cars for 10 minutes and getting thrown out again having made 10 quid, stuffing it into your bra and wandering on to the next street corner. Somebody turns up who is deeply repellent physically, and smells, and wants you to do appalling things, and you’re so cold you do it. It ain’t a glamorous life by any means.”

“You are completely vulnerable; if he whips a

## Another circus skill gets shot down

An unlikely victim of the government’s ban on handguns has come to light. The new legislation turns out to be a body blow to circus performers, and will end a tradition dating back to the kinds of acts made famous in Buffalo Bill’s *Wild West Show* in the last century. Leading big top proprietor Bobby Roberts Junior, whose current touring summer show involves him juggling and twirling revolvers, is calling for an exemption for performing artists in this week’s issue of *The Stage*.

As things stand, all performers who use pistols and revolvers over 22 calibre in their acts must hand them in by the end of next month, or face prosecution for possessing prohibited weapons. So it’s either a case of Parliament having to make a last minute exemption, or roll up, roll up for the fantastic Bobby

Roberts Junior and his amazing twirling water pistols.

That other leading big top man Gerry Cottle will need a room to himself if he hands over his arms to the government. Cottle’s latest show *The Circus of Horrors* includes flick knives, band guns, a machine-gun and a flame-thrower. “It’s not live ammunition,” he exploded as I kept my eye warily on his holster. “This takes all the excitement out of circuses. First we have to lose our animals, now our guns. We’re becoming a laughing stock with the rest of the world.”

It all does seem rather ridiculous. Guns in the context of circuses and indeed stage plays are akin to start-



**David Lister**  
arts notebook

ing pistols – a prop, dramatic but harmless. And it should not be beyond Home Office bureaucracy to exempt not only circuses but all performing arts from the new laws.

Only once can I recall a circus

prop of this sort being remotely dangerous. It was actually in Gerry Cottle’s own circus some years ago. A now deceased and much loved cowboy juggled guns, threw knives and had a drink problem. By the time of the evening show his aim would grow increasingly erratic. We shall not duck from his like again.

Surreal tales reach me of Andrew Lloyd Webber’s annual jamboree at Sydmonton. Each summer, Lord Lloyd Webber throws open his Berkshire stately home to assorted friends for a preview of his latest opus. But this year there was more than a scene from *Whistle Down the Wind* on offer. Guests were surprised to be asked to

take part in a mock-Parliamentary debate on the future of Europe. Well, not so mock actually. A room at Sydmonton was designed as a mini House of Commons; Norman Tebbit was one of the speakers, and the Speaker, Betty Boothroyd, was acting out her day job.

Outside, the guests sat on the lawn to listen to Rowan Atkinson give a talk on his passion, fast cars. Here, it turned out, smoking could be a hazard. Some of Lord Lloyd Webber’s musical friends do have rather important voices to tend after all. David Frost lit up only to have a note passed to him which read: “Dave, put that cigarette out. Now! Love, Kiri.”



Here’s a job description to moisten the eye. “Practically no responsibilities. Just occasionally signing a letter or two that someone else has written for you. Honey-sweet relations with the dear, friendly trustees... Above all, abundant opportunity to get on with your own work and no need to hide it under the blotting paper when you have callers.” That serene piece of nostalgia was

uncovered by the *Museums Journal*. It was from an article written in the 1950s by Thomas Kendrick, then director of the British Museum. Worries over whether to charge, cuts in purchase grant and a host of other problems seem to make managing a major arts institution a little trickier these days. No leisure, no blotting paper, and are there honey-sweet trustees for tea?



# arts & books

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## EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

(97)

### All aboard the festival express

The Edinburgh Festival opens its 50th birthday season this weekend. In an extract from his new novel, 'No Laughing Matter', Peter Gutteridge savours the flavour of life on the festival gravy train

Bridget Frost and I were both going up to the Edinburgh Festival. The Bitch of the Broadships, Bridget was loud, pushy, opinionated, grudge-bearing, drunken, vindictive and tacky, but she had her good points. Actually, those were her good points.

She was doing some stuff on the Fringe, which this year was bigger than ever, with around 10,000 performers and 1,200 shows. They were the kind of statistics you got in the press pack. The press office had fun expressing figures in colourful ways: for example, if all the Fringe groups formed a human tower by standing on each other's shoulders, they would exceed the height of the world's tallest building by 14 kilometres. Well, yes, I do find that interesting.

I was going by train, Bridget by plane. Depending on your point of view, four hours on a train in the company of a bunch of writers may or may not count as a good time. But, if you're freelance, you don't turn down a free first-class return ticket when it's on offer. The Edinburgh Book Festival had two first class carriages, stacked with free food and booze, reserved for London's literary folk on a Scotland-bound Intercity 225 leaving King's Cross.

The trip was intended to be a party. My ticket even had a "plus guest" on it. But I was travelling alone. Sad, eh? I had thought of inviting Bridget to travel with me but putting her in a sealed carriage with a bunch of literary types was like giving the fox a den in the henhouse. Fortunately, she preferred flying.

I've always found it best to keep booze away from writers. The history of drunkenness in literature teaches us that it's the poets you have to watch, but children's authors can be pretty tricky too. I envisaged that the combination of free drink and artistic temperament meant friendships springing up by Peterborough could be legendary feuds by York.

The trip was, however, sadly uneventful. People table-hopped along the aisles. A couple of film crews for those cable channels that no one ever watches shot footage with the look of people in whom hope was battling with experience. PRs ferried journalists to and from the handful of celebrity authors. As the bottles of wine and whisky circulated, things got a little raucous but, as an attractive American woman pointed out to a group at the table next to mine, there was no shagging in the aisles.

The train was on time into Waverley Station. A tall, strapping man in his fifties was standing on the platform in a kilt and sporran, as if to assure us we were indeed in Scotland. I immediately assumed he was a laird, whatever one of those was, but I overheard someone else saying he played the bagpipes on street corners for loose change. When I looked closer, I saw that, although he had a kilt tucked down one stocking, the effect was spoiled by the quarter-bottle of whisky tucked down the other. That evening I went into Charlotte

Square to the Book Festival, Edinburgh was undergoing an untypical beatwave and the tents in which the festival took place had their doors open to let in air on the sweating hordes within. I listened from the doorway as Joanna Trollope and Michael Dobbs, looking slightly indignant, defended TV adaptations of their works.

I went into the spiegel tent, a wonderful 1920s Austrian beer tent, and sat with my beer in one of the wood and glass booths around the outer rim. Sipping my drink, I looked through the Fringe brochure. Irvine Welsh was still hip and omnipresent. Six different versions of *Macbeth*. A musical history of Edinburgh's Royal Mile. Not my thing really. Oscar, the Hypnotising Dog, now that was more like it.

Half-a-dozen musicians were milling around on the small stage, fiddling with microphone stands and amplifiers. When they started up, a woman sitting a few yards away started getting into it - legs bobbing, fingers snapping, head shaking. I wouldn't have minded but it wasn't exactly the birth of the cool. Just a bunch of middle-management types in candy-striped waistcoats, beer guts and straw hats playing Disraeli. The woman clapped out of time.

Bridget slid into the booth beside me. "Been to any shows yet?"

"I've been down at the Film Festival," I said. "Got talking to a director from Iceland - probably the only director from Iceland - about a comedy he'd just made there. He told me it reflected the fact a good proportion of the people are suicidally depressed in winter, merely suicidal come spring and alcoholic all year round."

"Sounds a laugh a minute," Bridget scowled at the musicians. "I've been to two. I don't understand why they always seem to put the noisy shows right next-door to the quiet ones, with only a cardboard partition between. They might as well put all the noisy shows together and let them fight it out like a psychotic Battle of the Bands."

"What'd you see?"

"I saw a musical about Robert Burns. I thought I was seeing one about Rasputin but I went next-door by mistake. The accents of the actors were so thick it took me 20 minutes to realise. It was only when Rasputin started reciting a poem to a haggis, I twigged something was amiss. I'd thought the kilt was making a statement about universal experience."

The hand struck up another dire tune from the good old days of Dixie.

"They should be on a paddle steamer on the Mississippi," I said, grimacing.

"Preferably one that's sinking. Why don't we go outside?"

Edited extract from 'No Laughing Matter' by Peter Gutteridge, published in hardback at £16.99 by Headline Book Publishing and available from all bookshops, or by credit card - at the special discount price of £12.99 - from Bookpoint on 01235 400414 (lines open 9am-6pm Mon-Sat)



## One from the heart

David Hare explains why Shaw's 1921 state-of-the-nation play is due for revival

In the confident days of post-war expansion, most theatre companies were able to rotate the same classic authors to make up a repertoire of plays which Ken Campbell

once wittily christened "brochure theatre". At your local playhouse you could expect to see Shakespeare playing in a regular team of writers who usually included Wilde, Ibsen and Arthur Miller. But more recently, as theatres have suffered from public underfunding and as the comfortable literary consensus which underpinned their choices has disappeared, so artistic directors have needed to adopt a bolder and more improvised approach to their job. Some famous writers have continued to thrive. Chekhov's four best-known plays are still relentlessly revived. But the most eminent victim of this enforced shake-down has been the problematic figure of George Bernard Shaw.

Sometimes it is as if we no longer quite know what to do with him. On the publication of the final volume of Michael Holroyd's brilliant three-part biography in 1992, several reviewers noted how unfortunate it was that the 15 years it had taken Holroyd to write the book had coincided with an irreversible decline in his subject's reputation. It would be hard, they insisted, to imagine a playwright more thoroughly out of fashion. Shaw was associated with an era of rational Fabianism which no longer spoke to the modern world. His plays, with their notorious long sentences and stately attitudes, embodied a fearful attitude to sex which our own more full-blooded age found spatesterish and immature. The characters were authorial moultpieces - puppets, not people.

The playwright once described as "the creator of modern consciousness" had become a victim of the fact that he had so completely dominated his own time. He had, in short, been superseded.

If these reviewers had looked a little harder, they would have found that their supposed reassessments of Shaw more truly reflected the doubts which some audiences had enjoyed about his work from the beginning. The character of Bernard Shaw himself often commanded an interest and authority far wider than any of the individual plays he actually wrote. If *Heartbreak House* is, as its author suggested, his *Leah*, then it has to be said that from the outset it has suffered a far more mixed press than Shakespeare's greatest masterpiece. Billed, perhaps misleadingly, as a fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes, it played at the Royal Court in Shaw's own 1921 production at over four hours. Its length alone attracted a level of dismissive vituperation which Shaw's recent detractors could hardly hope to emulate. Shaw's attempts to mix high farce with divine tragedy, and to marble an apparent comedy of manners with grave presentations of impending catastrophe have elicited an exasperation in some spectators which has never truly abated.

The purpose of reviving *Heartbreak House* just before the millennium (with-out altering or updating the text) is to take a timely look at the century's first and outstanding state-of-the-nation play, aware that it exhibits many of the characteristics of that extraordinary genre which has given modern British drama so much of its distinctive spirit.

By gathering together a collection of Bloomsbury-like bohemians in a Sussex house, Shaw appears to set off in a familiar Chekhovian direction, analysing the destiny of a country by portraying the life and loves of a representative group of middle-class people. He looks ahead to the coming century and sees it as no friendly place for romantics or adventurers, but belonging instead to a narrow new class of depressing capitalists who are determined to reduce life to its lowest common denominator. Who can say he was wrong? Yet even in this overall scheme, so uncannily prophetic about the world we now live in - Captain Shotover, for instance, is working on Ronald Reagan's Star Wars strategy, the weapon which will destroy all other weapons - there is a wildness of texture, a sheer strangeness of vision which is often so personal and peculiar that we may almost rub our ears, in danger of

disbelieving what we have heard. Many critics have rightly drawn attention to the zaniness of Shaw's humour. His playfulness with theatre itself is taken to prefigure the arrival of absurdist like Beckett and Ionesco. But less noticed, it seems, is Shaw's underlying steel. Under the surface of the play - which shifts around in the manner of all great, elusive work - lies the disturbing contention that it is not useful to try and be happy; that happiness, indeed, may be only a failure and a lure. Using a method of reversal which is notably Brechtian, Shaw reveals how easily the wish to enjoy life may slip into a deadly infatuation with dreams.

No wonder this uncomfortable portrait of a society in which people are habitually distracted from their better purposes is one which theatregoers have sometimes found hard to contemplate. But they have also not been helped by a view of the play which emphasises its frivolity and rhetoric at the expense of its deeper feelings. Far from the governing tone being either light-hearted or elegiac, it is, on the contrary, full of the feverishness of genuine despair. Underneath the banter, underneath the central story of a young girl growing up in the course of a single evening, lies a sense of wasted passion that belies Shaw's reputation as a cold or cerebral writer. "It has more of the miracle, more of the mystic belief in it than any of my others," wrote the author of his own favourite play. It also, he might have added, has more of the heart.

David Hare's production of *Heartbreak House* is at the Almeida Theatre, London N1, from 3 Sept to 11 Oct, previewing from Thursday. Booking: 0171-359 4404

David Hare (above, centre) in rehearsal with Richard Griffiths

GERAINT LEWIS

### Edinburgh coverage



'What is this garbage about music being the highest art form?' The Independent's comprehensive coverage of this year's 51st Edinburgh Festival begins in the broadsheet on Monday when American choreographer Twyla Tharp explains her philosophy of dance to David Benedict.

Plus, for all the latest news and reviews from the International, Fringe and Film Festivals, see the daily Tabloid, Tuesday to Friday

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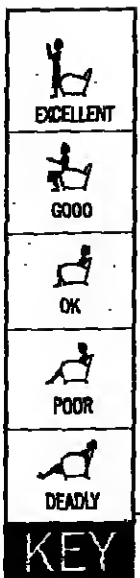
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### David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW



THE PLAY	THE FILM	THE BALLET
<b>Life Support</b>	<b>Bean</b>	<b>Romeo and Juliet</b>
Once again, Alan Bates takes the leading role in a new play by Simon Gray. This time he stars as a fraudulent travel writer stung into grief as he attends the bedside of his wife (Georgina Hale) who lies in a coma. Harold Pinter, an old hand when it comes to directing Gray, is back in charge with Caroline Nannors, Nicholas Grace and Frank McCusker in supporting roles.	Rowan Atkinson breaks silence by adding his voice to a big-screen re-creation of his stupefyingly popular TV persona of the bumbling incompetent, serenely unaware of the chaos he creates around him. Older readers will recognise him as a graduate of the Harry Worth / Norman Wisdom school. Written by Richard (Four Weddings) Curtis and Robin Swicord and directed by Mel Smith.	On Monday, the Kirov Ballet returned to the Coliseum with Lavrovsky's <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , added confirmation that they have triumphantly survived their post-Communist impoverishment. Alitayn Asymuratova danced a yearningly faithful Juliet, with Viktor Baranov as her Romeo. It was the Queen Mum's 97th birthday: Mercutio's testosterone-drenched performance was an ideal gift.
Paul Taylor found it "moving, astute, often funny. (Alan Bates) does the author especially proud ... He superbly suggests a man struggling to master overwhelming grief". "One of Gray's finest, strongest exercises in sardonic tragedy, black comedy. Categorise it how you will," averred <i>The Times</i> . "Gripes throughout ... When Bates suddenly surges with anger, or succumbs to a devastating sense of loss, the dramatic effect is explosive," gasped the <i>Telegraph</i> . "Quietly moving if lacking in theatrical dynamism ... perversely, one sometimes sighs for a touch of the old talent to abuse," admitted <i>The Guardian</i> . "A tremendously moving, bed-bound performance by Georgina Hale ... a civilised rather than a memorable evening," decided the <i>Mail</i> .	Ryan Gilbey likened it to "Mr Magoo with added malice and mucus ... If the film has anything in its favour, it's brevity". "Bean is not an acquired taste, you either have it or not. You might, though, in a moment of doubt, or panic, try to unacquire it. For instance, after seeing this movie," warned the <i>FT</i> . "The kind of shallow movie that only works if you shut your mind to the qualities of all great comedies: rigour, intelligence, imagination and humanity," thundered <i>The Times</i> . "Highlights include pants wetting, eruptions of nasal snot and a bag of vomit burst playfully over someone's head," shuddered <i>The Standard</i> . "These gaps are not so much cheap as bargain basement," scorned the <i>Telegraph</i> .	Louise Levene enthused about the production: "A stag-line of enormously promising young men ... Almost operatic staging gives the street scenes a verismo and vitality enhanced by the full-blooded dancing and zestful mime of the chorus," and she noted on Juliet's "exotic, tip-tilted beauty". "The Kirov's Koh-i-noor diamond has been their prima ballerina Alitayn Asymuratova ... Has any dancer ever been so completely gifted?" gasped the <i>Telegraph</i> . "Looks odd," mused the <i>FT</i> , which still had to concur, "At its heart was Alitayn Asymuratova's Juliet, and she justified every moment. None of the other playing came near her."
At the Aldwych Theatre, London WC2 (0171-416 6003) to 18 Oct.	Cert PG, 89 mins. On release absolutely everywhere.	The Kirov end their UK visit with a second Fokine programme at the Coliseum, London WC2 (0171-632 8300) today at 2pm and 7.30pm.
Don't be put off by the seemingly bleak scenario. A fine production.	See <i>Grosse Pointe Blank</i> instead.	Highly recommended: lustful, erotic, passionate, delicately sensual and beautifully danced. Sorry you missed <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , but see Fokine if you can.

our view on view critical view overview



150 من الالعين





# Playing for time

He sang before he could speak. He's been playing the piano since he could reach the keys. And some already place him in the pantheon of all-time keyboard greats. Now, at 26, Evgeny Kissin has been rewarded with the Proms' first ever solo recital. But first he plays a game of verbal chess with Edward Seckerson

When Evgeny Kissin was a year old (or so he's reliably informed), he stood up in his cot, pointed decisively at the piano, and uttered one word: "OPEN!" So any suggestion that this prodigy was shamelessly exploited can be quickly discounted. His parents were obedient. They hadn't planned things this way (sons grow up to be engineers like their fathers, don't they?). His mother played, his elder sister played. Evgeny listened. He was such a quiet child. (Didn't they realise he was listening?) He was no trouble. (Didn't they realise he was concentrating?) He sang before he could speak. Bach's A major Fugue. His sister was studying it at the time. (Didn't they realise he needed quiet to memorise it?) He was 11 months old. Not yet old enough to reach the keyboard. (A minor detail.) But time was pressing. And the initiative was his. "OPEN!" Like I say, his parents were obedient.

Kissin can't remember a time when he wasn't playing the piano. And he remembers everything. Total recall. At three-and-a-half (you see), the improvisations began. Anything he heard he could sing, and anything he sang he could play. At six his parents packed him off to the Gnessin School of Music for Gifted Children in Moscow. His teacher was (still is) Anna Pavlovna Kantor, who gave him a volume of Tchaikovsky, suggesting that he might begin work on three or four of the pieces. He memorised the lot. "He could play everything, but didn't know anything," she later said of him. "Meaning that the technical skills, the instinct, intuition, musicality - the elements - were already in place. Reason would follow."

Kissin made his concert debut at the age of 10 in Mozart's Piano Concerto K466. A year later he played his first solo recital in Moscow. Then came the big one. In March 1984, he performed both Chopin Piano Concertos in the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory with the State Philharmonic under Dmitri Khatenok. The call went out around the world: "This kid is going to put Horowitz out of business." Herbert von Karajan beckoned from Berlin. The story goes that he was so entranced by the precocious 17-year-old account of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto that he forgot to cue the flute's entry after the cadenza. Kissin is 26 now and some believe that a place has already been reserved for him in the pantheon of all-time keyboard greats. Mark Zilberquist, the American critic and author of *Great Russian Pianists*, was quoted as saying: "He is partly on earth and partly somewhere else. He was never a child prodigy, but a small genius. Now he is just a genius."

"Partly on earth and partly somewhere else..." Now there's a phrase that stays with you. There is something unearthly, other-worldly, about Kissin's appearance and demeanour. You see it first from afar, from your seat in the concert hall. The walk to the piano, the bow - lanky, awkward, diffident, as if the child has not quite grown into the man's body, as if that giant leap from childhood to manhood happened so fast that there simply wasn't time. And then he plays, and the awkwardness, the diffidence falls away, and there is total harmony - mind, body, spirit. Meeting Kissin - face to face - alters the perspective, but does little to dispel those first impressions. It's a child's face, an open face, with this shock of big hair which appears to have gone AWOL from a David Lynch movie. The smile is nervous but sincere, the manner charming but professional. He knows how to behave in an interview situation (as in: he'd rather be undergoing root canal work but doesn't show it), though it soon becomes apparent that the

process will be slow and painstaking, that to reach him, to understand him, will require one to probe beyond the concise, even cryptic, responses he at first volunteers, to coax and cajole, maybe even insist a little.

You begin with a concession of sorts. He is so plainly an intuitive musician, a born communicator, that talking about music must be difficult for him? "Very much so..." Long pause (whatever you do, don't jump in now or you'll kill the punchline)... "but not impossible." A half-smile, as if to say, "Well done, good start, you've got my number." And I have. Kissin is not an easy interviewee. His English is excellent: fluent, authoritative, only slightly accented. But he uses words sparingly (fair enough, it's his fingers that do the talking). And he thinks long and hard about which words. Sometimes they're not worth waiting for, other times they really hit the spot. It depends. The waiting can be unnerving, even frustrating, and on occasions your question may be met with a scowl or an irritated-sounding counter-thrust, which isn't rudeness, just concentration. Kissin likes to play chess. I'd say he exhibits a similar approach in conversation.

So you press him some more as to why it's so difficult for him to talk about music, and he gives you what, by his standards, is quite an expansive answer: "I feel a certain resistance. Music seems to me to speak so eloquently for itself that verbalising it sometimes feels pointless, even vulgar." So how does he imagine I feel having to do just that each and every working day? It's a light-hearted rebuke. He is unfazed. "It's quite different for critics and musicologists. My task is to present music as music, not as words..." Check, but not yet mate.

Kissin needs to play the piano almost as much as he wants to. Ask him if he feels he missed out on not having a "normal" childhood (a respiratory problem kept him from school long before his performing did) and his answer is "No, not at all, because sitting at the piano playing was what I wanted to do more than anything in the world." But how could he possibly have known, at two or three years of age? "I don't think I ever knew. It was an urge, purely instinctive." So playing the piano never felt like a substitute, the last refuge of a lonely child? Parental pressure was never brought to bear? Only to practice. He never enjoyed practice. He could happily play "all day long", but practice - that was something else. Now, of course, there is less of a distinction to be drawn. He practises - meaning he sits down to play - as much as he needs to. And he instinctively knows how much that is? "Yes, of course."

So how is it with performance? Does he know, does he instinctively know, when it's working, when the dots on the page begin taking on a life of their own? Leonard Bernstein always maintained that he could gauge precisely how well or otherwise a performance was going by the extent to which he felt he was composing the piece himself. Kissin can relate to that. He describes the feeling as one of total release, as if all your concerns - technical and otherwise - suddenly, mysteriously, evaporate and you are at ease, at one, with the piece. "The element of improvisation is often present in my playing. Of course this depends on the repertoire. But this element is often present, and in such moments when I feel especially inspired, when everything is falling into place, it is present to an even higher degree..." And so a piece like Schumann's C major Fantasy - that most exalted song of love and longing from Robert to Clara (check out Kissin's RCA recording) - becomes his song, caught (or

so it would seem) in the moment of creation, in the playing of it. And when that happens, when Kissin is flying, we all get sucked into the jet stream.

But how about when it doesn't happen? How about the occasions (and there must be some) when the force is simply not with him? What then? Engage automatic pilot? Some critics have suggested that Kissin's prodigious technique can be a handicap, that knowing he can rely upon it takes the imperative out of his playing: "I cannot rely on anything unless I prepare well," he replies, in a manner redolent of an official statement. But he has taken the point. And he has a story to tell. Ten years ago, while on tour in Japan with the Moscow Virtuosi Chamber Orchestra and their violinist/conductor Vladimir Spivakov, he "didn't play as well as he should have". After the concert, Spivakov came to his room to ask what had happened. "I explained that my mood was all wrong, that I just couldn't find a way into the music. And he said something that has stayed with me ever since. He said, 'A real artist must be able to create the right mood for himself.'"

So he never knowingly coasts the music, never knowingly goes along for the ride. Some performances yield more than others: unexpected details, different inflections, voicings, colours, a unique atmosphere. Some performances simply provide more answers than others. How does that feel? "Very nice." Just "very nice"? What if it's a special moment: do you think about it afterwards, analyse it, seek to preserve it? "Difficult to say..." And here comes another of those interminable pauses for thought, here comes the scowl, the shifty silence. He starts to form a sentence but stops. You want to help him out but you know not to. He's focusing. This reply will be worthy of Gary Kasparov... "I'm not even sure that I always remember those moments. As far as preserving them is concerned, well, as long as I preserve my love for the music and that in turn inspires me in performance, then those things will keep happening by themselves. Which doesn't

mean," he adds in a rare burst of animation, "that everything that's good about my playing happens spontaneously. Not at all. I always have a clear plan in my head of how I'm going to play. But I often have to make things sound spontaneous. That is, of course, different from when something just comes to me unexpectedly during a performance. Both elements are important and necessary."

But can the one overwhelm the other? Am I alone in thinking that his live 1993 recording of the Rachmaninov Third (*Shine* with the notes, as Nicholas Kenyon quipped at his Proms press conference) sounds oddly calculated, a young man's self-conscious attempt to play down, even subdue, the virtuosic elements - to be awfully grown up about the piece? A young man with something to prove? "Not at all. I played it, and I still play it, in the way that I feel it." But less self-consciously? "I think it's a mistake to treat it as a showpiece." And so do I, but I find it hard to believe that your performance - or rather your view - of the piece hasn't changed since then? "You rightly corrected yourself: my performance must have changed but my view hasn't." Checkmate, I think.

Tomorrow afternoon, Kissin becomes the first pianist ever to give a solo recital at the Proms. On a podium which will place him right at the heart of the action - that is, in the arena, in the bosom of the promenaders - Kissin will play a programme of Haydn, Liszt and Chopin. The Chopin pieces - the Two Nocturnes, Op 27, and the Sonata No 3 in B minor - are among his most favourite in all music. He can't explain why. He is reluctant to try. I probe. Could it be the solitary nature of this music (private passions secretly indulged in public)? Could there perhaps be something about the man (he has dutifully devoured the letters) that he secretly identifies with? "I think if I could express why it is I love Chopin so much, then it would not be love but something else... Maybe one day a psychoanalyst will discover why. But, for now, it's too personal a feeling to want

to analyse. I simply can't say..." Any more than he can say what it is about 18th-century French painting and Italian opera (yes, even Verdi, particularly Verdi) that he so dislikes. Kissin is full of surprises. He likes walking. And you're purring in agreement - "Ah, yes, long country walks..." - when he adds, "Just walks in cities."

He reckons if he weren't a musician he would either be a journalist or a tour guide. How so? Exploration. Discovery. Different places, different cultures, different languages. Just like music. "And as tour guide you are showing the same things to different people, over and over again. And you have to keep them interested. Just like playing..."

He sometimes plays for friends. Just for friends. It's the nearest he gets to those solitary childhood days when he played just for pleasure. Does he ever feel that the audience is an intrusion, that even one listener is too many? "NEVER." (The emphasis he places on that one word speaks volumes.) "I play for those who come to listen to me. My audiences are an inspiration to me. And if they are not, then it's usually my fault. It's my business to keep them interested and attentive..."

A minute or two pass. The conversation has moved on... "Please, I would like to add something... Because I love the music I play so much, I want to share it with my audiences. In no way are they an intrusion." Another "official statement". Just to make sure. But it really isn't necessary. Among Kissin's press cuttings is the story of a recital in Bologna where fire officers were forced to turn off the electricity at midnight after his 13th encore. His Prom is at 3pm. John Eliot Gardiner and the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique are due on at 7.30.

Evgeny Kissin at the Proms: 3pm tomorrow, Royal Albert Hall, London SW7 (0171-589 8212) and live on BBC Radio 3. Kissin's new recording of Beethoven's Piano Concertos Nos 2 & 5 is released this week on Sony Classical (SK 62926)



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'Shaand, 1957' from 'Marc Riboud in China: forty years of photography' (Thames & Hudson, £35)  
PHOTOGRAPH: MARC RIBOUD/MAGNUM

## House of the spirits

Is fiction closer to astrology or history?  
Justin Wintle  
balances hard fact  
and heavenly fancy  
in two far-eastern  
family sagas



The Bondmaid by Catherine Lim, Oriel, £5.99;  
One Thousand Chestnut Trees by Mira Stout,  
Flamingo, £16.99

Some years ago, returning from the Far East, I had a peculiar experience in Hatched's, the London bookseller. Standing in front of the fiction table, anxious to discover what everyone had been up to in my absence but still debilitated by dysentery, with my head therefore lighter than a Kyoto parasol, lighter even than a Javaw firefly's fitful evanescence, an apparitional thought welled up. Fiction is of the same order as astrology. Like astrologists, oovelists seek to impose their make-believe on an unsuspecting public according to rules they themselves have fabricated. So why take what they write so seriously? As I re-immersed myself in literary culture, this sedition insight receded. Yet, asked to review Catherine Lim, I was reminded of that moment of enlightenment. Is this a criticism of *The Bond-*

*maid*? I hope not. Rather, it is to draw attention to the remarkable skill of its Singaporean author. The story she tells is conventional enough, by occidental as well as oriental standards. A tiny girl, Han, is sold by her impoverished mother to a Mandarin family. The fortunes of the House of Wu, however, hang precariously by a single thread: the young master, just two years older than Han.

What follows is fatal-attraction chop suey. The two children form an inescapable attachment that their elders, employers and servants do everything in their power to stymie. At length the young master is sent away. He returns a "scholar", fit for betrothal to Li-Li, the ornamental daughter of the even more prestigious House of Gheng. The main line of the House of Wu will be spared, at least for another generation.

But inevitably the bond between the young master and the serving girl reasserts itself. Neither Han's beauty, nor her craving, can remain forever cloaked by her plain garments. And if the reader

has a strong premonition of the unhappy dénouement, then – allowing for a few strange twists – that premonition is likely to prove correct.

In fiction, as in cuisine, it is the sauce with the meat that satisfies. *The Bondmaid* is decked out, upstairs and downstairs, with a gallery of characters finely balanced between stereotype and individuality: a sybaritic great-grandfather, for example, cooed confined to his bed and attended by his vengeful servant Chu; a matriarch who cannot properly sustain her own stern code; a head bondmaid, the sour spinster Choyin, who willingly sustains it for her; an imbecile called Spitface. A whole gamut of deftly painted human props is here.

Even the ever-wifful Han is – for anyone familiar with, say, Gong Li in *Raise the Red Lantern* – a recognisable type. What animates and humanises Lim's puppets is their superstition. The priest aside, all imagine themselves to be in thrall to gods and spirits. The drama of the protagonists is shadowed by a cootest between the near-omnipotent

Sky God and the lesser Forgetful Goddess.

Catherine Lim doesn't for a moment suppose the spirit world exists outside of human hopes and fears, but inside, they are real enough. Hers is a version of the Chinese in Singapore set in a semi-recent past untroubled by the Japanese invasion or the Malay Emergency. The only historical alignment is with the present, when we discover that the Wu estate has become a petrochemical plant. Even so, *The Bondmaid* surpasses the pulp paperback market earmarked by its publisher.

I cared less for *One Thousand Chestnut Trees*, mainly because it seems chronically undecided as to what it wants to be other than the Korean counterpart of Jung Chang's unmatchable *Wild Swans*. A young woman, of mixed Korean and Irish-American parentage, leaves New York for some Seoul-searching in her mother's native land. She pieces together a family history which, being determined by the deadliest 20th-century conflicts, is woeful enough. The narrative is split between three

voices; the young woman's, her mother's and her grandfather's, and the result issued as a novel.

That classification becomes increasingly arbitrary. The voices blur and there are too many passages of jackluster travel reportage, including mandatory shopping and foodie paragraphs. Large chunks of Korean history are recycled on flat tyres.

Mira Stout's real concern, in what I suspect is a thinly veiled family memoir, is the mother-daughter relationship. To appease her mother the girl undertakes to visit the chestnuts of the title, a grove planted on a mountain near the border with North Korea to screen a family shrine from soldiers. But although she is foiled by the weather, somehow the journey achieves its objective.

A determined push, and Mira Stout might have got there. Despite an enviable gift for natural description, she has difficulty in shaping her material. Writing novels may indeed be an arcane practice, but for all that a strict one too. How hard the subject-matter presses is incidental.

## Fiction on the front line

Good prose, pity about the poetry,  
says Philippa Gregory

Parimony by Jane Thynne,  
Fourth Estate, £9.99

The trick of any sort of whodunit or who-is-it novel is the sly revelation of clues to the reader without blowing the plot altogether. Equally, if one is to create any faith in the hero, then he or she has to be at least one jump ahead. In the case of *Parimony* the reader is bellowing "Look Behind you!" from about page 150, but the heroine remains stubbornly unaware. Heavy breathing on her answer phone, four burglaries which no one reports to the police, the disappearance of a colleague, all fail to disturb our heroine with the notion that something is up.

What is up is the slow uncovering of a secret history of a World War One poet, a contemporary of Sassoon and Owen. Disastrously, his poetry is quoted in the novel: "He vowed to serve his country / For King and common good / But no pledge prepared him for the foe he met / Stumbling out there in the mud / Advice to all non-poet authors: never invent poetry and hail it as great literature. The exception to this rule is Antonia Byatt.

This flaw is compounded as the plot hinges on our heroine correctly identifying our newly-discovered poet as the ghostly doggerel of the poet's talented daughter.

Like the barrel of a gun in the hand of a spy / The sun regards us with a dispassionate eye / We're in the unambiguous world of After / Where the cloudless landscape doesn't lie.

Well, search me, but I thought that they were both equally awful and thus no clue at all.

Thynne's ear for her own prose is erratic. There is some genuinely fine writing, but the reader is thrown off course by a sudden phrase of teeth-gritting awfulness. Our heroine "shunned the rites of reconciliation" which means, I suppose, that she

refused a solacing screw, a beneficent bunk, a forgiving f\*\*\* – alliteration is a terrible thing.

We are on safer ground with the unfolding of the two stories that make the body of the novel. The contemporary story is that of Elsa, who works in an independent film production company and wants to make a film about the World War One poet, Valentine Siddons. Her discovery of the mystery behind the legend leads her into a personal discovery too – of the man she is ready to love. It is a simple romance but it is told with conviction and verve.

Their story is intertwined with that of the poet himself, who marries young and foolishly, loves an older and selfish woman, and goes to his death at Passchendaele. The two stories are told alternately, and inevitably there is a drift of interest towards the story of love, frustration and death, and away from the lighter notes of the modern story. Contemporary life has less glamour than prewar Edwardian England, the issues for Valentine Siddons are graver than those of his modern-day biographers.

When the poet is sent forward to the front line, the narrative takes a darker and powerful turn. This part of the novel is excellently researched and movingly told. Thynne has the ability to paint a landscape, and explore a character, and her skills are well-deployed in the poignant descriptions of a countryside and men destroyed by war. Elsa, the modern heroine, speaks from the heart when she says that to make a romantic and rosy picture of such a past is to betray the dead who were forced to their deaths in a war that was neither rosy nor romantic. Thynne can congratulate herself on this: that she has been true to her heroine's standards. She has not written a "dreadful sepia-tinted love story", "all passion and haircuts", but a thoughtful and powerful account of a war which still casts a shadow today.



Embedded in the past: David Bowie in 'Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence' PHOTO: KOBAL

## Julie Wheelwright on the captive's life sentence

Easy Peasy by Lesley Glaister, Bloomsbury, £15.99

Half a century after the Second World War's end, its psychological reverberations still ripple quietly through our lives. But the impact on the thirtysomething generation of their parents' war is a rich seam largely ignored until recently. Now Lesley Glaister explores the shaping of a family by a father's experiences in a Japanese prisoner of war camp.

Zelda, a second-hand clothes dealer who lives with her female lover Foxy, learns that her father has committed suicide. She rewrites her memories, searching for a key to understanding his misery, and turns to a relatively happy period just at the edge of puberty. With consummate skill, Glaister evokes the unalloyed sweetness of a child's pleasure: a tree house complete with an ant farm, the smell of a baking Swiss roll, the peace of early mornings.

But at night Zelda lies braced for her father's screams, which regularly jar the household from its sleep. Although never spoken, his trauma is acted out through strange habits. History's significance is woven through the novel. Foxy is an oral historian, but adopted with no interest in finding her birth parents; Zelda dresses in Forties' fashions.

The tension that runs like a live wire through relationships heightens when an awkward, deaf boy named Vassily Podilchuk moves in next door and Zelda's parents force her to befriend him. Nicknamed "dog-belly", Vassily is the fatherless new boy at school, and his Mum is on the game. With their uncanny instinct for hounding the vulnerable, the children select him for torture and Zelda's own cruel jokes escalate as her father pays him increasing attention at home. Egged on by her elder sister, the girls plot revenge. "It was as if I had a gohlin's face printed on my heart, ugly, far uglier than Dog-belly's... If he had been big and strong I don't think I would have felt like that. But he was weak."

Glaister deftly controls a complicated plot and an emotionally charged subject without descending into clichés about the victims of war. Zelda's adult memories of Vassily parallel her revelations about her father's war experiences. As she begins to accept the horrors of her father's wartime legacy, she looks with a new pragmatism on her relationship with the faithless Foxy. The adult Vassily, now a successful architect, accepts Zelda's apology. Finally, Wanda, Vassily's errant mother, emerges as the unexpected link in the chain who allows for understanding and forgiveness. With understanding there is closure, and the dead can finally rest.

## Tropical baroque and roll

Alberto Manguel shares his passion  
for a perfect summer's read

The Agüero Sisters  
by Cristina García, Picador, £15.99

John Ruskin would not have been happy in the tropics: he didn't approve of Nature having human passions. "The state of mind that attributes to it those characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect." Well, maybe in England. But in Cuba (or in the New Cuba aka Miami) things are different. The weather is vengeful, the earth greedy, the fruit erotic, the birds ominous, the water full of dangerous memories. To survive, one must observe these emotions and learn from them. Ruskin wouldn't have lasted a day.

In Cristina García's second novel, two sisters, one in Miami and one in Cuba, learn through trial and error to read Nature's changing moods. Reina, the Cuban, an electrician trained by the *Revolucion*, is adept at taming electrical power, but that does not prevent her from becoming its victim. While attempting to lift electric pumps from the jungle mud, she is felled by a bolt of lightning that leaves her radiant with sensual heat and in need of skin grafts. Constanza, in her Florida exile, can command from flowers and fruits the essences needed for her celebrated beauty concoctions, but she will not heed to Goddess of Nature, Oshun (who in Christian lands is also the Virgin Mary) and must eventually make amends for her stubbornness.

Hoping that together they may begin to make sense of their disjointed lives, Reina travels to Miami to live with her sister, from whom she was separated in childhood.

To understand the will of Nature, the sisters must understand themselves. Nature's emotions (Ruskin would have had a fit) are reflected in the sisters as in two dark mirrors, and also in those who surround them: their parents, whose love ended in murder and suicide; their grandfather from

distant Spain; their inefficient husbands and lovers; their difficult daughters who must repeat their mothers' mistakes until the chain is broken.

Half adventure story and half romantic thriller, *The Agüero Sisters* is packed with clues to the sisters' identity: in the past, the father's attraction to rare, or vanished species, and the mother's uncanny ability to discover lost worlds; in the present, Reina's sexual avidity which her own daughter inherits, and Constanza's appropriation of her mother's features until she can no longer recognise herself. "Life is in the mirror," runs a line of verse her father once taught Reina, "and you are the original death." The sisters' quest, in the end, is no more than the search for their own mortality.

In 16th-century Spain, the baroque artists of the Counter-Reformation devised a clever method for making sense of the divine mystery and yet allowing it to remain secret. They surrounded a kernel of meaning with layers of volutes and flourishes, so that its existence could only be guessed at from its outer skin. Cristina García (who writes in English) has used this device to great effect in this formidable and enthralling novel. Both Cuban realities – life on the island under Castro, and exile and wishful thinking in Miami – are utterly convincing and ultimately mysterious. The sisters' rich saga takes place simultaneously in the daily Cuban world of home cooking, Castro's restrictions and Miami's politics of exile, as well as in the immanent world of gods older than history – gods of earth and water whom most of us have chosen to forget.

From the first luscious pages describing a duck hunt in Cuba to the epilogue (which retells the hunt, this time charged with our knowledge of that "thin, permanent season", the future), *The Agüero Sisters* cannot be put down. Sexy, pungent as a mango, wildly romantic, redolent of the tropics, it is a perfect summer's read – even in the sober land of Ruskin.



# Ancient and modern: India at 50

Michael Arditti takes a taboo-breaking tour of the underworld

*The Invisibles* by Zia Jaffrey  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £15.99

In 1984, Zia Jaffrey travelled from America to Delhi for a family wedding. She was astonished to discover the uninvited but tolerated presence of the *hijras* (eunuchs), who sang raucously, mimicked childbirth, insulted the guests and were paid handsomely for their pains. Her wish to learn more about this ancient tradition was discouraged. Instead, she was advised to "study something useful, like our urban development planning". Fortunately, stubbornness prevailed.

The result, 12 years later, was *The Invisibles*, which might have been titled *The Unknownables*. Although Jaffrey undertakes a fascinating voyage around the *hijras*, much about them – from their development to their current strength, variously estimated at between 25,000 and 1,250,000 – remains a mystery. Despite the apparent openness of a particular eunuch "family", their revelations are carefully guarded. They are happy to discuss the more socially acceptable aspects of their lives (their presence at weddings and after childbirth) while categorically denying any murkier practices: kidnap, mutilation and prostitution.

*The Invisibles*, appropriately for its subject, is a hybrid. The quest for the *hijras* provides Jaffrey (and the reader) with the opportunity to discover India. She describes herself as born with "that spiritual wishy-washiness" of being neither Indian nor American. The "otherness" of the *hijras* mirrors her own. Her aunt warns her that to study the eunuchs will make no man want her: the subject is so taboo in polite society that she is ushered out of a party when she broaches it. On the other hand, friends and contacts go out of their way to help her, battling with an inefficient bureaucracy.

One part of Jaffrey's scheme is to provide a historical perspective on the *hijras*. She is told that in contemporary *hijra* society "all castes are represented... Hindu and Muslims alike". Their origins are, however, more contentious. They are mentioned in the ancient Hindu epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. It is probable that the tradition, which flourished in North India, derived from Hinduism and grew in prominence under Islam.

Jaffrey quotes Western observers from Marco Polo onwards on the role of eunuchs under the feudal rulers. Some commended their loyalty, most denounced their barbarism and servility. She notes the British attempt to destroy their privileges as part of the policy of ridding India of her "debased oriental practices". In the event, all they did was to drive the *hijras* from the countryside to become part of the urban underclass, which the British largely ignored.

Her exploration of this underclass constitutes the most engrossing sections of the book. She provides a gruesome eyewitness account of a castration ceremony, where a boy is made to sit on a thickly oiled wooden phallus prior to having his testicles removed. Other sources tell of the *hijras* cutting off their own penises (which palace eunuchs had to produce, pickled in jars, as proof of their impotence). One common way for the *hijras* to extort money is by threatening to expose themselves; another is by threatening to expose the impotence of married men. They have the licensed raillery of Shakespearean fools, witnessed when they sing at the birth of the first child (after 12 years) of a Hyderabad businessman and name the boy as the son of the family's cook.

In the last resort, there is a sadness about the *hijras*, exemplified for Jaffrey when she returns to India after 10 years and finds the original "family" who befriended her in ruins. Indian society is ordered around families. Excluded from ordinary families, the *hijras* create an alternative, grouped around a guru, but it is one born of desperation rather than freedom. The self-mutilation is the antithesis of any exploration of sexual ambiguity that might be welcomed in the West.

This is a lucid, sympathetic and unsensational exploration of a unique phenomenon. At the end, one of Jaffrey's correspondents writes that he hopes that "you will be fair in dealing with the subject, so that it may not hurt the feelings of any caste or creed or person". It is a hope which she admirably fulfilled.

## Saint and spinner: Denis Judd unravels the Mahatma myth

*Rediscovering Gandhi* by Yogesh Chadha  
Century, £20

The life of Mahatma Gandhi intrigued, baffled and inspired his contemporaries. Today it is no easier to arrive at the essential truth about a man whom the great radical journalist James Cameron called "one of the truly significant figures of the 20th century" and whom Winston Churchill sneeringly dismissed as "a half-naked fakir". Was he, as a police report concluded in 1915, simply "a psychological case", or a uniquely gifted politician whose consummate skills mobilised the Indian masses and tore the heart out of the British Raj?

Next week sees the 50th anniversary of the creation of India and Pakistan. In January 1998 it will be half a century since Gandhi's assassination. Given the current torrent of commemorative books and programmes, the publishers' claim that this is "the first major biography of Gandhi for over twenty years" is a touch too ambitious. Yogesh Chadha has set out to reclaim Gandhi "as a human being out of the many myths surrounding him. He had his failings and his favourites, but to suppress these weaknesses would be to undermine his strengths".

The biography is very readable and, given the astounding complexity and range of Gandhi's activities, manageable and accessible. The quotations are

mostly well chosen, sometimes unfamiliar and rarely too long. Chadha employs a commendable variety of views and interpretations, and seems genuinely to be striving to uncover the truth. The turning-points of Gandhi's career are convincingly explained. His principles, or possibly his eccentricities, are fairly scrutinised – including his renunciation of sexual relations with his wife.

On this issue, Chadha quotes Gandhi's assertion that sexual intercourse was sinful save for procreation, and that abstinence had a higher purpose: "Without conquering lust, man cannot hope to rule over self, without rule over self there can be no *swaraj* (self-rule)". But he also reminds us of the more plausible theory that Gandhi's "attitude towards sex had emanated from the profound sense of guilt" he experienced as a result of making love with his wife rather than being with his father when he died.

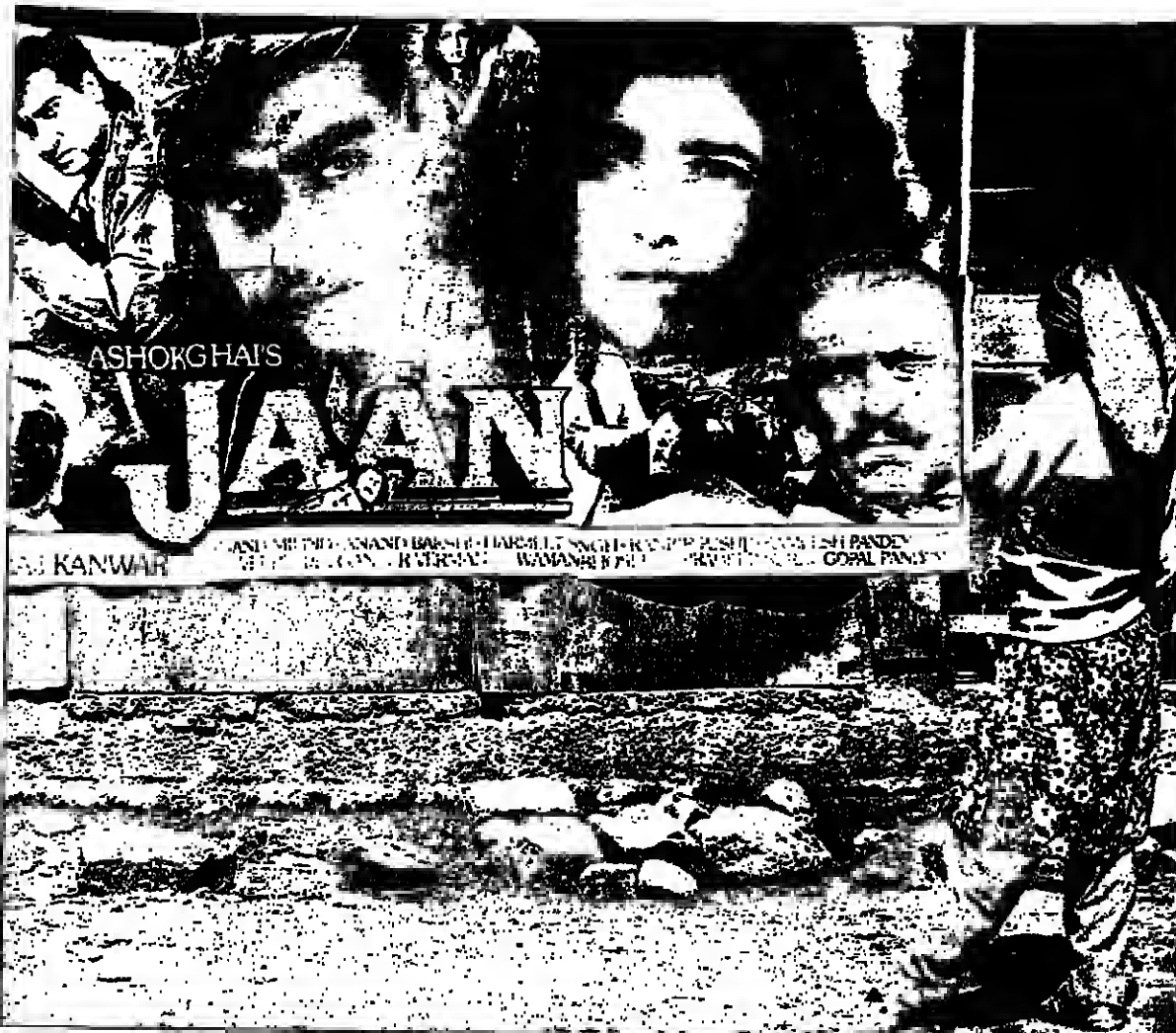
There are failings in the book. The understanding of some of the imperial and British background is incomplete. The bibliography is brief, dated and omits some crucial works. The end-notes are unconventionally presented and hard to follow. Edwin Montagu, the reforming Secretary of State for India in the early 1920s, becomes "Montague" throughout. Gandhi's role in wrecking the draft constitution painfully negotiated in 1946 after the arrival of the British Cabinet Mission is seriously underestimated. The

chapter on the plot to kill Gandhi is enticingly entitled "A Permissive Assassination" but signally fails to deliver new information.

Despite these, and other, reservations, Chadha's biography charts with some skill its subject's transformation from awkward, youthful mediocrity to political superstar. In many ways, Gandhi was good news for the Raj, despite his potential for mobilising the masses and his sheer cussedness.

Gandhi preached non-violent resistance, and not bloody revolution. He had a taste for parleying with viceroys rather than throwing bombs at them, and remained on good terms with almost all his chief British opponents – although the same could not be said about his relations with either the Muslim leader Jinnah or the pro-Japanese Subhas Bose.

Perhaps this is why his abrupt and shocking death moved so many to grief. Jan Smuts, for whom he astutely made a pair of sandals while imprisoned in South Africa for his civil rights campaign before the First World War, wrote "A prince among men has passed away". Mountbatten could be moved to tears at the recollection of his assassination, 25 years later. The veteran French socialist Leon Blum spoke for millions when he said: "I never saw Gandhi. I do not know his language. I never set foot in his country and yet I feel the same sorrow as if I have lost someone near and dear."



IMAGES OF INDIA

Search for identity: in the half-century since the sub-continent's independence, the practice of untouchability persists in subtle and crude forms, while many minorities continue to feel insecure

PHOTOGRAPHS: OBEUFF PERRY

What grade does the free state deserve? A middle second class, says Bhikhu Parekh

*The Idea of India* by Sunil Khilnani  
Hamish Hamilton, £17.99

Independent India's 50th anniversary offers a good opportunity to assess its achievements and failures. Its territorial integrity remains intact; unlike the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia it has defied all predictions about its disintegration. Democracy has struck roots: its brief suspension in the Seventies was decisively ended by a determined electorate. Liberalism, too, is deeply inscribed in India's major institutions, and the country remains firmly committed to individual rights.

It has so far elected two Muslim and one Sikh presidents, and has elected or appointed minority representatives to the most sensitive positions. After initial panic, the country has learnt to live with and even cherish its differences. Its cultural life displays remarkable vitality and its literary achievements have won international acclaim. When both the *New Yorker* and *Granta* devote special issues to English-language writing in India, Indians can rightly feel proud.

But India's failures are as depressing as its achievements are impressive. Nearly a third of its people live below the poverty line, and just over a third are illiterate. Although the hideous practice of untouchability was declared unlawful within two years of independence, it persists in subtle and crude forms. Some of India's minorities feel insecure, and fear the worst if the Hindu nationalists come to power – as seems increasingly likely.

Indian politics is heavily criminalised and thrives on corruption. The large middle class wallows in shallow consumerism and lacks a social conscience. India's higher education is in a shambles, and its creative output in philosophy and the social and natural sciences meagre. Its deeply colonised consciousness remains parasitic on the West. Overall, independent India's performance merits a middle second class.

How are India's successes and failures related, and how can they be explained? Sunil Khilnani's elegant and well-argued book addresses these and related questions. Although at places hurried and inconclusive, and somewhat over-committed to the modernist project, he tackles them with erudition and insight.

In Khilnani's view, India began well under its first prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru was convinced that India needed a strong state both to hold the country together and to give it a coherent identity. He knew that the state had to be democratic, secular, culturally plural and committed to industrialisation. Accordingly he devoted his considerable energies to build-

ing up state institutions, consolidating the Congress Party, successfully selling his pluralist vision to the masses, and giving the new state popular legitimacy.

For Khilnani, India's long rule represented a change for the worse, though not without redeeming features. She split Congress, politicised state institutions, undermined federalism and revived religious and caste identities. Relying on crude populist appeals, she undermined the role of mediating institutions and equated democracy with simple majority rule. Her economic strategy was incoherent, weakly implemented and heavily mortgaged to the cause of her own survival.

However, Mrs Gandhi's populism had the ironic consequence of deepening democracy. Once people were told that they were the ultimate and unmediated source of power, they used it in every way they could to pursue their goals. For Khilnani, Mrs Gandhi's successors – including her son Rajiv – lacked even such vision as she had, and were largely content to stay in power by sectional appeals and devolving power to the regions. When the Indian economy became virtually bankrupt in the early 1990s, they turned to liberalisation as a panacea without much thought as to how it affected the poor and sucked the country into the global economy.

For Khilnani, unrestrained liberalisation, the rise of Hindu nationalism, pressures for a one-dimensional national identity and the failure to appreciate the centrality of the state constitute the major dangers facing the country today. He rightly suggests that the answer lies in a pluralist vision of India committed both to respect for its deep diversity and to coherent economic development.

Much of what Khilnani says is persuasive and deserves attention. I was disappointed that Nehru was not located in the modernist tradition, which had begun to develop from the early decades of the 19th-century onwards. As a result, he appears to come from nowhere and seems more original than he really was.

Although Khilnani is right to stress the importance of the state and democracy, he uncritically accepts the Western understanding of them and misses the complex ways in which Indians have given them distinctly Indian forms. As for Hindu nationalism, its belated entry on the scene needs an historical context. For nearly 25 years, Nehru's secularism was a regnant doctrine. Neglected and despised visions of Indian identity predictably struck back at the first available opportunity, with a militancy that augurs ill for the country. If they are to be tamed, the Nehruvian vision needs to be broadened and deepened.

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## Paperbacks

By Christopher Hirst  
& Emma Hagestadt

**The Orchard on Fire** by Shena Mackay (Minerva, £5.99) Mackay evokes the smell of discarded Woodvines and old-fashioned lipstick with an elegiac sensuality usually reserved for nightingales and autumn mists. But this is no run of the mill celebration of Fifties fat. Her portrait of a Kent village, and the growing friendship of two eight-year-old girls as they discover secret orchards, *Lover's Lanes* and dirty old men is laced with beady humour.

**Alan Bennett's** in a manner of speaking by Daphne Turner (Faber, £9.99) You can see why Bennett wasn't keen on being the subject of a full-scale lit crit study. "We hear a great deal about lavatories in the plays," comments Turner, before embarking on a po-faced analysis of the comic masterpiece, *Forty Years On*. Her perceptions are keen-eyed and intelligent - "his plays are constantly interested in people who are trapped and caged" - but the ironic humour which is central to Bennett's oeuvre evaporates when placed under the critical microscope.

**Bridget Jones's Diary** by Helen Fielding (Picador, £5.99) Fans of Bridget Jones's weekly diary in *The Independent* will be glad to find that one of the happier years in her life is now heading the paperback bestseller chart in novel form. Not that Bridget's metamorphosis from Home Alone singleton into the kind of woman men like to take on weekend mini-breaks happens overnight. Before she drives into the sunset with a nerd in a diamond-patterned sweater she has to get over her crush on Daniel Cleaver, the rogue male in the publishing house where she works. And lose half a stone before Christmas. And give up smoking.

**Honey From a Weed** by Patience Gray (Prospect, £12.99) Part memoir, part cook-book, this quirky classic is the fruit of a 30-year stint accompanying a sculptor around Italian and Greek marble quarries. No book plumbs deeper into the Mediterranean culinary tradition. Gray is wonderfully evocative about ingredients and techniques - though it is doubtful how many readers will try *Gummariddi* (young lamb's pluck cooked on the spit). In the section on lentils, the author finds room for a disquisition on farthing in English.

**Jim Thompson: Omnibus 2** (Picador, £3.99) It would be hard to imagine a more pathetic bunch of low-lives than the inhabitants of Jim Thompson's Fifties paperbacks. His door-to-door salesman, hotel bell-boys and punch-drunk boxers are looking for any action they can get, but don't know what to do when the great-looking "babe" finally arrives. While the first *Omnibus* contained Thompson's best-known novels, this volume makes available five more, including *Savage Night* and *A Hell of a Woman*. Noir at its darkest... and daftest.

**Graceland: going home with Elvis** by Karal Ann Marling (Harvard, £9.95) In this brilliant, if highly personal, guide to both the man and his home, Marling explains how the Presley shrine differs from other places of tourist pilgrimage: "The house is full of things that we all have or used to have, or used to want, or hate." Though it is easy to scoff at Graceland's decor ("a violent Christmas-lipstick-cherry-coke-fire-engine-hellfire red") and the Polynesian-themed Jungle Den, Marling insists that Elvis was "the last great Dixie regionalist", on a par with William Faulkner.

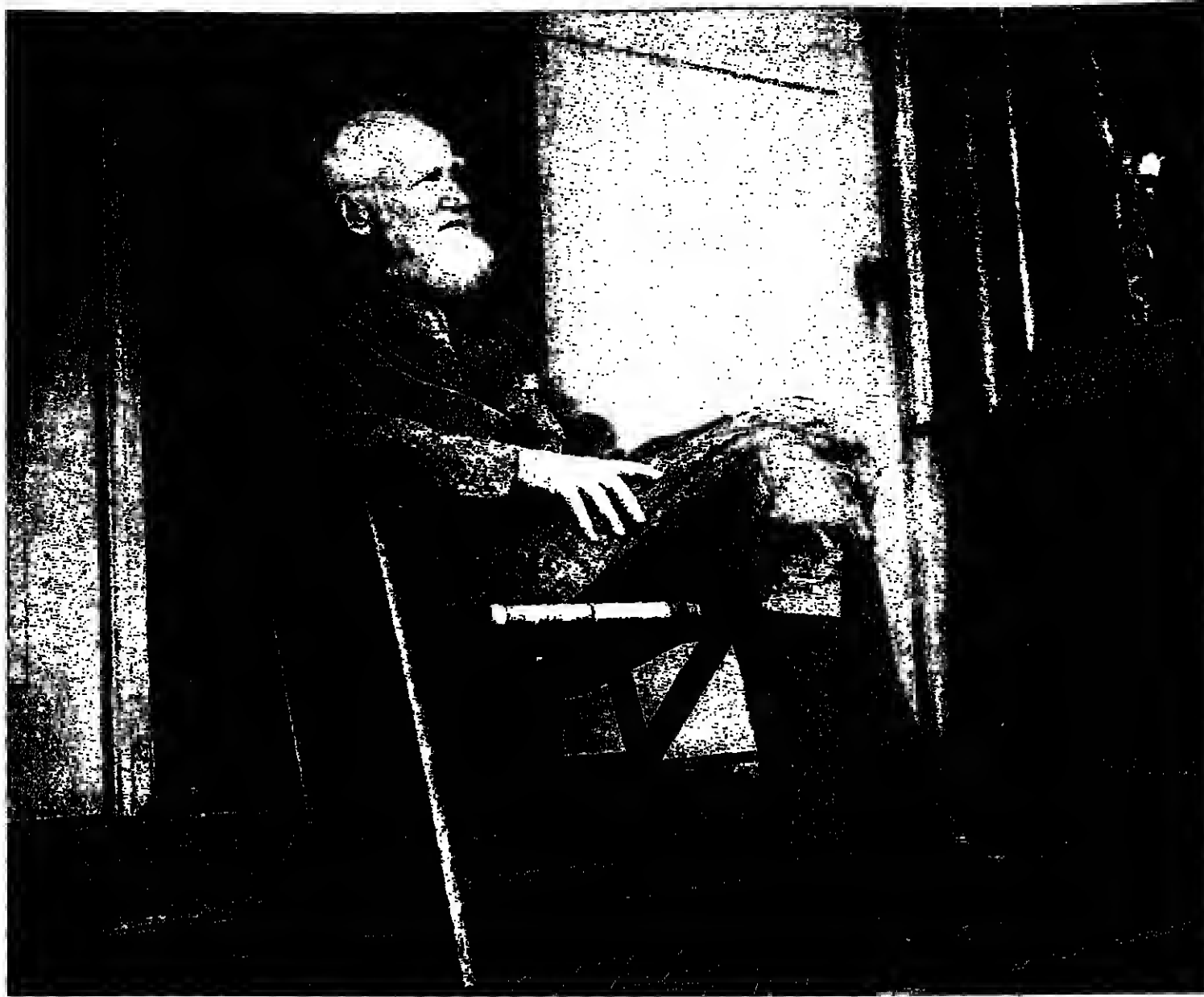
## Audiobooks



Men in black are flavour of the month in spoken word releases. But you would be right in thinking that *Men in Black* (Hodder, 3hrs, £8.99), the audio novelisation of the box-office-breaking special effects movie, would be a waste of time. It is much better value, although similar in its lingering descriptions of zapping suspects to kingdom come, is *The Good Guys Wear Black* (Random House, 3hrs, £8.99). Written by Steve Collins about his experiences as a member of SO19, the Met's Special Firearms Wing, it is read convincingly by Tim Piggett-Smith.

Christina Hardyment

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Knickerbocker glory: Shaw at rest and (below) at play

## Man and superbore

When Bernard Shaw died in 1950, aged 94, he was the most famous writer in the world. For as long as anyone could remember he had been the same white-bearded pantaloon, part sage, part jester, pouring out a ceaseless torrent of paradoxical punditry on every subject under the sun from music and literature to politics and evolution, talking in vegetarianism, boxing, phonetics and philanthropy along the way. He was Tolstoy with jokes, a modern Dr Johnson, a universal genius who on his own modest reckoning put even Shakespeare in the shade.

When I was a boy he still cast a huge shadow. As a teenager, I bought and read all the plays that Penguin published - even the Shaw alphabet edition of *Androcles and the Lion* - and ploughed my way dutifully through the interminable prefaces. If I did not read *Everybody's Political What's What* and *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, I certainly felt I ought to. I grew up believing Shaw the most brilliant figure of the century. I remember thinking that Michael Holroyd had landed the greatest biographical subject of them all.

It took him - not surprisingly - nearly 20 years to produce his first volume. But in that time, Shaw's stock has gone into steep decline. It is normal for literary reputations to dip after a writer dies; then they rise again as a new generation rediscovers him. In Shaw's case, it did not happen. Holroyd's three volumes, published between 1988 and 1991, were justly hailed as a work of extraordinary condensation and powerful interpretation. The only trouble was they did not sell. The whole enterprise had come to seem overblown. I confess I was one of those who stuck at Volume One.

This single volume is therefore a welcome act of repackaging. Holroyd's name is now printed in larger type than Shaw's. Chapter headings have been added, which make it more accessible. It deserves a new audience. But to label it "definitive" is misleading. Eight hundred pages may be enough for most readers, but how can 800 be more definitive than the original 1,300?

The problem with Shaw is that he wrote too much, but no acknowledged masterpiece. Most of what he wrote was essentially journalism: even his plays are journalism by other means. Tolstoy wrote as much nonsense, but he also wrote *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*. George Orwell's early novels are as didactic as Shaw's worst plays. But he, too, left two masterpieces, *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, which is one reason we still read his journalism. (The other is the plain directness of his style, the antithesis of Shaw's exhausting bombast.)

Shaw's survival depends on a handful of his

Is the 'universal genius' worth reviving? Not bloody likely, argues John Campbell

Bernard Shaw: the one-volume definitive edition by Michael Holroyd, Chatto & Windus, £25

plays. Many more, like *Fanny's First Play* or *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, have sunk without trace. But *Pygmalion* is doing the rounds again: there is a starry *Heartbreak House* on the way. *Mrs Warren's Profession* crops up quite regularly. *Saint Joan* is an enduring warhorse. Yet these are period pieces, museum exhibits only, as the National Theatre's recent production of *The Devil's Disciple* cruelly proved. The fact is that you cannot do anything with a Shaw play except stage it. There is nothing between the lines, as there is in Ibsen or Chekhov. *Heartbreak House*,



supposedly "in the Russian manner", could not be further from Chekhov's aching comedies of unspoken longing. You could not translate Shaw to modern South Africa, as Janet Suzman has just triumphantly done with *The Cherry Orchard*. Chekhov's and Ibsen's characters can be acted in a hundred different ways. Shaw's are merely puppets.

Even Oscar Wilde's superficially trivial plays offer greater depths. Wilde and Shaw were contemporaries: both put much of their art into their lives. But, dying young and persecuted, Wilde wrote himself the better script to ensure his posthumous rehabilitation. He also took the precaution of leaving at least one perfect masterpiece plus a variety of other works (*The Picture of Dorian Grey*, his children's stories and his prison

writings) which seem certain to outlast anything of Shaw's. Both as a man and as a writer Oscar lives; GBS does not.

But GBS never really lived. He was a pantomime character whom Shaw fantasised over 70 years to hide... what? This is the heart of Holroyd's problem.

During his lifetime, Shaw repelled biographers by writing their books for them. He gave interviews to himself in the newspapers. He referred to himself habitually in the third person. Holroyd knows that he must penetrate this alibi.

His solution is to split Shaw into three people. "Sonny" is the insecure small boy in Dublin, uncertain of his parentage. He lacks his mother's love and grows up to seek a substitute in the world's applause and the chaste worship of a succession of strong women, mainly the actresses for whom he wrote his female roles. "Shaw" is the shadowy adult man behind the mask, and "GBS" the celebrated pantaloon.

This is clever but contrived. It leads Holroyd into complex constructions involving all three personae in a single sentence. He suggests that "the fastidious Shaw" was sometimes disgusted by "the gyrations GBS went through to gain public attention". He quotes Shaw lamenting that "people think I am always joking". But the mask was too firmly fixed: the clown's plea to be taken seriously was just part of the performance. Holroyd tracks Shaw's - or is it Sonny's? - relations with women indefatigably. But GBS conducted his affairs behind such a smokescreen of ingenious verbosity, in desperation to keep sexuality at bay, that the reader loses patience. Better the healthy fornication of H G Wells.

As for Shaw's 45-year marriage to Charlotte Payne Townsend, he can shed little light on the inwardness of the partnership. It was a *marriage blanc*, though that did not stop Charlotte being jealous of his actresses; she was his nursemaid and mother-substitute, who seems to have spent most of her time trying to stop him working. In her sixties, she found an unlikely confidant in T E Lawrence, to whom she bared her soul. We are told, more than ever to her husband. But the daily routine of their domestic life still comes across - as GBS stage-managed it - as a Shavian farce.

The portrait only becomes human at the end, when the two old Shaws and the two old Webbs are increasingly drawn together as a quartet of dried up ancients, each longing to die before their partner. Shaw died last. On the page, as in life, death is a long time coming, and genuinely pathetic when it does. Yet Holroyd still gives GBS the last word: "Well, did I give a good performance?" He did; but it was only a performance.



Boyd Tonkin



A week in books

exudes "the insolent manner of one born to the top rung but three". Yes, Gore's back in town: leftier than left, but posher than posh as well. Call him a Bollinger Bolshevik, and he would probably send the insult back unless it specified a vintage.

In a summer that has stripped American letters of two great Romantic rebels - Allen Ginsberg and now William S Burroughs - it's heartening to see a purely Classical troublemaker in good, if not quite top, form. (Vidal called his wonderful collected essays *United States*; so *Virgin Islands* counts as a sort of minor dependency.) In fact,

the gifted US generation that found its voice in the first postwar decade has thrived for half a century on novelty and notoriety. Among the other survivors, Norman Mailer and Saul Bellow both have new work out within the next few weeks, while the slightly younger John Updike has just invited Net-heads to collaborate on a whodunit. Always catfily conscious of his peers' merits and defects, Vidal

upends a vat of spite over Updike's sleek head halfway through this book. In a venomous attack reprinted from the *TLS*, he spits that "there is no received opinion that our good rabbit does not hold with passion".

The *cousins belli* here is no mere literary rivalry, but Updike's culpable refusal to oppose the Vietnam War. "Updike is for the president, any president, right or wrong". Unpatriotic Gore, in contrast, takes his seditious side as seriously (and as playfully) as ever. It keeps his prose aloft and mind alert even when the name-dropping, back-biting Hot Gossip act begins to bore him as well as us.

One moment, he will tell us for the umpteenth time that he once ran 20,000 votes ahead of his old chum Jack Kennedy on the Democratic ticket in a Congressional election in upstate New York; the next, he employs the Freedom of Information Act to detail the exact amount spent by the US military to maintain its 31,351 personnel as a

friendly occupation force in the "not-so-virginal" British Isles. As always, the change of masks is weirdly effective - as if Peter Ustinov sporadically mutated into Noam Chomsky (or vice versa).

On this evidence, Vidal will carry on on bitching and teasing well past the looming millennium. (In a neat aside about European integration during the last one, he points out that "if Charlemagne was the Jean Monnet of the 800s, Otto III was the Jacques Delors of the 900s".)

His long-time British publisher, alas, has already pegged out in all but name. In the sort of transatlantic coup that André Deutsch - which now has no connection with its founder - belongs to a US video conglomerate, VCI. The firm plans to publish almost nothing except downmarket sport and showbiz titles. So *Virgin Islands* may well prove to be the last good book ever to sail under Deutsch's flag. As Gore really ought to say before too long: QED.

INDEPENDENT  
CHOICE  
AMERICAN POETRY  
by Lachlan Mackinnon

About 10 years ago, a leading publisher told me that American poetry had become virtually unsaleable in this country, and that we should expect to see much less of it. It seemed to reflect a depressing intensification of our literary insularity, and one of the most encouraging features of the past three or four years has been a renewed interest in American writing. The four books reviewed here exemplify the range of what is becoming available.

Anthony Hecht is a formal, learned poet with a dark sense of humour. The first half of *Flight among the Tombs* (Oxford, £10.99) consists of 22 poems in which Death speaks as a variety of characters, among them a Mexican revolutionary and an Oxford don. As the Mexican, Death tells us that "Wines of the great chateaux/ Have been uncorked for you".

The reader is a rich gringo tourist. Death recommends "the quail/ Which you'd do well to eat/ Before your powers fail/ For I inaugurate/ A brand-new social order/ Six cold, decisive feet/ South of the border". The chill conclusion characterises most of this group, which tend to limit themselves by ending a touch too neatly.

The second section of this book, "Pravus on Skates", contains 14 poems, mostly elegiac in feeling, mostly underpowered. This is a disappointing book from a major poet, but it is redeemed by one longer poem, "Death the Whore". From its opening lines - "Some thin grey smoke twists up against a sky/ Of German silver in the sullen dusk/ From a small chimney among leafless trees" - we sense that the poet's imagination is fully engaged. This poem has the movement and the measure of some of Hecht's finest achievements, and will be read long after anything else here.

C K Williams was one of the poets whose work provoked the renewal of interest in American writing. Almost all the new poems in *The Vigil* (Bloodaxe, £7.95) are written in one form, consisting of very long, almost prosy lines which allow Williams to build detail and qualify his judgements like a novelist - almost like a slightly more rapid Henry James.

"Old Man" begins

"Special: Big Tits" says the advertisement for a soft-core magazine on our neighbourhood newsstand, / but forget her breasts - a lush, fresh-lipid blonde, skin glowing gold, sprawls there, resplendent/ Sixty nearly, yet these hardly tangible, hardly better than harlots can still stir me." The poet moves from this commonplace experience to consider what his youth did to his erotic self, an incident in Israel, a photograph "in a book on pre-war Poland", death and his wife's beauty before returning to the photograph. It sounds ragged, but a tremendously clear logic leads to the ending:

"Vamp, siren, seductress, how much more she reveals in her glare of ink than she knows/ how she incarnates our desperate human need for regard, our passion to live in beauty/ to be beauty, to be cherished, by glances if by no more, of something like love, or love." Although there are some duff pieces here, and although the danger of relying on one form is that it is harder to remember individual poems clearly, this is a rich, ambitious, rewarding book.

Carcanet is now at the forefront in publishing American poets, and the new selections it offers of James Tate (*Selected Poems*, £9.95), and Harvey Shapiro (*Selected Poems*, £8.95) join a remarkable list. Both Tate and Shapiro remember an earlier poet, Theodore Roethke (1908-63). Tate's "Conjuring Roethke" begins "Prickie a lamb/ giggle a yam/ beat a chrysanthemum/ out of its head/ with a red feather." This is a rather clumsy imitation of the side of Roethke's work which drew on nursery rhymes. Shapiro's "1949" begins with "Memories of Ted Roethke at Yaddo", where, "I came to wake him after my lunch/ and he would rise, vomit/ mix a pitcher of martinis and we/ headed for the tennis courts." Remembering an early poem's rejection, "Roethke's eyes filled with tears - / his poem already anthology famous but the wound/ open still. The Garden Master but/ tendril-tender all his short life."

Although also echoing Roethke, Shapiro does so with an economy and accuracy which put Tate's poem to shame. This difference is everywhere apparent. James Tate is a much-praised, prize-winning jolly surrealist. Less deft than John Ashbery, he writes poems whose lack of evident content is in the end extremely tedious. This book shows us what an institutionalised *avant-garde* can come to. Harvey Shapiro, on the other hand, begins in a slightly too literary way but, over the years, comes to a lucidity and candour I found entirely gripping. A typical example is "Questions":

The idiot sound of someone's stereo in the apartment below. The bass thudding like something caught in a trap. People live in that racket the way I live with my questions, the things I don't know. For example, an image of the successful life, or what is the good, or how can I get from here to where I want to be, and where is that. It is in the hope of hearing such a voice that we read American - or any - poetry at all.



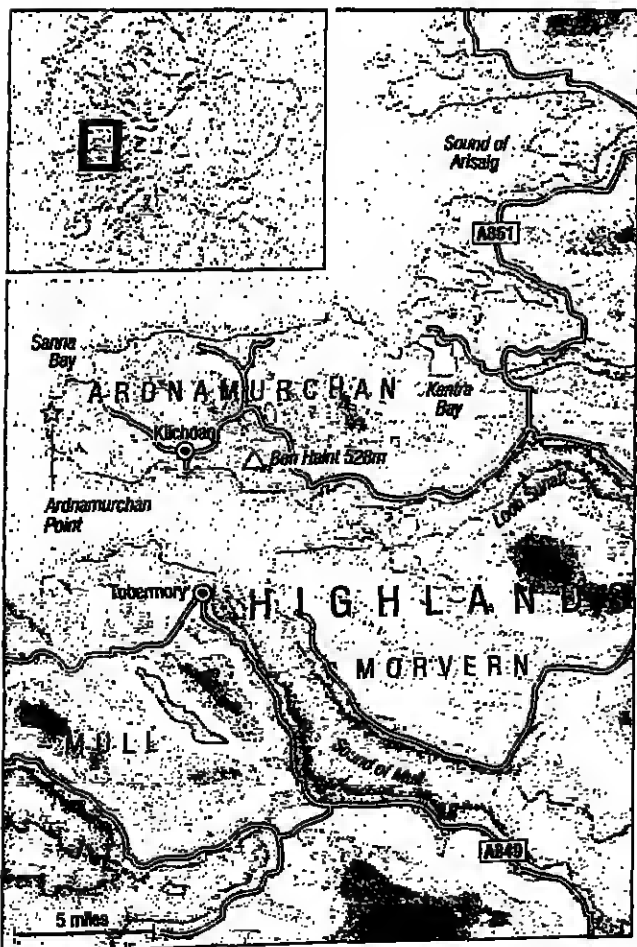
Pick of the week  
Harvey Shapiro:  
Selected Poems



# travel & outdoors



As the British mainland's most westerly arm, Ardnamurchan is off the tourist map. But for those who make the journey, writes Steve Crawshaw, the peninsula's natural beauty is matched only by its tranquillity



It seemed that Scottish holidays and I were not destined to be a happy match. Six years ago, what promised to be a blissful fortnight on the island of Arran was interrupted on the second day by the radio headlines, which woke us with annoyingly dramatic news. "The Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, has been overthrown in a coup," I heard through my half-sleep. I was responsible for *The Independent's* coverage of Russia at the time. I told myself for as long as I could that it was probably just a dream. Eventually, however, I was forced to confront reality. By the time I stumbled downstairs, a message was lying on the kitchen table. "Please phone office urgently," Arran. It was nice to know you.

This time, the planned Scottish holiday began with almost equally daunting omens. I fractured my skull just 10 days before the holiday began. When we embarked on the journey, I was still suffering from a constant headache like a bad hangover. I did not, to be blunt, expect it to be much of a holiday. But then, I had reckoned without Ardnamurchan.

If you have not heard of Ardnamurchan, join the large club. The peninsula does not enjoy (or suffer from) the high profile of many of the Scottish islands and large chunks of the Scottish mainland. Some of its distinguishing points are mere curiosities. It is the westernmost point of the British mainland - 20 miles further west than Land's End. It is geologically renowned: one village is sited on a solidified mass of liquid lava, inside the giant "ring-dyke" amphitheatre of an extinct volcano. There is an abundance of prehistoric standing stones and the like.

Above all, though, it is the spirit of Ardnamurchan that keeps the devotees enthusiastic. The poet Alasdair Maclean (no relation to Mr *Guns of Navarone*) brought a small dose of not-quite-fame with his *Night Falls On Ardnamurchan*. "I have always looked on the ferry that crosses the Narrows of the Linne Loch at Corran from the mainland to the Ardnamurchan peninsula as a kind of mobile decompression chamber," he wrote, "where various kinds of pollution were drained from the blood and I was fitted to breathe pure air again."

Even the first-time visitor is touched by something of this. After crossing from the mainland, south of Fort William, the single-track road winds its way through the woods that line the shore of Loch Sunart with views alternately cosy and grand. Moorland and woodland, mountain

## PENINSULA PATHS

**Getting there**  
From most parts of Britain, the easiest place to start is Glasgow (accessible from London on a £25 special by Virgin Trains, 0345 991995). From Glasgow Queen Street, ScotRail runs four trains a day on the West Highland Line via Fort William to Lochailort, the closest station to Ardnamurchan Point, for £34.90 return. Call 0345 484950 for times. The closest place to rent a car is Fort William, where Budget (01397 702500) has an office.

**Where to stay**  
Feorag House in Glenborrowdale (01972 500248) is a small hotel with its own little sea-inhabited bay. Dinner, bed and breakfast costs £59 in the high season or £49 in the low season. For bed and breakfast only the price is £39 per night in the high season and £29 in the low. Kilmac Lodge Hotel (01967 402257) in

Strontian, just before you reach the Ardnamurchan, costs between £69.50 and £85 per person per night, including a four-course evening meal. For self-catering accommodation, Steading Holidays (01972 510262) has properties throughout the peninsula and Ardnamurchan Estate (01972 510208) has a number of properties for rent. A full list of accommodation and an information leaflet is available from the Kilmac Lodge Tourist Information Centre (open Easter to October, 01972 510222) or the information centre in Fort William (open all year, 01397 703781).

**Reading**  
*Exploring Sunart, Ardnamurchan, Moidart and Morar* (Harlequin Press); *Alasdair Maclean, Night Falls on Ardnamurchan* (Penguin); John Prebble, *The Highland Clearances* (Penguin).

Despite Ardnamurchan's bitter history, today the peninsula is a tranquil haven for the few people who visit. PHOTOGRAPH: ANGUS JOHNSON/STILL MOVING PICTURES

watched seals play and tease each other splashing on and off rocks a few feet from the boat. The walks here are no less dramatic for being undemanding. You can stroll along the old crofters' path from Ockle or Kenra Bay to the "singing sands" - squeaky underfoot, hence the name - of Gortenfearn. On the way, we stopped for picnics beside mountain streams, hidden in the bracken and heather, with spectacular views across to Skye.

Obtaining reliable information for local walks can be difficult. A brochure (*Exploring Ardnamurchan*) claims to give all necessary information. In reality, you will have to hope for extra guidance from locals or from the Ordnance Survey. Sometimes the maps help: sometimes they don't. Thus, there is a more or less easy path up Ben Hiant, the Holy Mountain. The path, beginning on the mountain's eastern side, is well known - but not marked on the maps. From the summit, there are commanding views east along Loch Sunart, south down the Sound of Mull, and north and west past the Egyptian-style lighthouse at Ardnamurchan Point to the distant outline of the Cuillins on Skye. The red deer all around are disturbed by nothing and nobody except that familiar feature of all Britain's wildest places - the occasional, deafening roar of a low-flying RAF plane.

Ardnamurchan isn't the place for those who want to conquer impressive-sounding peaks. It has not a single Munro - nor, by the same token, any crowds of Munro-baggers. Its only selling point is its sheer natural beauty. If you go there with skull intact, it might even be better than it seemed to the visitor with a cracked head.

and seashore, and an astonishing variety of flowers, animals and birds. And almost no people.

Outsiders have sometimes played a disproportionately important (and rarely benevolent) role, in the peninsula's fate. Alan Clark, he of the coven and irreverent *Diaries*, boasts that his family once owned the entire peninsula - among many other properties, you understand: "A pheasant shoot in Suffolk, a house in Berkeley Square, a villa at Cap d'Ail on the Riviera, and the whole of the Ardnamurchan peninsula, some 330,000 acres in Argyll." Even today, the legacy of the big old landowners is much resented. The 19th-century clearances - when crofters were evicted from their homes with a determination that would have impressed Radovan Karadzic - affected Ardnamurchan as badly as anywhere in the Highlands.

And yet, despite the bitter history and the abandoned hamlets hauntingly scattered across the peninsula, today the visitor feels only a relaxed tranquillity. Tobermory, on Mull, is just half an hour by ferry across from Kilmac. By ordinary standards, it is an idyllic, quiet little fishing port. By comparison with Ardnamurchan, Tobermory seems infested with crowds. You can walk for miles at a time, even in mid-

summer, and hardly meet a soul. Ten-year-old Ania and her friend Dunya fell in love with beaches like the white shell-sands at Sanna, where they could swim, build sandcastles, and explore the rockpools at the foot of heather-covered hills while we watched the orange-beaked oystercatchers beating their way to and fro with their liquid burbling cries. If you're lucky, you might see otters, which are common (the peninsula is just down the coast from where Gavin Maxwell lived when he wrote *Ring of Bright Water*). Or, like us, you can get distracted by a fearless mink, or stumble across a fearful wildcat. On the quiet waters of Loch Sunart, where we went mackerel fishing, we

"Welcome to Britain. Now sod off." If, by some chance, you recognise that phrase, it is not because the British Tourist Authority has come up with a catchy new Liam Gallagher-style slogan to promote the UK. It is because I wrote it three years ago, when testing the welcome we offer to visitors. The location I chose was Gatwick airport, and the perception of most new arrivals endeavouring to travel to central London was summed up by a couple of Americans who said "We're used to this crap - we're from New York."

Britain's hole in its tourism account deepened this week, with the latest figures revealing a four per cent drop in both the number of visitors and the amount they spend. We spend far more on holidays abroad than we receive from overseas visitors to the UK - a deficit of about £10m a day. The last government chose an unusual way to try to promote tourism

in Britain: cutting funding for the BTA, which seeks to entice visitors to the UK.

Under the new government, an equally perverse course has been chosen: closing down the tourist information centre at Gatwick airport. From the end of September, Britain's second busiest gateway will become even less welcoming to overseas visitors.

The closure of the bureau speaks volumes about the muddle surrounding tourism promotion in Britain. Tom Clarke, the minister responsible for tourism, did not take the decision to shut the office himself. Neither did the BTA. "It wasn't our decision," says the English Tourist Board. Gatwick airport itself was not responsible; indeed, the airport provides the site free. Finally, I tracked down the man who pulled the plug: Fred Cabbage, leader of a shadowy group in Tunbridge Wells called the South East England Tourism Board.



Simon Calder

Finding the number of the Dept of Culture, Media and Sport included the comment: 'Oh, culture. I thought you said torture'

Mr Cabbage turns out to be a reasonable man. He says his decision was taken "with the utmost regret", but says his organisation could not afford to meet the £1,000-a-week cost of the service. And, with fewer than one in 10 inquiries at Gatwick about the patch he covers, why should he blow his budget on the bureau?

The job of the SEETB - slogan, "England's warmest welcome" - is to promote Kent, Surrey and Sussex; to extol the virtues of East Grinstead and West Hoathly rather than to help people who want to find a train to Torquay or a B&B in Bridlington.

Now the four staff at the airport are to lose their jobs, and new arrivals are to lose the chance of help and guidance. The task of running it, says Mr Cabbage, became "more onerous because of the reduction of central funding". So having followed the trail all the way down to a side street in Tunbridge Wells, it now seems to be leading back to Whitehall and the desk of Mr

Clarke, the tourism minister.

A spokeswoman for his office says: "Choices have to be made about the allocation of resources, and this bureau does not represent an efficient use of resources, so unfortunately it has to close."

Countries such as France, Holland and Spain, which offer excellent tourist information bureaux for arriving passengers, must be delighted.

Should you feel strongly enough to complain to the minister about the closure, don't call directory inquiries. The Department of Culture, Media and Sport, which covers tourism, is unknown to British Telecom. My quest to find the number included the priceless comment: "Oh, culture. I thought you said torture."

After supervisors and managers joined the operator in trying vainly to find the number of the government ministry, BT gave up. By other, more devious means, I discovered the ex-directory number to dial: 0171-211 6000.



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Not just a pretty face, Painswick Post Office earns its stamp of approval, writes Simon Calder



First class: Painswick Post Office, right, will become the most ticked building in Britain when the stamp, below, is issued this week  
PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER JONES

# Philately gets you everywhere

Among main roads, the A46 is a heavyweight; it begins in the city of Bath and hisses Britain on a long, winding course to Grimsby. But its finest moment occurs in a corner of the Cotswolds, when it assumes the identity of New Street, Painswick. If you are not familiar with the crumbly old village of 3,000 souls, assess this stamp of approval for Painswick: "One of the pleasantest places in the world". That wasn't the lady who runs the tourist desk in the village library – it was George III, who was especially fond of the Cotswold stone quarried hereabouts. In the 200 years since he said that, the raw, rough rock that is Painswick's motif has mellowed to the texture of icing on a sponge, spooned on and baked to the shade of honey. Posing cutely on a curving hillside, Painswick meets all the criteria for an archetypal Cotswold village. Yet it possesses qualities well beyond the merely picturesque. That odd-house-out on New Street, for a start.

By the year 1478, the local squire Pains Fitzjohn had already donated his name to the village, before falling

in battle against the Welsh. Columbus had yet to venture to the Americas, and the postcode "GL6 6XH" was still 500 years away from being coined. But in that year the hold, half-timbers of Westhaven House took shape. The first-class residence is now better known as Painswick Post Office, and is celebrated on a stamp issued this week. The honour was bestowed because it is England's first post office, in the sense that it occupies an older building than any other.

Like the postcode, the new stamp (above, left) hardly does the place justice. The real thing (above, right) is much less orderly than its depiction, with overflowing window boxes spilling scarlet, white and purple blooms from beneath prim white frames. Above the porch, blackened beams writhe beneath the weight of the roof and the years. Sharp angles with a hint of wigwag about them hoist the eye upwards, to the Norwich Union firemark on the broadest cross-beam. In the days before Postman Pat and Fireman Sam were public concerns, these devices indicated which buildings were worth saving.

Inside, the shop is a plensing

muddle of stonework, stationery and sweets. A giant version of the new stamp takes pride of place, with a note that the Royal Mail will be visiting next Tuesday in order to process first-day covers. This week is one for the album in Painswick: the village festival takes place today and tomorrow.

The next attraction to get sorted in Painswick is the fairest churchyard in the Cotswolds. The sheep which speckled the hillsides of Gloucestershire produced the finest English wool, which for a few centuries made Painswick's wool merchants among the wealthiest people in Britain. They ensured their interment was of the highest calibre by commissioning increasingly elaborate (and competitive) memorials in the grassy acre surrounding St Mary's Church.

A beset cottage totters above the lych gate into the churchyard. Bowing to pass beneath it, you emerge amid a rural jostle. One component is a forest of masonry, resembling a haul of treasure chests spiked with a few stray pyramids. The other competitor is a consortium of yew trees, precisely 99 of them, standing in neat ranks but

occasionally melting into each other to form voluminous barricades of the deepest green, separating the tombs of local grandees such as William Hogg, a Gratuities Preacher who died in 1800. "It is incredible the sums of money he expended in charity", asserts his headstone.

Despite the decline in wool, money has not forsaken Painswick altogether. Any cyclist feels intimidated by kerb-to-kerb Rovers, of the Land and Range varieties. The price tags at the Fieri Beacon art gallery address themselves to the sorts of well-heeled folk who dine at the Country Elephant, next to the post office. But the latest addition to the catering repertoire, Bertram's ("a café with rooms" across from the church) charged me only a fiver for a chicken baguette that seemed to contain an entire bird, accompanied by a wheelbarrow's worth of chips and a gallon of tea.

Even allowing for refined good looks befitting an English rose, the village sustains an improbable range of restaurants and tea rooms. The reason Painswick appears on so many mental maps lies hidden a little to the north, around Buenos Ayres.

This, as you may gauge from the spelling, is not the Argentinian capital. It is the name chosen for what is now Painswick House by its creator, Charles Hyett, who moved here for the "good airs". What could be just another pretentious pile belonging to the minor aristocracy is transformed by the grounds around it. During the brief English flowering of Rococo in the 1740s, Mr Hyett imported the asymmetric aspirations of the European movement and planted them in his garden. The curves of paths and pools are assigned into a swooping gully, with the only flat patch devoted to a bowling green. Odd little outbuildings pop up, mimicking the Orient: they serve as eccentricities around which the visitor swirls. After a couple of hours in this most verdant of follies, you need another cup of tea.

Across from the churchyard, the village cascades towards the Painswick Valley, which proceeds to lift in an entrancingly pretty fashion towards Stroud. You topple down Stepping Stone Lane and clamour up the other side to the Painswick Old Road, clinging like a contour high above the valley. This used to

be a Via Regia, a royal way. Last Wednesday, as bees idly batted from one flower to the next, and the heavy summer air whispered through overgrown grass, you could find yourself in complete agreement with George III. Yet Prince Charles, a resident of nearby Highgrove, could be drawn into a battle to preserve his ancestor's vision. The local council wants to sprinkle more than a thousand new homes along the valley. As Driff Hart-Davis has reported in these pages, plans for the development are alarmingly advanced.

In Stroud, you re-join the A46 and re-enter the real world: one in which the town's stout redbrick Post Office has been closed down. Plainly, it wasn't pretty enough.

Painswick Post Office is open 9am-1pm and 2-5.30pm, but closed on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and all day on Sunday. Painswick Rococo Garden (01452 813204) opens 11am-5pm – daily in August, then Wednesday to Sundays until the end of November. The Painswick Local History Society publishes, *Painswick: Time Chart of a Cotswold Village* by Carl Moreland, FRGS, available locally for £5.95.

## Men of letters

By Jennifer Rodger

A postman's job offers a nice little side-line in gratuitous spying on others. A novelist, of course, recreates such life on paper. So it is no surprise that for a number of writers, being a postman was their bread and butter in more ways than one.

Anthony Trollope was Clerk to the Surveyor of the South Western District of the Post Office in the 1850s. It was Trollope who initiated the design of the first Royal mail box and bullied customers into cutting holes into their doors so that the postman didn't have to ring twice.

American author, William Faulkner was a post master in the town of Oxford, Mississippi. Indeed this was the fictional setting for much of his work. Hinting at the slow and introspective life of a postman (and writer), he described Oxford as where "the past is not dead, it isn't even past".

After his days in Burma and his stint down and out, George Orwell tried his hand at running a grocers shop and sub post office in Hertfordshire during the mid Thirties. The enterprise was not a success, however, the former shop is now a bijou residence that was recently sold for more than £250,000.

Rising novelist Stephen Blanchard (author of *Gargan and I*, and *Wilson's Island*) works in a Clapham sorting office in South East London. "It provides me with a routine, purpose and gives me time to write. I'm quite good at it, too," he says.

Frank McCourt won this year's Pulitzer prize for his childhood memoirs *Angela's Ashes*. Towards the end of the book he records his experiences as a Limerick telegram boy in the Forties – a job that ultimately enabled him to escape an existence of relentless poverty in Ireland and start a new life in the States.

# Post yourself around the world

Simon Calder reveals one way of pushing the envelope of your global horizons

Every traveller begins to explore the world with a trip to the post office, and these hubs of communication keep cropping up along the way. You collect the form for your first passport from your local one, and thereafter post offices remain hugely important.

Like railway stations and frontier posts,

post offices comprise a necessary part of any journey. And whether you pop in to buy a postcard stamp, or stand in line for hours while you wait for your chance to find that no one has bothered to send you a poste restante missive, some are attractions in their own right.

## Dublin

That jaunty little figure, frozen in the act of wheeling from Earl Street North into O'Connell Street, is James Joyce. The author's statue stands just across the road from the symbolic heart of Irish nationalism: the General Post Office.

Around 1816, when the stout Doric columns were hoisted from the drudge of what was then Sackville Street, Dublin was just another British provincial city. A century later, in the Easter Rising of 1916, the proclamation of the Republic of Ireland was read from the steps of the well-proportioned neo-classical facade.

The interior was wrecked in the subsequent siege. Today, it comfortably combines the status of nationalist icon and purveyor of postal products. The nation's largest tricolour flutters above it, splashing green, orange and white into the sky above the street which has since taken the name of the liberation hero Daniel O'Connell.



Dublin Post Office PHOTOGRAPH: MAXWELLS

National Parks Service, and a be-Stetsoned ranger will take you in the glass-sided, vertigo-pumping lift to the belfry at the top, for the second-best vista in Washington (the first being from the slender needle of the Washington Monument, piercing the western sky).

Look in the opposite direction and you see an overbearing hunk of a building perched beside Union Station. This Beaux Arts palace took over from the Old Post Office as the capital's main mailroom, but itself fell victim to federal budget cuts and the notion that

Americans did not need to send letters in style. After many years of abandonment, it has now re-opened as the latest addition to the Smithsonian repertoire of museums.

The National Postal Museum traces, with a degree of levity, the tale of the US Mail from Pony Express to automated sorting. But as the hands-on computer prints out your pre-addressed postcards, you can't help thinking that while the 20th century was the preserve of the post, electronic communications in the 21st century will consign mail to the museum permanently.

## Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon)

Until 1975, the staff at the US Embassy in Saigon had it easy. They could just nip two blocks south to South Vietnam's finest post office, which stands shoulder-to-shoulder with the city's cathedral. Unlike the Embassy (a concrete jumble of defences, abandoned on the last day of April 1975) and South Vietnam (ditto), the Post Office is thriving. The French took control of Saigon in 1861 and the post office shows the regime at its prime, a *Poste* that would not look out of place in Lyon. Inside, a map of "Indochine" shows how the old colonial order held sway over the entire region. Dominating every transaction these days, however, is a huge, beaming portrait of Ho Chi Minh.

## Washington DC

The American capital is home to two fine ex-post offices, each of them a fully fledged tourist attraction – and, like most things in Washington, offering free admission.

The Old Post Office presides over Pennsylvania Avenue, a 399ft granite fortress whose innards have been scooped out and replaced with a vast, airy atrium and a dozen places to eat, including Chinese, Indian and Japanese. The building is in the care of the

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# Customs and exercise

That summer: in 1951 Elizabeth Candlish cycled across the borders of post-war paranoia in Europe

**S**pending the night in the customs post between Holland and Germany wasn't part of the plan. We meant to cross the border, and perhaps find the youth hostel in Aachen. But it turned out that the hostel was being rebuilt. Besides, we were two very wet and bedraggled British teenagers, and the customs men were perhaps just a little bored that day in the summer of 1951...

My friend Margaret had a German penpal in Heidelberg, so to Heidelberg we would go, cycling. We took a tent (neither of us had camped before) and home-made sleeping bags. From our homes in St Andrews, Fife, we caught a train to London, and from there took a coach to Dover where we retrieved the bikes that we'd sent on ahead of us. As we pedalled our way off the boat at Ostend it was a daunting thought that we'd never cycled further than 20 miles at a stretch.

By the time we reached that frontier post we'd been six days on the road, often in rain. Campsites as we know them now had not yet been invented, and we'd camped on small Belgian farms, twice sleeping snugly in a barn. We'd been invited into spotless farm kitchens and had met whole families, usually three generations, speaking a dialect that our school-girl French and German could not decipher, but somehow we communicated.

The French told us about the war and about the liberation, and they wanted to ask about Britain - why were we still rationed? Why had the British voted Churchill out of office - he won the war, didn't he? Everywhere our wet things were taken off to be dried and cans of hot water produced: payment was firmly refused. In the mornings we'd be waved off, with pressing invitations to come again on our return journey.

Our route took us briefly into the Netherlands, to visit friends in Maas-tricht, then we headed for the German border. Back home, some people had warned us against going into Germany. After all, the war was not so far in the past. Margaret's uncle was a detective at Scotland Yard: if in trouble, he said, we were to go to the military police - and of course he himself could be contacted at Whitehall 002-002-002.

We reached Vaals, at the Dutch-German frontier, before 4pm, once again wet and rather miserable. As usual, there were two barriers, and two sets of offices to go through, and our passports were stamped in both. We were leaving Holland, so we were out of much interest to the Dutch. But we were entering Germany, and the inspector of immigrants wanted to know our plans. Camping? In this weather? Better to make for the youth hostel in Aachen - he would telephone to book us a place. And that was how we heard that it was being rebuilt - the war, you know...

The inspector made up his mind to befriend us. There was a hostel in Vaals,

a Dutch hostel: we could go there. And he had another suggestion: we should send our bicycles ahead by rail to Cologne, and next day he would arrange a lift for us. It was no problem to find lifts at the frontier. Why, only that day three Australian girls got one for a hundred miles.

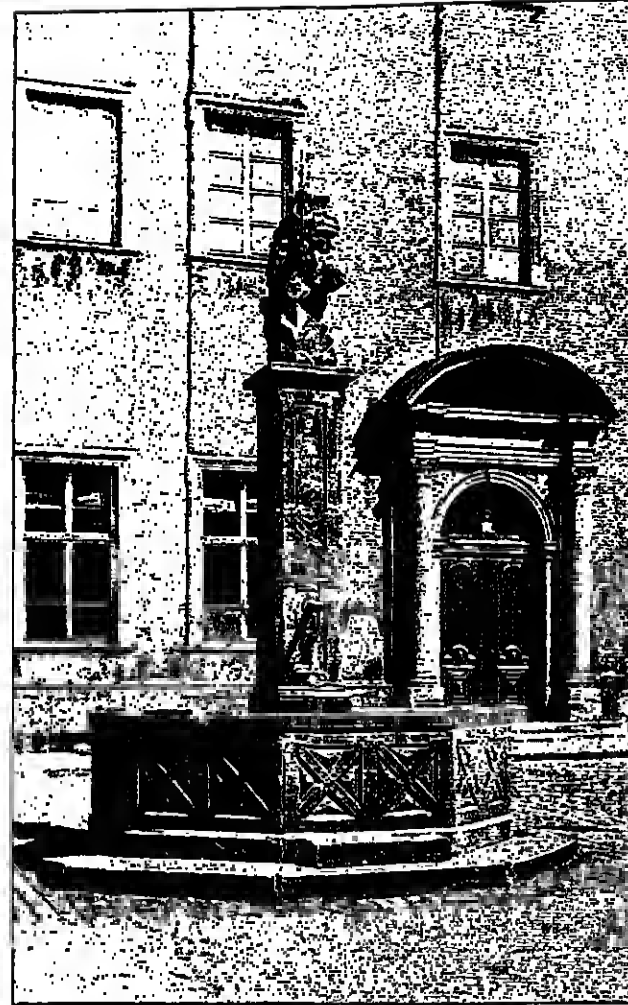
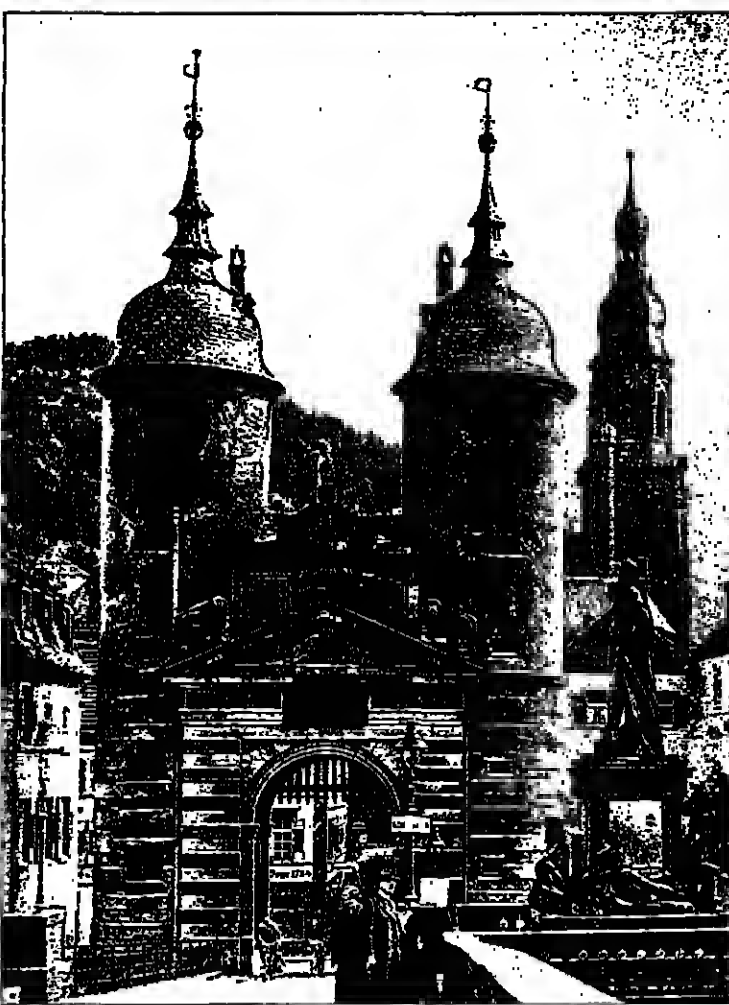
My letter home takes up the story: "Well, it was an awful day, and this seemed ideal. We cycled into Aachen, found the station, and sent off the bikes. Our friend the inspector turned up and helped us fill in the forms, which were a bit complicated. We sent our saddlebags too, taking out only a few belongings, and tying these in a bundle. We must have looked like displaced persons. Then the inspector took us back to the frontier by tram, and we put on dry socks and shoes in his office, and he took us for coffee, and got the waiter to add something to it: it tasted awful, but it certainly warmed us up. Then we found out that we were too late to get into the youth hostel so the Inspector said that he would find us somewhere to sleep at the frontier station, and meanwhile he would take us out to supper."

"He took us to a restaurant in Vaals, and we each got a huge plate of two fried eggs, bacon, bread, tomatoes, gherkin and goodness knows what else besides. It was marvellous. Later he and another customs officer took us for coffee, and told us their war stories and adventures... Then we went back to the customs post. There was a little room there where night-duty men sometimes slept - only one camp bed, but they spread heavy packages of forms on the floor, and left us their coats. We tossed for the bed, and I lost! I can't say we got much sleep - there was traffic all through the night, and voices and footsteps."

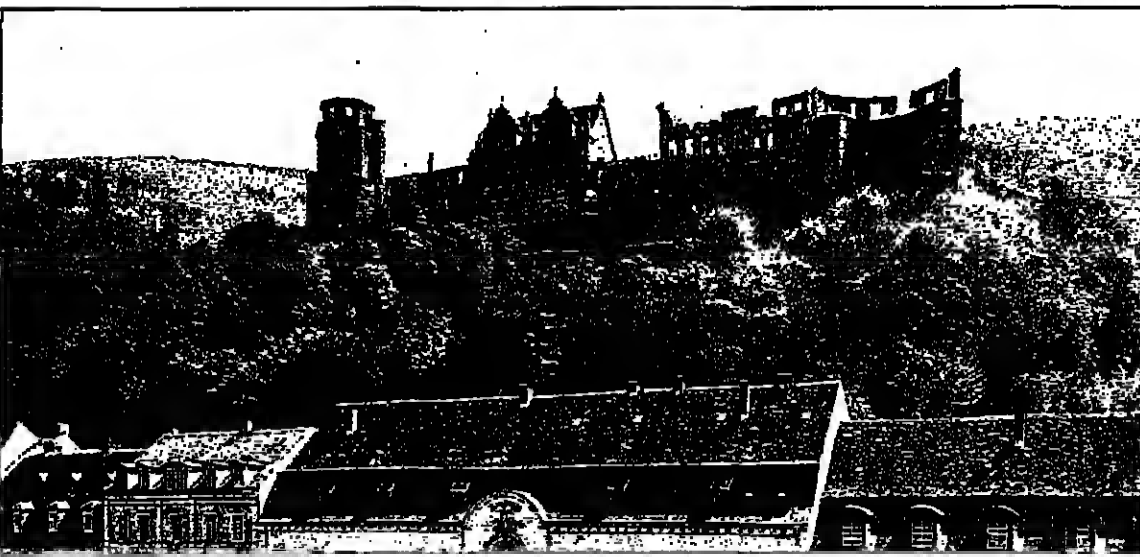
"We got up about half-past six, washed, tied up our bundles, and sat outside in very pale sunshine, having breakfast. About half past eight a customs man rushed out, and said 'Quick - here's a bus going to Cologne.' He picked up our bundles and threw them into the bus, and we got in and off we went."

We were, we discovered, the guests of a Dutch Insurance firm from Eicht on their annual outing. They would stop at Cologne on their homeward way. Meanwhile they were happy to have us along, and to take us with them up into the mountains. Before we left them in the evening we had promised to include Eicht on our route back and see them again. And we did.

So we reached Cologne on the day we'd planned, but not until 8pm - and eventually found a bed (illegally) in the Yc H Club. And we reached Heidelberg, too. In the Rhine valley there was no place to pitch a tent, and we joined the German youth hostel movement. Some of the hostels were centuries-old buildings, and one or two had been purpose-built, for the Hitler Youth Movement, but none provided us with a lodging quite as strange as the one we had that night on the border at Vaals.



Heidelberg in the summer of 1951: top, view over the town; above left, the towers of the Karl-Theodor bridge; above, the old university; left the old castle



## EUROPE FOR ZERO

How would today's young and adventurous traveller make the journey to Heidelberg? Probably by air, since it would take the average wage-earner barely a day's labour to buy a plane ticket from London to Frankfurt, the nearest airport to Heidelberg. You can easily hitch-hike from here, since the terminals are conveniently located adjacent to the autobahn - but a train would whisk you to Heidelberg in under two hours, with the total journey costing around £100.

If you insist on travelling on a shoestring, here's how. Forget the bicycle. Instead, start hitching at the Elephant and Castle in London, a half-hour walk from Parliament Square, the West End of the City. Stand opposite the Coronet cinema at the start of the New Kent Road and hop down to Kent on the A20, not the A2.

You need to end up at Folkestone, not Dover, because Le Shuttle carrying trains through the Channel Tunnel charge per vehicle rather than per person. Hence drivers are not financially disinclined to pick up hitchhikers.

Stay with your benefactor as deep as he or she goes into France, to avoid the hitchhikers' graveyard that is Calais. The pickings up are much easier in Belgium and Germany.

The advantage that you have over the traveller of the 1950s is that Continental Europe is sans frontières, so you are unlikely to find yourself dropped off just short of border crossings by motorists who fear you could be carrying contraband. So you should reach Aachen, by way of Belgium or even Holland, with few problems. The Vaals border post where Elizabeth Candlish bedded down is these days just a couple of unstaffed offices.

From here it is an easy haul along the Rhine to Bonn and beyond: dodge Frankfurt by taking the route via Mannheim. The going gets stickier (and prettier), once you start striking east through the hills towards the former DDR. The chances are you will arrive in the fine city of Heidelberg in a creaky old Volkswagen Polo driven by a student returning to Germany's classiest university.

Total spent: zero. Result: happiness. When I made the journey, I somehow contrived to make a profit: the driver who dropped me on the "wrong" side of Brussels hurried a Bf100 note after me, saying, correctly, that I probably wouldn't have change for the Mark - fare Bf50. "Thankfully, travelling in Europe is still blessed with the small, human kindnesses that Elizabeth and Margaret experience."

Simon Calder

## Childsplay across the Continent

Family breaks abroad can be hell - but not if you know where to go, writes Deborah Jackson

**I**n pursuit of the perfect family-friendly hotel, I've travelled from Cornwall to Inverness, from the wild West (Pembrokeshire) to the remote East (Hythe and the Cinque Ports). But when parents ask me to recommend a decent family hotel abroad, it's not so easy to be specific.

Unlike British hostellers who tend to turn their noses up at children, foreign hostellers take them so much for granted they often neglect to cater for them. High chairs are practically unknown across the Continent. Children are expected to wade through miniature versions of their parents' bouillabaisse, or subsist on repetitive junior menus. Kids may be welcome, but bouncy castles are more readily found on a beach than in the grounds of a European hotel.

So the best way to proceed is by word of mouth, and there are some establishments that have offered us - or our friends - the kind of family-oriented holiday we could really sink into and enjoy. For a start, there's the unusual Chateau le Mont Epinguet, a stunning French chateau a mile from the RN13 and eight miles south of the ferry terminal at Cherbourg.

The hosts are an intrepid English couple, Mark and Fiona Berridge, who have two children of their own, plenty of high chairs and a lawn full of bicycles. Once, this 1751 mansion stood in 2,000 acres of its own grounds. Today, three acres do well enough - the wrought-iron gates and magnificent facade are unchanged. Inside, the style is 18th-century faded grandeur, no central heating or carpets but lots of space and a sense of humour.

At Le Mont Epinguet, you get a quasi-Continental B&B (croissants in the summer, porridge in winter), a fantastic social atmosphere with lots of families (English, French, Dutch) and directions to the very handy local eaterie, so small it has no name, in the village of Ruffosse. Here, Madame makes four-course meals on the open fire for Fr60 (£6), pays heed to your children and

takes them off for sweets in her other shop. Mark and Fiona love entertaining families - they can lend you a hike with baby seat, or suggest some super hill walks. Nearby are safe beaches, a popular animal park, exciting indoor pool and a chateau with its own play area. At Fr2650 per week (about £265) for a family room for four (or Fr120 per person per night) it's a highly affordable base for a beautiful and accessible part of France.

Equally relaxed, with a warmer climate, is the

Hostal los Pinos near Pollensa on the island of Mallorca. "We love it because it's very simple," says Liz Doyle, who has returned numerous times with husband Paddy and various combinations of their three children. "My abiding image of peace and relaxation - walking along the cliff-top opposite the hotel and looking back at the valley bathed in golden light."

Hostal los Pinos is run by Juan Coll and his wife Anna. Their style is laid-back: "You help yourself from the bar and note what you've taken in a book," says Liz. "People tend to go out to eat and return later to gather and chat. There are lots of Brits - some who we've met year after year. One family has been going for 27 years." Not specifically pitched as a family hotel, Los Pinos is nevertheless a favourite with children of all ages.

There's a swimming pool, table tennis table, two sandy beaches nearby. The decor is Spanish rustic, with large pieces of old furniture and plates hanging from whitewashed walls. At 3,000 pesetas (about £12) per person per night for bed and breakfast, Hostal los Pinos is a budget hotel with style.

For something a little more organised and inevitably more expensive, try the Theresia Gartenhotel in Austria, a member of the promisingly-named KinderHotels group. The Brettermeier-Egger family promises to "spoil you culinary", which they do with an inclusive price ticket that covers breakfast, dinner, warm buffet at noon, sturds and coffee in the afternoon, use of five swimming and whirl-pools, sauna, gym, table tennis and billiards.

Children are an essential part of the exhaustive programme at the Theresia. The owners themselves have three children aged three to 12, so they know what harassed parents are looking for. There's a teenage activity room with videos and computer games, a kindergarten for over-twos, and a resident nurse. Constructed in Austrian chalet style, the Theresia is a jewel in a verdant, Sound of Music landscape. It leaves you breathless with its range of facilities and level of child catering and has the added advantage of being in the heart of skiing country - imagine bubbling away in the jacuzzi at 37C, with snow stretching from the mountain tops

to the very edge of the steaming water...

A simple family room for four on the all-inclusive tariff costs from 1,040 Austrian schillings per person, per night (around £50.) There are reduced rates for children and special offers depending on season. Packages can be booked through Lauda Air, with daily flights from Gatwick to Salzburg.

If you are looking for a wider range of personal recommendations, your best bet might be to talk to a small hotel bookings agency, such as Room

Service, which specialises in family-owned independent hotels in Italy, Spain, France and Portugal. Room Service director Victoria Rical personally visits all the hotels on her books and only deals with non-chain establishments. The company can also arrange flights, car hire and personal itineraries.

Chateau Le Mont Epinguet, 50700 Bré, Normandie (00 33 233 41 96 31). Hostal Los Pinos, Cala San Vicente, Pollensa, Mallorca (00 34 71 33 12 10). Theresia Gartenhotel, A-5754 Saalbach-Hinterglemm 208, Salzburger Land, Austria (00 43 6541 7414). Room Service: 0171-636 6888.



Family chateau: Le Mont Epinguet PHOTOGRAPH: DEBORAH JACKSON

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# Bright lights, big city

It used to be dominated by unflappable fleets of cyclists. Now the multi-lane highway – and the Big Mac – have come to Shanghai, writes

Patrick Conner

In its great old days, when the lavatories were imported from Britain and Noel Coward was in residence, the Peace Hotel in cosmopolitan Shanghai was the last word in the gloomy foyers there stands a Multi-media Information Kiosk. At the touch of a button we learn that, in Coward's day, the hotel was called the Cathay – or, as the Kiosk endearingly describes it, the Cathay – and that it was once voted "most famous hotel in the world".

Yet nostalgia cuts little ice in modern Shanghai. Like the other pre-war hotels of the city – the Park, which was the tallest building in the Far East, and the grandly-porticoed Pacific – the Peace Hotel has been overtaken in the race to attract the new upmarket business clientele. The Shanghaians have always regarded themselves as a cut above other Chinese in style and the ability to make money. When they look at the rapid rise of Hong Kong, they attribute it not so much to Western savvy as to the enterprise of the many Chinese who came from Shanghai to Hong Kong after 1949, and who in several cases created colossal fortunes. Now that Hong Kong has been placed on a (nearly) equal footing with the rest of China, will not Shanghai soon rival, and indeed eclipse, the former British colony?

This question has been much debated recently in the Hong Kong press, and it springs to mind again as one looks from the Peace Hotel's once-glimmering dining room at the new Shanghai across the Huangpu River. The last time I sat here, seven years ago, the eastern district of Pudong was a nondescript suburb; now its Oriental Pearl TV Tower dominates the city, and around it have sprouted a group of spectacular buildings which resemble the dust-jacket of a sci-fi novel.

The Peace Hotel stands on the Bund, the long, curving embankment that was first developed by the British in the middle of the 19th century. Shanghai is not ashamed of its semi-colonial past. It has preserved the imposing bank and hotel buildings along the Bund; these great grey relics, built in styles varying from Harrods Baroque to orientalist Deco, have been designated historic monuments; and the British-looking bronze lions which once guarded the entrance to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank may now be admired in the Shanghai Museum of History.

Yet even the Bund has had to change. The quayside itself has recently been raised to form a pedestrian walkway, while the road along the Bund has become a 12-lane highway. At the northern end the road is about to sweep up over the old French settlement, to be linked with a concrete network of overhead highways, in an attempt to ease the city's monstrous congestion.

In every sense, cars are in the ascendant. Private vehicles are still scarce, but the streets are now ruled by taxis. Formerly the balance of power lay with armies of cyclists, who, after a volley of blasts from a driver's horn, might change direction by a few degrees, like a lake ruffled by a gentle breeze. Yet now the taxi driver may accelerate directly towards an oncoming column

of cyclists, scattering them to right and left.

There isn't much that you can't buy in Shanghai. On Fangbang Street in the old city you can pick up aged eggs, skinned ducks and lop-eared puppies. My own most satisfying purchase, for about £1, was a foldaway battery-driven potato-peeler. I feel confident that back home in Herne Hill, this gadget will place us at the cutting edge of culinary style.

The Bond Street of Shanghai is Nanjing Dong Lu (once known as Bubbling Well Road), where, it is said, the traffic has only once been halted – for the shooting of Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*. The ground floor of the old East Asia Hotel is now a clothing store: the mannequins are Western, with sharp noses and blond hair, although less predictably, the lips of the male mannequins are purple. A few yards down, a fine old Sino-classical building with giant columns is shared by McDonald's and Pizza Hut.

But it's not all burgers and fizzy pop. Culture is alive and well, both Chinese and Western. "Shanghai Spring" was the title of the May music festival, with events ranging from a piano recital in honour of Beethoven, to *Let's Pull Together* by the Hangzhou Comedy Troupe. In the middle of

People's Square stands the city's great showpiece, the new Shanghai Museum. In front of it, elderly couples waltz beside fountains flanked by ceremonial bronze urns; as the visitor approaches, he or she becomes aware of a mellow rendering of "The Blue Danube" issuing from the depths of the urns.

Thus soothed, you enter the museum. The new displays are truly splendid – informative, varied, stimulating. I was privileged to eat lunch in the museum staff canteen: copious quantities of soup, rice, scrambled egg and salty meat. Despite being the only Westerner there, I scarcely received a second glance from the staff (the Shanghaians have no doubt seen more than enough Westerners during the last 150 years), although I think my elderly briefcase attracted one or two pitying stares.

If the new museum is a haven of tranquillity, elsewhere one is constantly reminded that Shanghai contains 13 million people in an area appreciably smaller than London. The traditional gardens of Yu Yuan must be the most crowded gardens on earth; the pavilions have names like "Hall of Peaceful Contemplation", but there's not much chance of that. The antique market outside the old city is a good deal more relaxing. Here I bought a stylish pair of 1940-vintage Chinese spectacles; Qing Dynasty, the stallholder assured me.

If anyone doubts the Shanghai awareness of the outside world, they have only to watch the giant video screen in People's Square. As night fell, I watched as Clinton and various Chinese leaders came and went, each of them 50ft tall and portrayed in vivid hyper-colour. I lingered in case of a glimpse of British leaders. My patience was finally rewarded by a newflash from Manchester. No politicians were in view, however: it was the final of the world table-tennis championship. The winner, of course, was China.

There are no direct flights between the UK and Shanghai. Austrian Airlines has a flight via Vienna, which Travelmood (0171-258 0280) is offering for £509 return, including tax. Other options are available from Regent Holidays (0117 9211711). British passport holders need a Chinese visa, obtainable through the China Travel Service, 7 Upper St Martin's Lane WC2H 9DL (0171-836 3688).



Will Shanghai become the new Hong Kong? The Pudong district, left, and the Pearl TV tower, bottom left PHOTOGRAPHS: MAGNUM

The National Committee of Inquiry into Higher Education

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# Haven on earth

Jack O'Sullivan discovers how Britain's urban parks are being rescued from dereliction

The Temple, a sandstone Georgian folly once visited by Wellington, Disraeli and General Tom Thumb, is a grand romantic gesture. Perched on the highest point of the 640-acre Heaton Park, one of Europe's largest urban public spaces, it looks down over central Manchester and speaks of gentler times. But the view has changed since the park was the pride and joy of Mancunians. The park's centrepiece, Heaton Hall, built in 1772 for the Earls of Wilton and one of the finest examples of a Wyatt country house, is boarded up. Two huge lions, cast in lead by John Cheere, which once adorned the entrance and fascinated generations of children, have been removed in protest from further vandalism. Other buildings are derelict, no-go areas to the public.

It's a familiar story – a great urban park, hard won by the Victorians, let run to ruin by their great-grandchildren. We didn't notice until it was almost too late to save places which, in their heyday, were where many people spent their summer holidays. Typically, decline in parks like this one dates from the Second World War, when the cast-iron railings were sacrificed in the war effort; parks could no longer be secured at night. After the war, planners were more interested in spending on slum clearance and new roads. Le Corbusier's

Modernism was not interested in ornate, decorated landscapes. While rural areas enjoyed the protection of the Countryside Commission, urban spaces were abandoned to hushed obscurity. After all, why bother with Heaton Park on the north side of Manchester, when you could drive to the Pennines?

Then parks' departments disappeared into council "Leisure Services", their horticultural expertise and political clout lost, leaving the parks starved of funding as sports centres got the cash. Abolition of park-keepers, victims of compulsory competitive tendering, was an almost fatal blow. They were replaced by unaccountable outside contractors, charged with mowing the grass once a fortnight and dumping wood chippings around the roses. Municipal neglect was matched by

vandalism, which, once left unrepaired, grew in its destructiveness.

For Hazel Conway, author of three books on Britain's urban parks, the decline of the People's Park in Halifax symbolised the tragedy. "A whole row of statues on the terrace had to be enclosed in hardboard to prevent them being vandalised. Yet, even then, they were still damaged." For the general public, the murder of Rachel Nickell on Wimbledon Common evoked a sense that many parks were no longer safe.

But this dismal tale is drawing to a close. We are witnessing a great revival of the British urban park. The Temple at Heaton Park has been carefully restored, its stone interior marble fireplace and simple oak floor once more a resting place for walkers, not simply winos. The outside of the Hall,

which has a cupola as its main room, decorated in Etruscan style, will soon be renovated. Inside, the British Folk Art exhibition is already on display. The elegant Orangery, until recently a shabby shell of its former glory, is now a restaurant, catering for weddings. A new pavilion has been built for the golf course. A kitchen garden has been developed, and an aromatic garden for the blind is planned. Derelict buildings are due for demolition. The park is now locked at night and hundreds of new litter bins are regularly emptied. The greens at Heaton Park will host the lawn bowls competitions for the Commonwealth Games in 2002.

Two factors explain the turnaround – £3.4m allocated from the National Lottery (plus matching council funding) and the appointment of a park manager, Theresa Grant, a tough-minded Irish

Paradise regained: the Temple at Manchester's Heaton Park is restored to its former glory  
PHOTOGRAPH: NIGEL HILLIER/UNP

woman, is now in charge at Heaton Park, given responsibilities previously divided between several council departments but assigned to no-one in particular. "There is an enormous amount of good-tidiness to parks," she says, "which I can focus. The will to park, for example, means that when the contractors come to mow a section of the park, they don't cut the meadow while the wild orchids are flowering."

"I have also been able to make sure that when trenches are being dug in the park for the introduction of closed-circuit television, we will not have to go through the same disruption again. Water mains, fibre-optic cables and electricity cables will all be in the same trench for future use."

Ms Grant has changed the rota for cleaning and litter picking so that most work is done in the evening, making the park safer and ensuring that it is clean each morning. "If the public see it litter-free when they arrive, they are more likely to be tidy themselves." Soon the lions will return, once proper security has been introduced.

This is just the beginning for Dr Stewart Harding, team leader of the Urban Parks Programme for the Heritage and Lottery Fund, which is inviting bids from 2,500 parks. Some £70m has already been allocated and a similar amount will soon be available. He would like to see an Urban Green Agency established and made responsible for town parks, each with a manager like Theresa Grant. "For too long," he says, "parks have been seen as a problem, rather than being recognised as a vital component of an urban area. We will soon see them again, as the Victorians did, as the jewel in the crown of every town."

## Refuge of pirates and puffins

Lundy is tiny, so you can do its circular walk quite quickly, perhaps using your new sea-gait. By Sally Kindberg

Lundy is an elusive island floating tantalisingly off the north coast of Devon. A former refuge of rebels, pirates and smugglers, it lies below the Bristol Channel, its western shore pummeled by the Atlantic.

At Bideford I set sail on the charming 1950s MS Oldenburg for the 23-mile voyage to the island, which I had last seen earlier in the summer shimmering in a violet heat-haze.

Today was different. The wind was gusting a brisk damp south-westerly as we chugged down the river Turrill from Bideford. Once out to sea the ship developed an idiosyncratic roll-and-shudder movement soon imitated by some of the 260 passengers. Kindly and efficient crew members banded out paper bags and napkins then wrapped the most queasy passengers in fluffy blankets and stowed them gently down below. Someone told me it wasn't always so – this was her 13th trip to Lundy.

Enormous basking sharks began to accompany us, slurping plankton, and I was glad not to be one of the many passengers with Martini complexioned leaning precariously over the ship's rail.

After three hours the island appeared, weighed down by sea mist. Lundy's landing place on the sheltered eastern shore by Rat Island (last refuge of the British black rat) is only accessible by small craft. Curious seals bobbed out of the water as we disembarked by launch and rubber dinghy.

The beaving sea trip meant that time

on dry land before the return journey was limited. On the slaty beach I headed right up a steep path underneath dark cliffs held in place (hopefully) with giant metal pins, and bordered by hairy Lundy cabbage.

Using my newly acquired rolling sea-gait, I soon passed Millcombe House. Built with Jamaican sugar money in 1835 for the pious Heaven family, its roof, sloping inward to catch precious rainwater, is an early example of ecological soundness. This house, like 22 other properties on Lundy (including one lighthouse) is maintained and administered by the Landmark Trust, and can be rented from them.

I followed the track to the village curving up to the left. A sharp left takes you to the 13th-century Marisco Castle, built as a fortress by Henry III after he had executed the rebellious William de Marisco who used Lundy as his hideaway.

I continued past the Victorian Gothic church of St Helena's on the left, walking across turf that was curiously bouncy. That, and my nautical gait, was having a strange effect on my progress.

Dome-shaped structures loomed out of the mist swirling in a field on my left. Disappointingly, what I had hoped was a Celtic encampment in a time-warped turned out to be the Tent Field. The

naked legs of its inhabitants were out those of some ancient tribe but the rain-wet limbs of stalwart British campers roughing it and loving every moment.

Further on, the shrill squealing of pigs quarrelling behind a fence sent me hurrying for the shelter of the Marisco Tavern. Its warm, dark interior is hung with lifeboats of ships that never quite made it. Lundy is the site of 137 shipwrecks.

The weather cleared a little and I headed north again, enticed by visions of puffins with striped beaks, and images of guillemots' eggs, a former Lundy delicacy, bright blue and almost conical (they don't roll off ledges).

I passed the Lundy Shop, which sells everything, including Lundy's own postage stamps. "Puffinage" was introduced in 1929 by the then owner of the island, Martin Harner, when the first red and blue puffin stamps were issued.

Further on the left is a farm on whose land two giant skeletons (over 8ft long) were discovered in the 1850s, hidden under granite and slate slabs. Over to the west is the Old Light, a sturdy lighthouse designed by Daniel Alexander, architect of Dartmoor prison. Built in 1820, it is now divided into flats for visitors, and has an uninterrupted view of the Atlantic. Unless it's foggy.

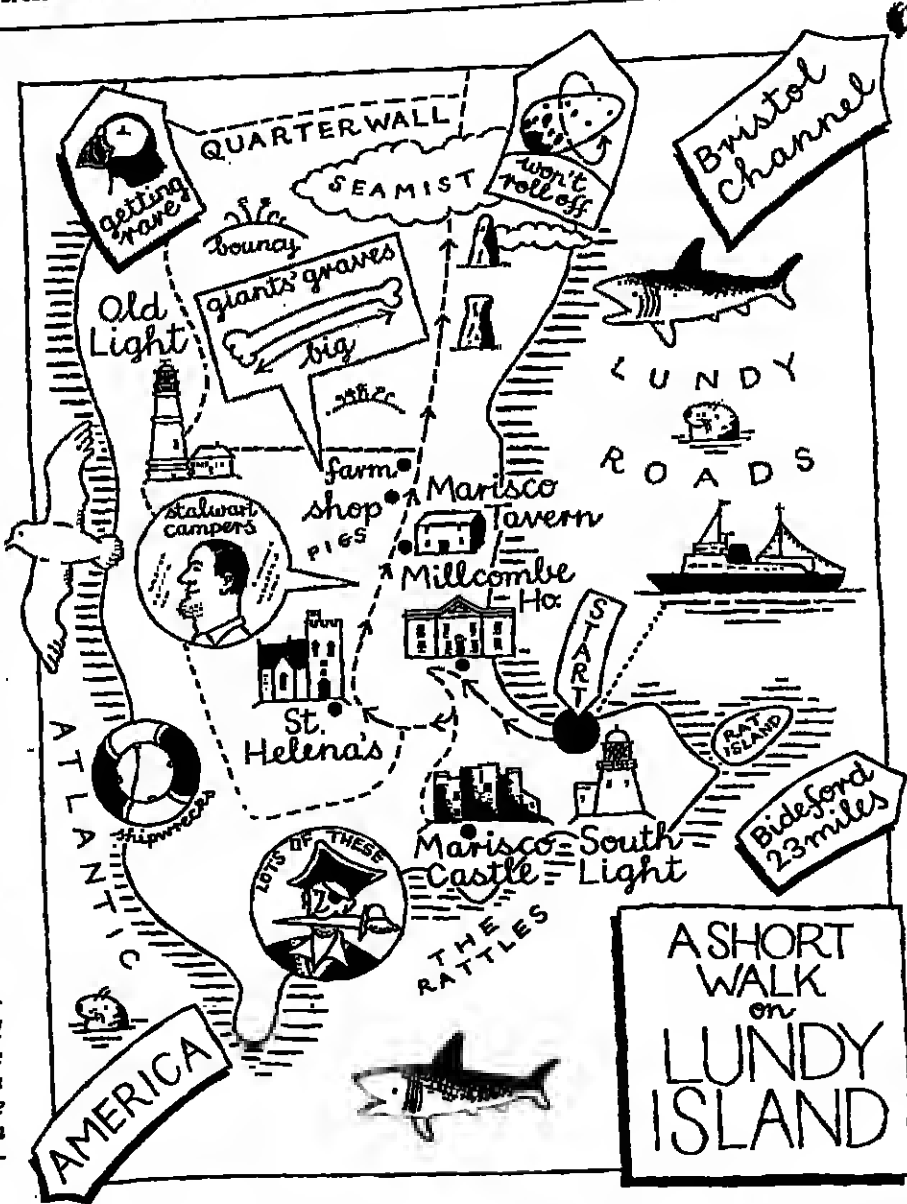
The South Light fog-warning belled mournfully as I continued north. On my right were man-sized marker stones shawled with mist. Beyond them were the watery Lundy Roads, a safe haven for ships trying to shelter from the prevailing westerly winds.

The Oldenburg would soon be setting off for the mainland, so I headed back. Given a little more time, however, you can complete the circular walk – Lundy is only three miles long and half a mile wide. I must have walked a little under two miles but I had had no realistic sense of scale, and time had passed far too quickly. I knew I would have to come back to this intriguing island.

Eventually I joined other passengers, their cheeks now healthily flushed, streaming back to the landing bay. Below us was the Oldenburg floating on a calmer sea, ready to sail with the tide.

Directions  
Once on the island take the path to the right, past Millcombe House and follow track to left and right again. St Helena's church is on left. Follow track through village and head north towards Quarter Wall.

The MS Oldenburg sails from Bideford or Ilfracombe in Devon. Lundy maps and information (and puffin stamps) are available on board. The boat leaves with the morning tide, returning with the evening tide. Prices: adults £24, children £12 for the round trip. Sailing information 01237 470422.



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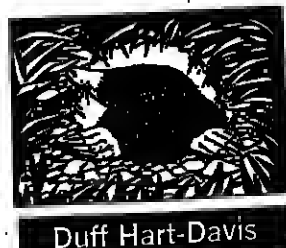
I do not usually have much time for townspeople who come out to live in villages and then complain about the noise and smells. Immigrants to the country must expect cows to bellow, donkeys to bray, tractors to roar, chain-saws to scream and silage clamps to stink like the effluent from hell.

Peacocks, however, are something else. The aggravation they cause is in a class of its own, and I cannot help feeling sorry for the people of Avebury who are being driven demented by the four birds – property of the National Trust – that roam the Wiltshire village.

A long-term peacock-owner myself, I know how the sufferers feel; and experience has taught me that it is unfair all round to keep such large birds, which are only half-domesticated, in any environment shared by humans.

Once you have seen peacocks in their natural state, you cannot contemplate incarcerating them in any form of cage, however large. Nor can you pinion them, to stop them flying, because they must roost aloft to be safe from foxes. Essentially birds of the jungle, they need a tremendous amount of space to flourish; and if they are allowed to roam free in any village, they are bound to cause intense vexation.

It was trips to India and Nepal that encouraged us to take on peacocks. I shall never forget an afternoon spent darting rhinos in the forest, the plain south of the Himalayas. As our elephants crunched through the scrub, huge birds exploded in bomb-bursts of five or six, climbing steeply against the



Duff Hart-Davis

Immigrants to the country must expect cows to bellow, donkeys to bray and chain-saws to scream. But peacocks are something else ...

dazzling white backdrop of eternal snow peaks on the northern horizon.

In England, our first three birds were two hens and a male whom my wife named Shalimar. We were then living in the Chilterns, and the farm was so isolated that there was nobody in earshot to be tormented by the brazen screeches of "Ay-ORRRR, Ay-ORRR" which Shalimar continually trumpeted out in spring.

We ourselves suffered most from flowerbeds, endlessly inquisitive, the peacocks would nip off bud after bud, eating some but dropping most of them disdainfully in the ground. Whenever they decided to take a dust-bath in the vegetable patch, it was curtains for whole crops, young or not.

Mercifully perhaps, our flock never increased much. The hens nested in the nettles behind the farmyard, but cats or foxes got most of the chicks, and Shalimar – driven, no doubt, by the instinct to preserve his personal supremacy – revealed a distressing propensity for murdering his own offspring.

So it was that when we moved to our present home in 1985 we still had only four birds. Catching them for transportation was a saga in itself, but we managed it by fixing up the door of a stable with a long draw-string, luring the peacocks inside along a trail of corn, and yanking the trap shut from a distance.

After being driven down the M4 in individual hessian sacks, they soon took to their new surroundings. But here, though again out in the sticks,

we lack the final degree of isolation. A lane runs past the house, and we have one neighbour, a keen and skilful gardener.

It was one thing for passers-by to gawp in admiration as Shalimar displayed on the terrace, with 100 vibrant eyes glaring from the iridescent green of his fanned-out tail feathers; quite another when our neighbour's rows of newly-sown carrots were left looking like an exhibit in the Imperial War Museum – a relief model of the battle of the Somme, all mounds and craters.

One spring, our surviving female hatched out three male chicks, and when these all grew into strapping teenagers, we decided that the family must go. They were taken on by kind friends in Oxfordshire – but there they created even worse havoc than with us.

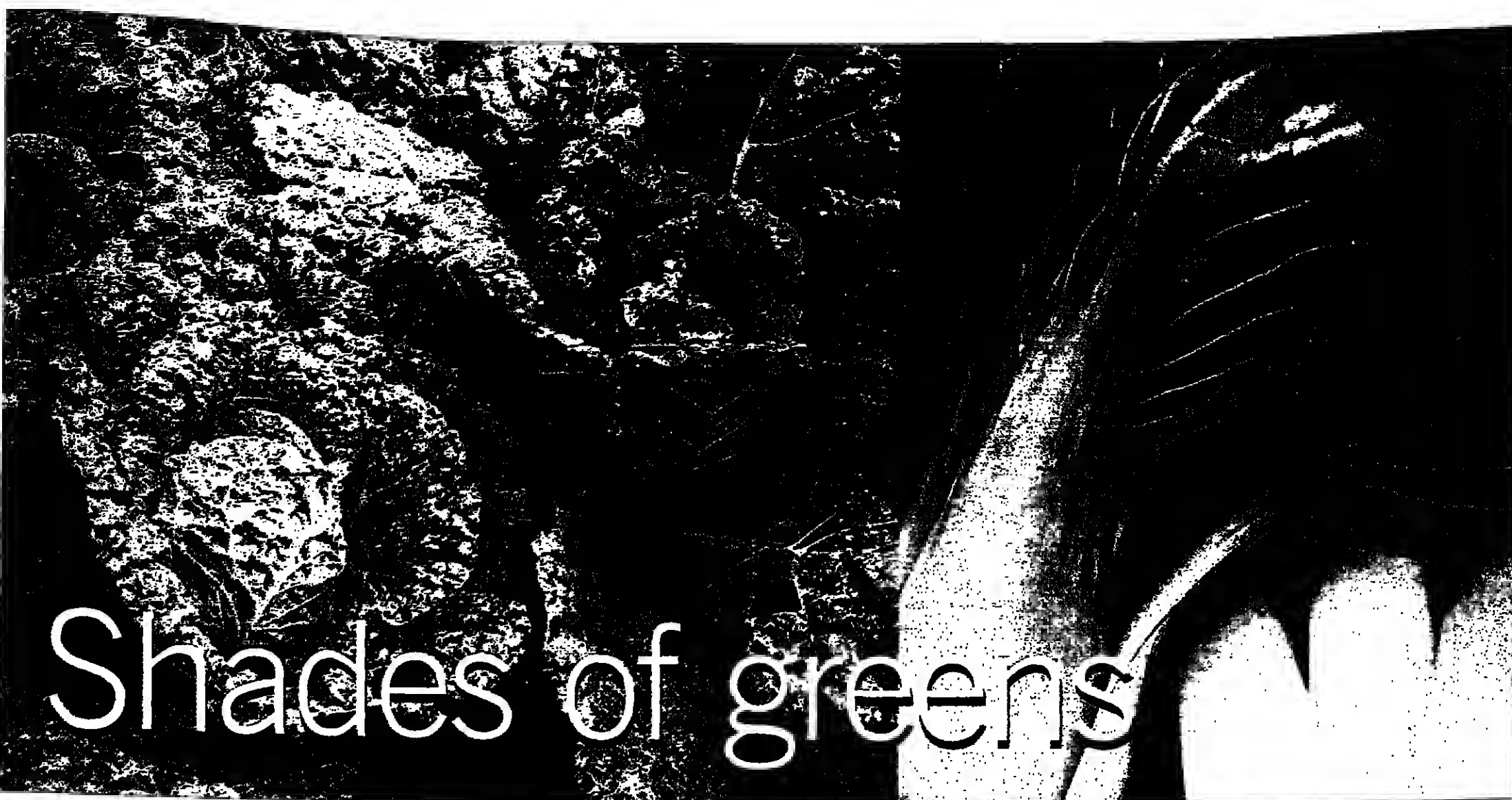
Decamping across country into the nearest village, they took up residence in trees around the graveyard and split the community, exactly as in Avebury. One faction demanded their immediate removal or extermination; the other threatened to prosecute anyone who laid a finger on them.

Here, Shalimar lived on for a year in solitary splendour, sometimes doing no mean damage to visiting cars, in whose gleaming paintwork he discerned phantom rivals.

Eventually, one winter dawn, a fox got him in the orchard; and unless I win the Lottery, so that I can buy a stately home in the middle of a 500-acre park, I do not think we shall ever replace him.

More noisy neighbours on page 22





# Shades of greens

Sow now, to cut colourful, tasty leaves until the end of the autumn, writes Anna Pavord

Successional sowing of seeds in the vegetable garden is very much easier to work out on paper than it is in practice. On paper you make neat little notes reminding yourself to sow salad crops such as leaf lettuce, radish and rocket at regular two-week intervals through the summer. You construct little plans like crossword puzzles, showing how all this is going to fit in on the ground available. But the weather is not a clock-watcher. One sowing bolts, another sulks. The result? A monumental pile-up of crops all ripening at the same time.

This is all part of the process of learning how to garden. When you start off, you think there must be rules to obey, and that if you obey them, success will naturally follow. As you go on, you learn that rules are much less useful than the ability to interpret what is going on around you. Your own eyes are far more valuable than any rule-book.

Some years, you can smoothly follow a sowing of broad beans with a planting of cabbages or sprouting broccoli, set in the same ground that the beans have been growing in. This year, I couldn't. The beans ('Green Windsor', Johnsons, £1.45) went in on 17 March, two double rows. The crop, an enormous one, was not finally cleared off until the end of July, later than I had expected.

So the succession I had planned – a row of purple sprouting broccoli and a row of crinkly savoy cabbage – had to be kept waiting in the wings. Seeing, some time ago, that the broad beans were not going to give way in time for a smooth transfer, I potted up some of the cabbage and broccoli seedlings and grew them on in pots, until they could be transplanted. It worked fine. They are planted out now, netted against the pigeons.

The 'Douce Provence' peas (Marshall's, 99p) have come and gone, too, and there's another long space where the first early potatoes, 'Accent', have been lifted. Although sowing seed seems more of a spring than a late summer activity, there are in fact plenty of vegetables that can be grown from seed now in spare patches of ground.

Autumn salads are perhaps the most useful. Chervil, chicory, endive, radicchio, corn salad, land cress and purslane are all easy and relatively quick. All can be picked when young to make mixed leaf salads that will keep you going until next spring.

Aniseed-flavoured fresh chervil is a revelation to anyone who is used only to the dried kind. It is one of the ingredients in the classic *fines herbes* mix called for in French cookery. It's an umbellifer, like our native cow parsley, and has the same kind of very finely cut leaves. It grows fast. You can gather it six or eight weeks after sowing.

Grown in deep boxes in a cool greenhouse, it will give fresh supplies of leaves all through the winter. It prefers shade to sun, which is useful in our shady garden.

Suffolk Seeds offer two kinds: plain (90p), and curled (85p). The curled is the prettier of the two. Sow it as thinly as possible, either in rows, or broadcast. It is wonderful chopped into an omelette with parsley and chives.

Chicory, endive and radicchio are all ideally suited for late-summer sowing. If you sow endive before August, it often runs straight to seed. As it is harder than lettuce, you can harvest it until January. Endive used to be grown in great quantities in the market gardens round London, blanched and protected from severe frosts by a light covering of hay. The variety 'Sally' (Marshall's, £1.05) is self-blanching. The centre of each plant is packed with small white leaves, which gradually darken as they age.

The names are muddling. In France, curly endives such as 'Sally' are called *chicorée frisée*, and the stuff we call Belgian chicory, looking like small cream bombs, is called *endive*. In growing terms, the major difference is that endive is an annual. Chicory is not, and in its second year, if you let it run up to seed, it produces tall sheaves of sky blue flowers.

There's just time to squeeze in a late

sowing of the red-leaved chicory, which we generally call radicchio. 'Rossa di Treviso' is an old Italian variety with bright red, pointed leaves, a decorative enough vegetable to grow in the flower garden. It is very hardy. Sow the seed no more than half-an-inch deep, in rows about 1ft apart. As the plants develop, thin them out until the remaining ones stand about 1ft apart. You can use the thinnings in salads.

The ideal way to pick chicory and endive is to remove a few leaves at a time, from young, scrunchy plants. If you want to cut a whole head, make the cut an inch or so above the neck. Then the plant will sprout again.

Sugar loaf chicory is the one that looks like a cos lettuce, with tall leaves wrapped around a tight heart. You don't need to blanch it as you do with the Belgian, bomb-like chicory. 'Crystal Head' (Marshall's, 95p) is a sturdy variety that takes more frost than lettuce can stand. 'Bianca di Milano' (Suffolk, 85p) is a reliable Italian variety. You can either leave the plants as they stand, and use them as a cut-and-come-again crop (start cutting when the leaves are about 3in high), or thin the plants out to about 1ft apart to grow on into adults.

The Oriental equivalents of these crops are mibuna, pak choi and Chinese cabbage. They are also ideal for autumn planting. If

you want to cheat (as I do) you can order young plants to set direct into the ground. Marshall's is offering 60 plants for £9.95. You get a dozen each of five different kinds, including the vigorous mibuna called 'Green Spray'.

Mibuna has long, narrow leaves that grow in an elegant clump, arching out slightly from the centre. The clumps can be almost 2ft across. Like its cut-leaved relative mizuna, it prefers cool to heat. If you treat it as a cut-and-come-again plant, you can start to harvest a crop within a month. The flavour is mild, if you eat the leaves young. They toughen up as they age. It is equally good raw in a salad, or used in a quick stir-fry.

The other vegetables in Marshall's Oriental package are the pak choi 'Mei Qing Choi', kai lan, which you use a bit like our sprouting broccoli, a hybrid Chinese kale called 'Autumn Poem', and the Chinese cabbage 'Kasumi'. Stuffed cabbage recipes usually stipulate European-style cabbage, but the Chinese type is just as good, and doesn't need so much cooking.

Orders for oriental vegetables must be in by the end of August. Contact S.E. Marshall, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire PE13 2RF (01945 466711). Suffolk Herbs are at Monks Farm, Coggeshall Rd, Kelvedon, Essex CO5 9PG (01376 572456).

## WEEKEND WORK

Start a lavender hedge by taking cuttings (3-4ins long) of non-flowering shoots and sticking them round the edge of a pot of sandy compost. Keep them in the cold frame or a shady place where they will not dry out too quickly. Rooted plants can be set out next spring.

Deutzias can also be propagated now. They are medium-sized shrubs no more than 5ft high and wide, covered in clusters of flowers, white, pink or purple. Choose half-ripe lateral shoots (those that grow out from a main stem) and set them in sandy compost in pots or a cold frame. Rooted plants can be set out next autumn. Philadelphus, senecio and shrubby grey-leaved artemisia such as *A. arbuscula* can be treated in the same way.

If you can bear to, cut back any violas and pansies that you want to increase, and cover the crown of the plant with a finely sifted mixture of sandy soil. This will encourage the plant to produce some good oew growths. You can then pull these out with a few roots attached and pot them up to grow on as new plants.

Take cuttings from tender plants such as geraniums, fuchsias, helichrysms and penstemons. All these root easily in small pots, but must be given frost protection through the winter before they are planted out again late next spring.

Cut back tarragon, mint, savory and other such herbs. This will force them to make useful fresh new growth. Fennel heads are handsomely in flower now, but need to be cut down before the seeds spread over the garden.

Cyclamen corms that have been resting can be started into growth again now. Clean off all the old leaves, shake any loose soil off the roots and re-pot the corm in the smallest possible pot. Use John Innes No 1 compost or its equivalent and set the corm so that the top just shows above the compost. Spray the corm every day with tepid water to start it into growth. Do not bring the plant into the house until there are at least four flowers in bud.

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## gardening

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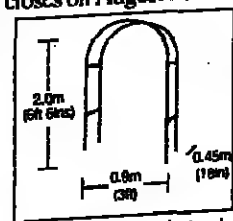
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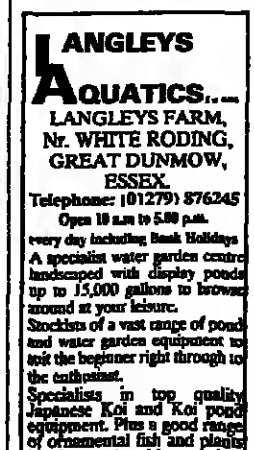


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**Ann Widdecombe (age 48)**  
**Occupation:** MP  
**Read:** "Every one" of Blyton's books.  
**Favourite Series:** Mallory Towers (set in a girls' boarding school). They were really exciting.  
**Favourite character:** Big Ears – he was endearing.  
**Influence?** They encouraged me to read, read and read. The best stimulus to a child's mind is the development of an active imagination in a creative, yet structured form – enter Enid Blyton.  
**Politically correct?** I loved my golliwog. Would you/have you bought Blyton for your own or other children? Yes.

**Clare Short (age 51)**  
**Occupation:** Secretary for International Development  
**Read:** Quite a few I think of the Famous Five and Secret Seven. They were an easy read. I read lots of other books as well. My favourite character: George the monkey. [Georgia of the Famous Five] I think like many women I identified with the more independent-minded girl character.  
**Influence?** Not a lot.  
**Politically correct?** My upbringing celebrated all the values that are now described as politically correct; they were, and are, strong in me. I didn't object to Enid Blyton, but I did recognise that the books were a bit trivial, but I still enjoyed reading them.  
**Would you/have you bought Blyton for your own or other children?** Probably not. I wouldn't ban them, but I feel that there are other, perhaps better, books available.

**George Player (age 48) Occupation:** Features Editor for *Period House* magazine.  
**Read:** *Famous Five*.  
**Favourite series:** *Famous Five*, they were good adventure stories.  
**Favourite character:** Probably one of the boys.  
**Influence?** The *Famous Five* had good action holidays. My children I hope have had something of the same, but with pretend rather than real-life baddies. I finally stopped reading *Endeavour* books

**Politically correct?** My memory is that the children seemed normal, natural and polite. The politically correct aspect of some children's books today is so laboured that it overpowers the storyline. Would you have you bought *Bytton* for your own or other children? Yes.

**Fern Britton (age 39)**  
**Occupation:** Currently presenter of *Ready, Steady Cook*  
**Read:** All the adventure and mystery stories plus school books such as Malory Towers  
**Favourite series:** The adventure and mystery ones. I loved the gripping nature of them – honestly! They left me totally spellbound. I identified with all the characters, and I also loved the fact that adults didn't interfere.  
**Influence:** They created a huge extra dimension to my childhood, a childhood shared with the characters. They were my adventures, too.  
**Politically correct?** No.  
**Would you/have you bought Blyton for your own or other children?** Yes.

**Giffa Gakpeto (age 32)**  
**Occupation:** Law graduate, from Ealing, Middlesex, working in Intellectual Property protection.  
**Read:** Famous Five and Secret Seven at home in Ghana.  
**Favourite series:** The "Adventure" series. I loved the suspense and the tension the stories created.  
**Influence:** It enlightened me, and showed me how other kids behaved and reasoned. Politically correct? No.  
**Would you/have you bought Blyton for your own or other children?** Yes.

**Maria Savva (age 24)**  
Greek, grew up in Haringey.  
**Occupation:** Economics PhD student.  
**Read:** Twenty Minute Stories, later the Famous Five.  
**Favourite Series:** While the stories for younger children drew me in as a Blyton fan, when it came to the series written for older children the love affair with Blyton was over.  
**Politically correct?** The characters did not seem exotic enough to be truly exciting, yet they were far enough removed from my life and experience growing up in

Haringey so that I could just not identify with them. They were just too middle-class for my liking.

Would you have you bought Blyton for your own or other children? No.

Andrew Davenport (age 31)

Occupation: Writer and co-creator of the television programme *The Teletubbies*.

Read: *The Adventure of the Wishing Chair* and *The Secret Seven*.

Favourite series: *Secret Seven*.

Favourite character: *The Wishing Chair* was a personal favourite – an ordinary dining room chair that could grow wings and fly.

Influence? For my generation books by Blyton were often the first books that were engaging, as well as being cheap, readily available and easy to read. I think she deserves credit for introducing thousands of children to independent reading.

Politically correct? I remember being slightly baffled by the fact that characters always went away to school and had very large gardens and playrooms, but I don't think as a child you really question this. I think you're far too preoccupied with the notion of a chair that might be able to fly than with social issues.

**Would you have you bought Blyton for your own or other children? Yes.** I don't see why not. Children's culture has boomed in recent years and there is a lot more to choose from and I am not sure that Blyton would be at the top of a list. I certainly would not prevent a child from reading any book they found fulfilling.

**Charles Kennedy (38)**  
**Occupation:** Agricultural and Rural Affairs spokesperson, Liberal Democrat Party.  
**Read:** *The Famous Five*, *Mallory Towers* and *The Secret Seven* series.  
**Favourite Series:** *Secret Seven*. The mystery plots and all the detail appealed to me.  
**Influence:** I would say that her books added to my imagination. I ultimately stopped reading them because they all belonged to my elder sister and she outgrew them.  
**Politically correct?** Some of the references in her books were decidedly middle-class English, and thus alien to me as a Scot.  
**Would you have you bought Blyton for your own or other children?** Yes.

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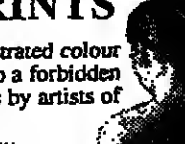
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# Experts who can tell the winners from the dogs

It's a long way from the catwalk to the High Street. Linda Watson reports on the fashion buyers



From catwalk to high street shop, via the fashion buyer. Deirdre Kelly, above, is fashion director for Brown Thomas, a Dublin department store

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: MAXWELLS

once met a fashion buyer who hadn't slept for a month. He wasn't ill, or jet lagged. He hadn't been harassed, divorced or bereaved. He was en route to a nervous breakdown with bags the size of Vuitton trunks under his eyes because he had been to a fashion show and hadn't bought a particular style of white shirt.

No wonder some buyers are on edge: sitting either side of the catwalk, separated by a pristine oblong, the odd supermodel, and a pair of nervous tension are two types of people: one tells us what to wear, the other puts their money where their mouth is. Fashion pundits can say what they like: black is the new navy, luxury is better than velvet, or Harry Hill's shirts are the best thing since sliced bread. When it comes to human beings in designer labels, the buck stops with one: the buyer who decided to buy the collection in the first place. "I understand pretty well the motives of the press," says Josephine

Turner, co-owner of the Knightsbridge designer emporium A La Mode. "Fundamentally, the aims are the same but the difference is that they are translating their thoughts into photographs and ink. Women think this is what's happening and that's an end to it. Buyers are the people who have to sell it. Ultimately, our responsibility is far greater."

The main purpose of a fashion show is to launch a two-pronged attack on the purse strings: first, generate the publicity. Next, get the sales. Often, the two are mutually massaging. Occasionally they exist in solitary confinement. Which is why the snakeskin jacket with Quasimodo shoulders, or the hat with horns growing out the side may have a starring role in your glossy catwalk report, but rest assured, there's only one of them - and it's staring at you from the page. "You can pretty much spot the winners from the dogs," says Liz McCarthy, Fashion Director at Selfridges. "There are many looks

that are just done for the show. Even with the more wearable ones, there is room for manoeuvre: you know instinctively if a dress ends up around the bum on the catwalk, it will be a decent length when you buy it."

Fashion buyers do far more than just buy clothes. They choose colours, sizes, quantities and shapes. They need to know what will go with what, who goes where, and which labels will live happily as next-door neighbours on the shop floor. With budgets from £30,000 per season for small independents to millions for department stores, they must know what went cold last season and what's about to be hot. The composite fashion buyer would be part psychic, part gambler, a walking advertisement for designer style with the psychological make-up of Paul McKenna and John McCrick. "We always say 90 per cent success, 10 per cent sale rate," says Deirdre Kelly, Fashion Director at Brown Thomas, a beautiful Dublin department

store which sells Prada, Armani and Gucci to locals and to celebrity residents of Paddywood. Ask buyers the burning question - how to pick stars from thousands of potentials - and they echo the same sentiment: it's not enough to have good taste - you need to put yourself in the position of the customer. "You are on the road to disaster if you choose your own personal taste," says Liz McCarthy. "Obviously, it plays a part, but it's a case of keeping your eyes open, listening to feedback from the press, trusting your gut feeling. You can't get too emotive about it." Josephine Turner agrees. "Sometimes I might see a dress which is absolutely exquisite but I don't buy it because it will be too difficult to sell. Being beautiful isn't everything: it just won't fit into any lifestyle."

According to one model who has seen them in action, "There are two breeds of buyer: the quite eccentric, quirky woman who has a little shop in the counties, has

a zany way of putting things together and often buys for specific customers in mind. Then there is the department-store buyer. The British will arrive with one assistant and a laptop. The New York contingent are more like the Mafia, with 10 assistants and an unwritten rule that everyone knows their place - even down to who holds the Polaroids."

For some buyers, the task is more complicated. Claire Locke co-owns Artigiano, a mail-order company which sells Italian clothes to British women. She never sees her customers in the flesh. "Selling via a shop is completely different. If you see a fabric you like you can touch it, feel it. With a catalogue, there is a lot of trust involved."

Consider the case of Susan Whiteley. As Buying Director for Harvey Nichols, she scours the collections for tasty designer morsels, but has to put another head on when buying for Leeds. "In London, we have quite a big tourist customer and a

very wealthy W1 customer with a huge disposable income. She might spend £20-£30,000 in one go. In Leeds, it's a different story. They don't want a Moschino jacket that is brand identifiable. They move in a smaller social circle. The last thing they want is someone to say, 'God, she's got that jacket on again.' What about the Ladies who Lunch? "We realised there was a gap in our market there. So next season we're selling Versace couture - exclusive to us and the shop on Bond Street - which costs £11-12,000 per piece."

Fashion purists are rare: Mrs Gill Smythman has been selling Jean Muir on the outskirts of Birmingham to a hardcore following for 30 years. "Sometimes I might throw a dress on the sofa and watch it form its own shape. Often, I'm lying in bed and I just like looking at them hanging on the outside of my wardrobe. It doesn't matter how old they are, or if the first bloom's gone off. They're works of art. Much more than just clothes."

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**Sara Eden**  
PERSONAL INTRODUCTIONS  
1. Strongest success rate. 2. Confidential. 3. No commitment. 4. No cost. 5. No time limit. 6. No hassle. 7. No stress. 8. No pressure. 9. No awkward questions. 10. No awkward answers. 11. No awkward silences. 12. No awkward looks. 13. No awkward feelings. 14. No awkward thoughts. 15. No awkward actions. 16. No awkward reactions. 17. No awkward responses. 18. No awkward comments. 19. No awkward suggestions. 20. No awkward offers. 21. No awkward promises. 22. No awkward threats. 23. No awkward warnings. 24. No awkward advice. 25. No awkward criticism. 26. No awkward praise. 27. No awkward compliments. 28. No awkward insults. 29. No awkward jokes. 30. No awkward puns. 31. No awkward riddles. 32. No awkward mysteries. 33. No awkward secrets. 34. No awkward lies. 35. No awkward truths. 36. No awkward facts. 37. No awkward figures. 38. No awkward dates. 39. No awkward times. 40. No awkward places. 41. No awkward things. 42. No awkward people. 43. No awkward animals. 44. 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No awkward ambitions. 1045. No awkward dreams. 1046. No awkward wishes. 1047. No awkward desires





If you prefer your drink shaken instead of stirred, then you'll need a cocktail shaker like this bullet-shaped one at £34.95 as well as a mixing glass (£5.95); both from Jerry's Home Store

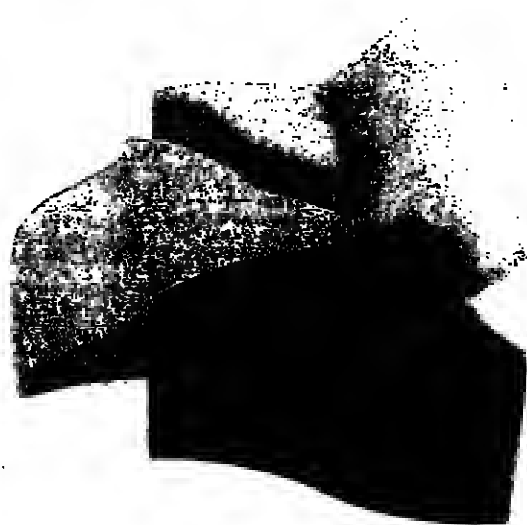


If you prefer your margarita frozen then invest in an ice crusher such as this stainless steel machine at £65 from The Catalogue at Presents Direct, mail order 0171 371 7017

This glass and aluminium coffee table (£715) from Purves & Purves is perfect to place your drinks on

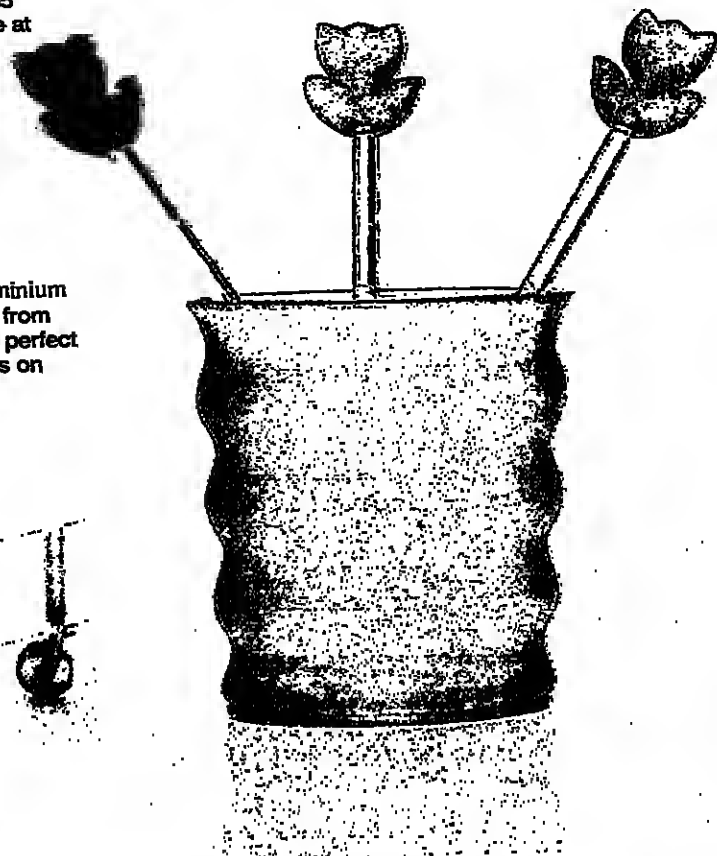
### The Time: Evening The Place: Cocktail party

**The Essentials:** Be prepared for the trendiest type of cocktail party yet. They're big in New York and they're heading over here - everything from your swizzle stick to your lounge chair should be sharp, smart and very retro



Sip your dry Martini on one of these trendy geometric interlocking seats priced £329 each from Purves & Purves

These tulip shaped swizzle sticks (99p each) will add a shot of colour to any cocktail glass Matching glasses are priced £2.95. From The Pier



**Dry Martini** Nine parts of gin, one tenth of dry Vermouth. Stir and serve.

**Bloody Mary** Put six dashes of Worcestershire sauce, three dashes of Tabasco, and a pinch of salt and pepper in a shaker, add the juice of half a lemon, two ounces of vodka and finally tomato juice. Shake and serve.

## Under the counter with Lindsay Calder

Next month I will be twenty-nine. So you know what that means, this time next year... I've spent the last couple of years not really remembering whether I was 26 or 27 or 28 - no worries. But I can see now that this was a kind of sub-conscious avoidance of *anno Domini*, refusing to acknowledge the GMT of my biological time-clock.

A recent catalogue of events has made me realise, with horror, that lots of people are younger than me. For instance last week I learned that my ex-boss's eighteen year old son was going out with a twenty-eight year old woman who is a model for the artist Lucien Freud. I remember when this sweet fair-haired boy had his first day at Eton, how he used to come into the office during the holidays, all shy and awkward. Now he is 6ft-4, and with this woman, who according to an ex-colleague, Freud paints "beaver and all".

Then there are all these girls who have barely even finished their GCSEs, writing best-sellers in their bedrooms. And of course, the Spice Girls. The "affectionately-named" Baby Spice is twenty-one, 5ft-2, and enjoys such celebrity that - you know what - the competition on the front page of my local paper this week is "a once in a lifetime chance to win Baby Spice's plaster cast". Can you believe that? (She injured her wrist in Turkey last month, apparently). It's just gross.

Next year I will even be too old to go on a Club 18-30 holiday. Not that I particularly want to go, you understand, but I can't bear the idea of being too old for anything. There is, of course, a solution. A friend of mine, who shall remain nameless, has been lying about her age for the last few years. I recently met her in a bar, where she had to

prime me at the door: "look everyone here thinks I'm twenty-eight. OK? Please don't say anything".

We later spent hours agonising over our imminent decrepitude, discussing everything from wrinkle cream in contraception, along the lines of "mine are much worse than yours" and "are you sure that's safe?" After going through *Phytocream*, *Primordiale*, *Ferri-sona*, the *Pill*, and a few gallons of *Chardonnay*, she had a brainwave: "I know, let's get our belly-buttons pierced". This was a desperate attempt to recapture the flat-stomached, come-and-get-it, dnn't-give-a-shit golden youth we once knew, but unless I go to Marbella for my holidays and hang out with a bunch of eighteen year olds, who the hell is going to see this thing? Then if the idea of it is to ensnare a muscular young toyboy, what happens - as he too would presumably have a belly-button ring - in *flagrant delicto* if your rings get caught? The thought is too awful. "No" I said. "It would run against the waistband of my Nicole Farhi suit, you'll have to think of something else".

She, however, is going for it - I hope it helps. Meanwhile I'm kicking myself over the hill with intensive sessions in the gym, lashings of *Primordiale*, cans of caffeine-loaded drinks and definitely not reading "Cosmopolitan's Thirty Things You Should Have Done by Thirty".

*Primordiale Serum by Lancôme*, £37 from Fenwick, 63 New Bond Street, London, W1. *Anti-aging Phytocream*, 60ml, £9.85 from Verde, 15 Flask Walk, Humpstead, London NW3.

*Navel piercing*, £25-75, depending on choice of ring, (about 100 other parts of the body can also be pierced...) *Metal Morphosis Body Piercing Studio*, 10/11 Moor Street, Solihull, London W11.

THE INDEPENDENT INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

# Lunch at MEZZO for £10

And receive a complimentary glass of Laurent-Perrier Champagne

The Independent and the Independent on Sunday are giving you the opportunity to enjoy a two course lunch at Mezzo for just £10 or a two course dinner for £17.50. Every Independent diner will also receive a complimentary glass of Laurent-Perrier Champagne.

The Independent diner making the reservation, and all their guests will be able to choose a starter and main course, or a main course and dessert from the specially prepared Independent menu - samples of which were printed yesterday (the menu will be subject to change throughout the course of the offer). Alternatively, you can have a three course lunch for £13.50 or a three course dinner for £21.50. The promotion is valid until September 20 only in the Mezzo Downstairs restaurant.

### How to Book

Phone Mezzo Downstairs in advance on 0171 314 4000 to make your reservation. Identify yourself as an Independent diner, and quote the password - 'Mezzindy'. The lunch offer is available every day, except Saturdays, while you can take advantage of the dinner offer between Sundays and Wednesdays. Pre-booking is essential and all bookings are subject to availability.

Laurent-Perrier Brut is the perfect aperitif Champagne showing excellent balance, freshness and delicacy. Known for its quality and reliability, Laurent-Perrier's finesse makes it the perfect introduction to any meal.



● Mezzo opened in September 1995 at 100 Wardour street, London W1, and is reputedly the largest restaurant in Europe.

The menu is based on traditional foods with the emphasis on high quality, fresh ingredients used to create simple, classic dishes: grills, rotisseries, and of course, crustacea.

"I hope that Mezzo gives people such a thrill and excitement that their jaws drop when they see it for the first time; the enormous, open void between Mezzonine upstairs and Mezzo restaurant downstairs; the dramatic, curvaceous staircase; the theatre of the opened-up kitchens; specially commissioned artwork. Wow!"

- TERENCE CONRAN



## Win a Mezzo Dinner Party

In addition to the Mezzo lunch and dinner offer, The Independent and Independent on Sunday are running an exclusive competition whereby John Torode will prepare and cook for a private dinner party (for up to 8 people) in the home of one Independent reader.

John Torode, well known for his TV work, is "The Chef" at Mezzo and is responsible for all food in a restaurant which on any given day can serve up to 2000 people. John will plan the menu with the winner and prepare a 3 course dinner with a selection of wines to complement the meal. Mezzo will also provide their Sommelier, Kate Thal, to serve your guests.

A budget of £250 will be made available for purchase of food and wine. The dinner party can be arranged for any time between October 1st 1997 and January 31st 1998.

### How To Enter

All you have to do is prepare your answer to the following questions:

1. What does the Italian word 'Mezzo' mean in English?
2. Which famous music club formerly stood on the site of Mezzo at 100 Wardour Street?

Then telephone the following number: 0930 563 700

Leave your answers to the two questions, together with your name, address and daytime telephone number. Calls cost 50p per minute at all times. Your calls should last no longer than three minutes. Lines will close at midnight on Tuesday 12th August 1997.

**Rules and Conditions:** 1. The competition is open to all UK residents aged 18 or over, except employees of Newspaper Publishing plc and Mezzo, their families, their agents or anyone else connected with the competition. 2. The competition closes at midnight on Tuesday 12th August 1997. Closing time for all entries is midnight on Tuesday 12th August. 3. The winner will be contacted by post or telephone within 28 days of the competition closing date. 4. The prize of a private dinner party at the winner's home (in up to 8 people, consists of the following: John Torode on a specially agreed date to plan the menu and prepare the meal. A budget of up to £250 will be made available from Mezzo for the dinner party. Table settings, crockery, cutlery and glasses will be made available from Mezzo for the dinner party. 5. The date of the dinner party must be arranged at a mutually agreed time for John Torode, who must be chosen at random from those entrants who correctly answer the two questions. 6. The winning entrant will be deemed to be acceptable to these conditions. 7. Entry to the competition is free.

Promoter: Newspaper Publishing plc, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5AR



**the counter**

**T**he RAC's new image is hypocritical: a shallow PR-inspired attempt by a motoring organisation to jump on the green bandwagon. The new crownless logo is a meaningless squiggle, a graphic mess, in contrast to the elegance of the old logo. If I were the RAC, I would give up my membership of the Queen, protest, and join the AA instead. And the new bright-orange RAC breakdown trucks look like Dyno-Rod vans, and are completely inappropriate vehicles for the self-styled "Knights of the Road".

That's what I think, anyway, and that's what I've written in the past.

Neil Johnson, the RAC's chief executive, ex-Sandhurst, ex-Royal Green Jackets and ex-Jaguar director, disagrees. This is not surprising. Many of the new features are his ideas. But instead of merely dropping me a snotty letter and wiping my name off the list for new RAC road atlases (for review, of course), he said: "Let's talk".

So we are. I'm in his big office, overlooking Cockspur Street, right next to Trafalgar Square. He says thanks for coming, and I say "Isn't the new image just an upshot of research you've commissioned that says the RAC is a rusty old organisation, about as in touch with everyday issues as Bertie Wooster, and some clever ad people have now come up with a new identity to boost business?" Or words to that effect.

He says, "Yes, partly," and that rather disarms me. "All organisations have to take stock of where they're at, and prepare for change. On our centenary, it seemed a good time to do that. Our corporate identity hadn't changed since 1972, so we thought it was time. But this isn't just a PR campaign. There is real substance behind our claims. If there wasn't, it would all be bullshit."

Mr Johnson says that the next 20 years will see as many changes for motorists as the first two decades after the car was invented. "Not so many years ago, people joined the RAC because there was a reasonable expectation that, on a long trip, your journey would be interrupted by a breakdown. That just isn't true any more. But, increasingly, there is a reasonable expectation of long delays owing to congestion. One of our main thrusts, in the new-look RAC, is to be able to help our members avoid delay, and keep them on the move."

The RAC's solution sounds like some sort of science fiction. Increasingly, though, the measures are science fact. "We'll not only tell members what the traffic is like before setting out - we do that already,

# Nerds of the road

Gavin Green  
is impressed by  
the new-look RAC's  
hi-tech plans

We'll give them individual updates on traffic conditions as they move along." In a nutshell, Mr. Johnson anticipates doing a deal with a mobile phone network so that, as a car moves from one phone cell to another, the RAC tracks its progress. "It's quite easy to anticipate the car's route. If bad traffic lies ahead, we'll ring you on your mobile phone, warn you about the traffic ahead, and suggest an alternative route," Mr. Johnson reckons. "By the end of the decade, we'll be deeply there."

Equally, breakdown services will be revolutionised. The Knights of the Road will be replaced by nerds of the road. Come the new millennium, the on-board computers already fitted as standard to most modern cars will notify the RAC - via the car's mobile phone, about an imminent problem. "At the moment, the on-board computer diagnostic equipment is used when the car is being serviced but, on the move, it is incapable of transmitting



**Driven man:** Neil Johnson, RAC's chief executive

**PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW BUURMAN**

this information. In the future, it will. It will tell us automatically about an imminent problem, we'll ring you in your car, and suggest you meet an RAC van in a certain location."

Mr Johnson says that an organisation dealing with such "hi-tech" issues needed a new logo, and that the crown, "which is perceived as quite old-fashioned," would not have been appropriate.

"Plus, there is a certain tastelessness in commercially exploiting the crown. A lot of companies just don't like doing that sort of thing any more." The crown stays on the logo of the RAC Motor Sports Association, which controls all British motor sport, and on the logo of the Pall Mall men-only RAC Club. The Queen, far from rushing off to join the AA in a huff, "was fully supportive".

On the RAC's much publicised "greening", Mr Johnson confirms that the RAC "is still a motoring organisation". This is contrary to what was said at the Islington press conference a few months back (even the location was new-wave trendy) at which the RAC was transmogrified into a "mobility" organisation, whatever that means. Before I could cause Mr Johnson too much embarrassment here, he was quick to point out that "the main area of mobility we deal with is, of course, motoring. But it should be obvious that traffic congestion is now at the stage that something has to be done. We're trying to balance the reality of what is happening with a desire to be able to continue to use the private car in a reasonable and enjoyable way, and for it to fit into an overall transport package."

He is encouraged by the new government. "They're talking about a rational, integrated transport policy. Of course, it is going to cost money. It's no good telling people they've got to get out of their cars into public transport. What you've got to do is make public transport more attractive. It must be so user-friendly, so clean, so safe, so efficient and so predictable, that it's no contest. Would you rather sit in a traffic jam, or in clean, well-ventilated public transport?"

He denies that such talk is just a big PR stunt, and that the recent multi-million pound ad campaign – which depicted the RAC as the potential saviours from an environmental Armageddon – is more than just puff to encourage a few more car-owners to join them, rather than the AA. “The ads encouraged people to think in a new way, I hope. Add that to the considerable behind-the-scenes lobbying we do, to encourage the government to offer a proper transport policy, and it is a very tangible plan of action.”

The new-looking RAC will no longer always be in the "build more roads" camp. "The illogical Mr Road-like 'lay more concrete for my car' route just isn't realistic," says Mr Johnson. "But some bypasses still make sense, and we will campaign for them. Equally, the state of British roads is disgraceful. The golden rule - it's better to replace a few slates when the roof leaks, rather than wait so long that you need a new roof - was ignored by the last government. Repairs are desperately needed now."

I leave our 90-minute interview agreeing with almost everything that Neil Johnson says. So much for confrontation. But I still hate the logo, and the vans.



# Pay up, pay up, play the game

**MERCEDES-BENZ  
CLK320**

**Specifications**  
**Price:** \$36,540. **Engine:**  
 3,198cc V6, 18 valve,  
 218hp at 5,600rpm.  
**Five-speed automatic**  
**gearbox, rear-wheel**  
**drive. Performance:** top  
 speed 150mph, 0-60 in  
 7.0 sec. **Fuel**  
**consumption:**  
 23-28mpg

## Rivals

The 328i Coupe Sport  
 25,115; Old sager does  
 everything the Mercedes  
 can, feels more solid and  
 more fun to drive.  
 328i 400 V8 Coupe  
 28,400; Panned by  
*W*intermute, and possibly  
 the most beautiful coupe  
 you can buy. Well-built  
 and a great drive, too.  
 325i 4-door 225 Coupe,  
 22,140; Bigger than the  
 325, but close to  
 oncomparable size. Looks it  
 and feels it too, despite  
 the new V8 engine.  
 325i 4-door 270, 535,500  
 approx. Smart new  
 discharged coupe has  
 been delayed while Volvo  
 tests the quality right, but  
 it's worth the wait.

# ROAD TEST Mercedes-Benz CLK

By John Simister

What could be more desirable than a Mercedes-Benz coupé? Many things, actually: a chateau in the Dordogne, a private income, Raymond Blanc as your next-door neighbour with a communicating door to his kitchen... But, back in the real world, a Mercedes coupé is a fine expression of the more tastefully extravagant things in life.

Few cars have been better advocates of the less-is-more school of automotive temptation. Central to the existence of nearly every coupé is the notion that you pay more than you would for the workaday saloon on which a coupé is usually based, and in return you get less space and less utility but more panache, and visual frissons of desire.

Mercedes-Benzes that have been cut with the stylist's knife, however, lift the notion of spending needless extra money into an almost noble art form, because the sums are so large and the discouragement so subtle.

On this basis the new CLK – lean, lithe, the sportiest-looking full four-seater that Mercedes has ever produced – cannot fail to be a huge hit down Knightsbridge way. In relatively humble CLK 230K form, with a supercharged four-cylinder engine, it costs £4,300 more than a similarly powered C-class saloon, while in grandest CLK 320 specification, with sporty Sport or plush Elegance trim and a fat V6 engine, it's not yours until you've saved up £36,640. And even then you have to pay extra for a sunroof, electric seats and leather trim.

You are, though, driving a Benz. And on this fact is based the UK importer's whole pricing strategy. If the marketeers can get away with it, then who can blame them? There might well be a Peugeot 406 V6 Coupé, broadly similar in on-paper attributes and costing £10,000 less, but it doesn't have The

**Badge.** More fool us? It's intriguing to see that in Germany, the Peugeot is pricier than the Mercedes.

For many people, the foregoing will tell them all they need to know about the CLK. It's a svelte Mercedes coupé, therefore it's desirable and you want one. end of story.

But I'm going to tell you some more, anyway. Unlike its predecessor, the old-shape E-class coupé, the CLK is (loosely) based on the C-class. Not that you'd guess from the way it looks, because its nose has the four-headlamp face of a current E-class and the tail design is also a smaller, sharper version of that big saloon's. *More than ever before*, Mercedes' most accessible coupé is its own car rather than a morph of something more mundane.

That it's good to drive goes almost without saying, although the experience is infused with the competent aloofness that is the hallmark of most Benzes. The CLK 320's V6 motor, part of a new family of engines which are shorter than the straight-sixes they replace so that there's more crumple-room in a crash, sounds and feels much like its ancestors, partly because it has a balancer shaft to smooth out the slight tactile and aural granularity sensed in nearly every other V6.

exhaust valve per cylinder to go with the pair of inlet valves, but it's a very large one. The idea is to keep more heat in the exhaust gases so that the catalyst can work more efficiently. If you're designing an engine today, you start at the exhaust pipe and work forwards. It's a back-to-front world.


This is a quick car, and easy to drive quickly thanks to a slick-shifting five-speed automatic transmission, ample grip and a creamy, fluid demeanour through corners marred only by a rubbery feel to the steering. There's 218hp on tap, but sophisticated traction control (it works with the anti-lock brakes to slow wheels individually and help inhibit a skid) keeps the power channelled in the right direction. And

should you need to stop ultra-suddenly, the braking system senses the urgency of the pedal's movement and applies extra pressure for a quicker halt.

This is all very good and worthy, but in the end the CLK isn't so special as to justify that huge price. Examine the cabin to see why. It's decently made, and designed with the usual Benz logic, but the materials show signs of cost-cutting out of place in a car of this identity. Given the flimsiness of some mouldings, Mercedes is in danger of risking its rock-solid reputation. Of course the CLK is a good car, but so is the stunningly gorgeous-looking and equally capable Peugeot 406 Coupé. I'd rather save £10,000.

**Deceptive Banz:** the lean, lithe and supercharged CLK covers ground with consummate ease and rapidity – but with the equally capable Peugeot 406 Coupe at £10,000 less, what price the three-pointed star?

## motoring

<p>Landrover</p>	<p>Mazda</p>	<p>SAAB</p>	<p>Registration Numbers</p>																																																																																																																																																																								
<p><b>LAND ROVER</b></p> <p><i>Choice</i></p> <p>best choice sensible prices used Discoverys</p> <p><b>FREEPHONE</b> <b>0800 424 414</b></p>	<p><b>MAZDA</b></p> <p><i>Choice</i></p> <p>best choice sensible prices used MX range etc.</p> <p><b>FREEPHONE</b> <b>0800 323 626</b></p>	<p>SAAB Largest Selection in East Anglia. Rushington Station 0223 454002</p> 	<p><b>MARKET RESEARCH</b> 33 DAYS FROM THE CHRYSLER PEO INC</p> <table> <tr> <td>ABA 817</td> <td>1,850</td> <td>PEC 371</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>LS 7772</td> <td>2,200</td> <td>884 RH</td> <td>3,400</td> </tr> <tr> <td>AB 928</td> <td>3,000</td> <td>FLI 32</td> <td>1,700</td> <td>12 NMA</td> <td>6,000</td> <td>882 RD</td> <td>2,600</td> </tr> <tr> <td>84 DCC2</td> <td>5,000</td> <td>GRH 56</td> <td>2,500</td> <td>MR 35A</td> <td>800</td> <td>887 286</td> <td>2,800</td> </tr> <tr> <td>ROAD COMANY</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>PCN</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>MR 35B</td> <td>800</td> <td>881 X1</td> <td>4,200</td> </tr> <tr> <td>2A BEA</td> <td>2,200</td> <td>GCOW 257</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>UNAVAILABLE (C)</td> <td></td> <td>885 13</td> <td>2,000</td> </tr> <tr> <td>BA 702</td> <td>2,000</td> <td>MAF 387</td> <td>750</td> <td>886 SW</td> <td>1,700</td> <td>886 S 5</td> <td>5,000</td> </tr> <tr> <td>808 B</td> <td>5,000</td> <td>H42 56</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>MS 56</td> <td>7,000</td> <td>ST 8231</td> <td>3,000</td> </tr> <tr> <td>805 RS</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>MCN 820</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>MUN 820</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>8 TIES</td> <td>2,600</td> </tr> <tr> <td>60 BYK</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>HO 3061</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>MY 9438</td> <td>2,000</td> <td>225 TMA</td> <td>1,900</td> </tr> <tr> <td>(90 BAGE)</td> <td></td> <td>HR 69</td> <td>3,000</td> <td>NC 1</td> <td>22,500</td> <td>800 LICK</td> <td>700</td> </tr> <tr> <td>CNW 680</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>RRJ 201</td> <td>2,000</td> <td>NBCHT</td> <td>400</td> <td>LF 4</td> <td>3,800</td> </tr> <tr> <td>50 CUM</td> <td>2,500</td> <td>LI 6766</td> <td>2,400</td> <td>OTV 17</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>8 UPE</td> <td>1,500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>285 CFC</td> <td>1,600</td> <td>JRS 400</td> <td>2,000</td> <td>OTV 177</td> <td>600</td> <td>GI USA</td> <td>2,500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>170 DA</td> <td>1,400</td> <td>888 JW</td> <td>3,000</td> <td>PCS 68</td> <td>3,200</td> <td>VER 558</td> <td>1,250</td> </tr> <tr> <td>479 DCL</td> <td>1,350</td> <td>864 K250</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>SS33</td> <td>3,000</td> <td>(VERNONSWAY)</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>US 690</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>YOL 383</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>RAY AOK</td> <td>1,800</td> <td>WUN 01</td> <td>1,450</td> </tr> <tr> <td>DS 8946</td> <td>1,400</td> <td>1A0Z 77</td> <td>2,800</td> <td>RER 938</td> <td>1,400</td> <td>(PORSCHES)</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>LS347 DW</td> <td>2,000</td> <td>LAC 177</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>RFB 750</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>282 WM</td> <td>1,200</td> </tr> <tr> <td>84 E28</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>LAC 177</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>TRICCO</td> <td>2,500</td> <td>1XXX</td> <td>6,000</td> </tr> <tr> <td>ESB 74</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>LIX 268</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>RDM 78</td> <td>2,200</td> <td>(NEW JAC JO)</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>FAZ 22</td> <td>1,000</td> <td>LRP 227</td> <td>1,000</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	ABA 817	1,850	PEC 371	1,000	LS 7772	2,200	884 RH	3,400	AB 928	3,000	FLI 32	1,700	12 NMA	6,000	882 RD	2,600	84 DCC2	5,000	GRH 56	2,500	MR 35A	800	887 286	2,800	ROAD COMANY	1,000	PCN	1,000	MR 35B	800	881 X1	4,200	2A BEA	2,200	GCOW 257	1,000	UNAVAILABLE (C)		885 13	2,000	BA 702	2,000	MAF 387	750	886 SW	1,700	886 S 5	5,000	808 B	5,000	H42 56	1,000	MS 56	7,000	ST 8231	3,000	805 RS	1,000	MCN 820	1,000	MUN 820	1,000	8 TIES	2,600	60 BYK	1,000	HO 3061	1,000	MY 9438	2,000	225 TMA	1,900	(90 BAGE)		HR 69	3,000	NC 1	22,500	800 LICK	700	CNW 680	1,000	RRJ 201	2,000	NBCHT	400	LF 4	3,800	50 CUM	2,500	LI 6766	2,400	OTV 17	1,000	8 UPE	1,500	285 CFC	1,600	JRS 400	2,000	OTV 177	600	GI USA	2,500	170 DA	1,400	888 JW	3,000	PCS 68	3,200	VER 558	1,250	479 DCL	1,350	864 K250	1,000	SS33	3,000	(VERNONSWAY)		US 690	1,000	YOL 383	1,000	RAY AOK	1,800	WUN 01	1,450	DS 8946	1,400	1A0Z 77	2,800	RER 938	1,400	(PORSCHES)		LS347 DW	2,000	LAC 177	1,000	RFB 750	1,000	282 WM	1,200	84 E28	1,000	LAC 177	1,000	TRICCO	2,500	1XXX	6,000	ESB 74	1,000	LIX 268	1,000	RDM 78	2,200	(NEW JAC JO)		FAZ 22	1,000	LRP 227	1,000				
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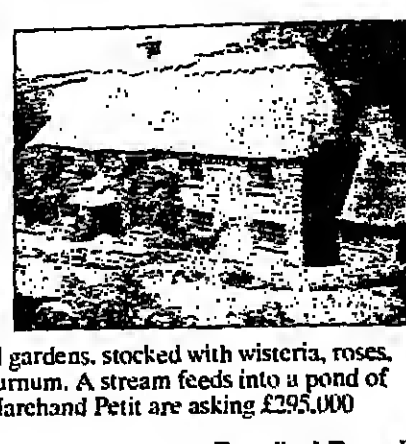


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Even though there are no figures to show that illness can be triggered by domestic noise, it can

is just an aha away from the market. Once that, the opera is now being prosecuted for breaching noise levels, does she feel this would reduce the value of her house were she to sell? "Far from it," she says. "Opera has such amazing snob appeal, there are no doubt people who would relish the idea of living so close. It's a bizarre situation."

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# Bull market throws up another hazard: information overload

When I moved from working as a fund manager for one of the larger investment houses to the investment management department of a stockbroking firm, I thought I would be spared the piles of paper that used to greet me on my desk when I returned from our breakfast meeting each morning. If my hope was for less to read in a broking environment, I was wrong. Just as many trees were cut down satisfy broker/managers as had been the case in the rarefied atmosphere of a merchant bank.

For a brief period, particularly during that time of unnatural quiet that separated the 1987 crash from the Gulf War, the flow of paper lessened. It was too good to last. Gradually the paper flow has picked up. We must be in the bull market to end all bull markets. Speed-reading skills are needed as never before. There can be such a thing as too much information. We have it now.

Let me give you a taste of this week's offerings. Both Nationwide and Halifax are urging me to look at the performance of the housing market. One says growth is slowing, with the year-on-year rise down on June's figure.

The other suggests house prices are as buoyant as ever. It is easy to see why the two are not making the same noise.

Halifax has a very broadly based business, stretching throughout the UK. Its contention that house prices rose by a mere 0.1 per cent during July reflects the very uneven nature of the house price recovery. London has been the leader in restoring values to the home owner. Gradually, we are learning from Nationwide, the good performance in the capital is spreading out to the home counties – but this is of much less importance to Halifax customers, who are buying houses the length and breadth of the land.

Still, Nationwide's contention that house prices rose by more than 10 per cent during the past year (Halifax could not even manage 7 per cent) shows just how strong the South-east has been. London actually delivered a 17.5 per cent increase, according to its survey, even though the rise now seems to be slowing.

Interestingly, the recovery in the housing market is delivering less of a feelgood factor than has been the case in the past. Arguably we do not need it.



Brian Tora

More than £30bn has fallen into the laps of mutual society members, including Halifax borrowers, some of which has been recycled into the real economy.

Which brings me neatly on to the next pile of paper I need to read. As chairman of the investment strategy committee at Greig Middleton, there are reams of opinion to digest ahead of our regular monthly meeting – some considered, some speculative. Among the more interesting items for inclusion in this week's deliberations was the continued remarkable performance of the financial sector.

'During that time of quiet that separated the 1987 crash from the Gulf War the flow of paper lessened. It was too good to last'

themselves as candidates for the dole queue are unlikely to fill the shoes put out by employers anxious to take advantage of new opportunities.

According to Create, the originators of the report, those with creative, flexible minds are needed to deal with new customers and offer new services. It is the back-office jobs that will vanish.

Much of the bloodletting is likely to take place in the banking world. Banks have certainly been in the vanguard of the market rise. The emotionally charged 5,000 barrier was breached decisively this week. It joins many other targets in falling to the bulls as the global rush into equities continues. Is Nemesis waiting around the corner? It is a foolish forecaster indeed who states that no correction will take place, but there is no sign that a reversal of fortune is approaching.

In the US bears still outnumber bulls among professional managers. This suggests that there is still institutional liquidity waiting to go into the market. It is undoubtedly true that the supply of equity is contracting as more firms institute share buy-back programmes. Much of the same scenario exists on

this side of the pond. Those managers brave (or foolhardy) enough to announce that cash is king have been taken apart by the market.

Of course, a trend is a trend until it stops. And stop it will at some stage. Meantime investors should remember that all the action is taking place in a small number of large companies. Look further down the list into the FTSE 250 and you will find prices are barely changed on average since the start of the year. Good value can still be found amongst mid cap stocks overlooked in the mad bull rush.

For those who hanker even smaller companies, it is worth considering Electra Investment Trust. A 20 per cent discount on "net asset value" must underestimate a business which has consistently delivered the goods. Not for widows and orphans, but at least a note on this company is unlikely to extend into the reams of paper with which I usually have to contend.

Brian Tora is chairman of Greig Middleton's investment strategy committee and can be contacted on 0171-655 4000.

## The credit trap

Consolidating your debts may not be your best bet, writes Rachel Fixsen

Buying on credit is so easy – it's almost as effortless as letting your credit hills get out of hand. Before you know it, monthly repayments can eat up most of your disposable income and you end up with little left to live on.

Short of winning the lottery, what can you do to escape from this trap? "People have got to be motivated to solve the problem before anything can be done about it," says one debt counsellor.

Financial advisers say many of their clients do not realise just how much interest is charged on the money they borrow, whether on credit cards, personal loans or car payment schemes.

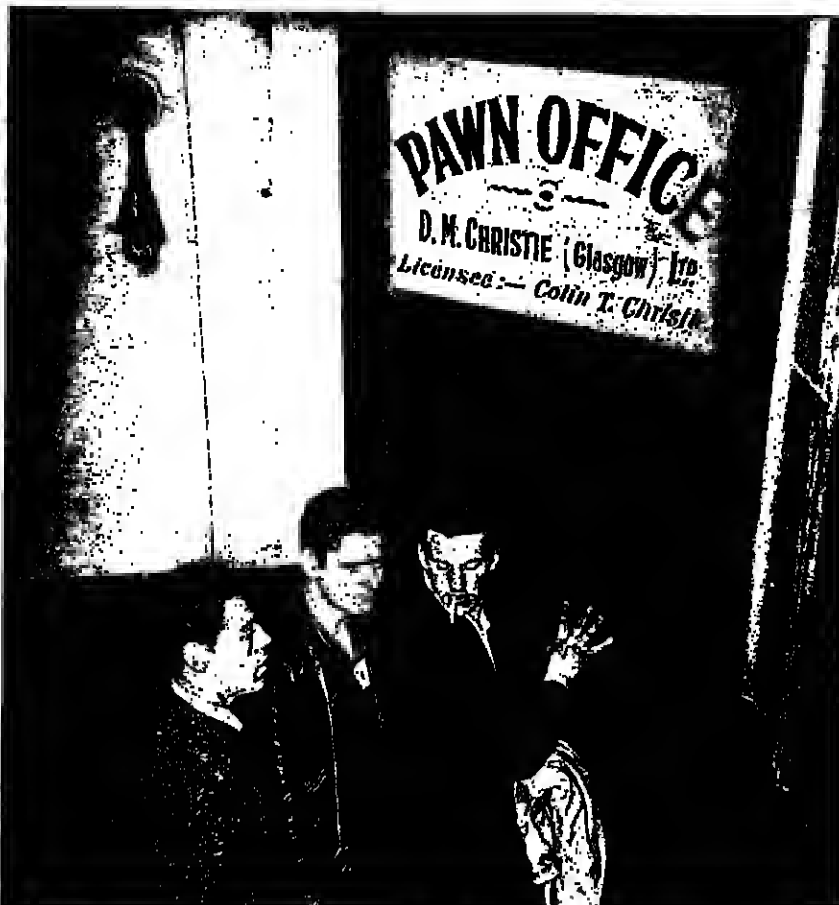
Credit card balances can cost as much as 26 per cent in interest a year, personal loans cost up to 27 per cent and you could pay up to 41 per cent interest on an unauthorised overdraft, according to financial data provider Moneyfacts. The effect of these rates can be crippling.

For example, if you had a £1,000 balance on a furniture store card, a £600 balance on a department store card and owed £1,400 to Barclaycard, then you would probably have to pay a total of £700 a year in interest alone. Add to this repayments on a £70,000 mortgage and a new car, and even someone earning £25,000 could find themselves stretched to meet their minimum payments.

Even if you can't really afford it, it is relatively simple to get access to credit. "The problem is, you can get a Dorothy Perkins store card, and then go next door, and get one from another shop," says Stuart Davidson, of the National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux.

Many organisations share information about how much credit a person already has. This is called white data, as opposed to black data, which includes information about any county court judgements you might have against your name.

When you owe here, there and everywhere, consolidating your debts often



Getting into debt does not have to mean a trip to the pawn shop

seems a attractive idea. If you have property which is not fully mortgaged, remortgaging it to include the amount you would need to pay off your other lenders might make sense. The rate of interest you pay on your mortgage is likely to be lower than on other borrowings.

Sometimes you can get a personal loan at a relatively low interest rate. Royal Bank of Scotland Direct offers loans of between £2,000 and £15,000 at rates between 12.3 per cent and 13.9 per cent – considerably less than most credit cards.

But Mr Davidson points out that as unsecured personal loans are often repaid over a longer period than store cards, you can end up paying more over the whole term.

If you find yourself with problems, the first thing you should do is contact your lenders. "The majority will suspend the interest payments to help you get out of difficulty," Mr Davidson says.

But there's no point in consolidating your borrowings unless you attack the root of the problem. Why did you overspend, and can you stop this pattern of behaviour? "Once you consolidate, if you then

take out more credit, then you aren't doing yourself any favours," he says. Younger people who have not settled down are especially apt to overspend. Spending on items which used to be regarded as luxuries is often seen as essential now.

Peter White, managing counsellor at the Consumer Credit Counselling Service, says staff at the service always work out a priority budget with their clients. "You've got to pay your mortgage, council tax – and food tends to be habit-forming," he says. People can get into serious trouble by using available funds to pay to lenders who shout the loudest rather than keeping up mortgage payments.

Setting a watertight budget helps bring it home to clients that any non-essential spending will mean having to forgo an essential payment, and the consequences of this could be dire.

National Debtline, 0121-359 8501; Consumer Credit Counselling Service, 0800 138 1111; Look in the Yellow Pages under "Counselling and advice agencies" for the Citizens Advice Bureau.

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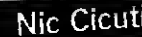
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**SCOTTISH WIDOWS**



Sophisticated players are betting they can squeeze more money by playing the 'discount' game



where discounts to NAV are high and it may be worthwhile committing oneself.

So far so good. But the speculative potential does not end here. One of the features of last week's restructuring of the Fleming Far Eastern Trust, discussed in this column, was the degree to which it was prompted by an external "raider", Elliott Associates. This was a US speculative fund which had the potential to cause trouble by pushing for the assets in the investment trust to be sold off. It may be worth looking at the activities of Andrew Schechtel, whose US firm, Sierra Trading, is active in the market.

How does he pick investment trusts likely to face similar attentions in future? Charles Cade, an analyst at Merrill Lynch, suggests the first thing to look for is evidence of corporate activity generally.

For example, many trusts hold regular votes, on average between three and five years, by shareholders whether to wind themselves up. If the discount to NAV is at least 12-15 per cent, investors would receive a decent return even after wind-up costs.

However, Mr Cade warned "Govett's US Smaller Situations investment trust shareholders, who had such a vote last year, voted to continue."

Carolyn Coke, another analyst at NatWest Securities, agrees that despite a very wide discount to NAV, which at one point reached 18 per cent, Government shareholders remained remarkably loyal.

One fund where a wind-up vote will shortly be taking place is the Edinburgh Dragon Trust, again specialising in the Far East. This trust, whose shareholders vote in November, is trading at a NAV discount of 13 per cent.

What about other trusts where interesting corporate activity is high, or has already been taking place? One fund which may have seen the activities of a raiding party is Govett Oriental, in the Far East including Japan sector. T

including Japan sector. The fund, which has operated at a discount to NAV of up to 17 per cent, closed to a 10 per cent discount. Kleinwort Benson Overseas, in the international capital growth sector, is another fund to watch, Ms Coke suggests.

But she warns that speculation on this level is only suitable for sophisticated investors: "Some of the arbitrageurs are prepared to take a position many months ahead. They will also have hedged their funds, so that they are insulated against the

Ultimately, Mr Cade argues, the purpose of investing must be to obtain good value. While investment trusts are ri-

a rebound on their NA  
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counts to net asset value (NAV) 19

**— Discount**

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**Investment trust discounts to net asset value (NAV) 1992-9**

Based on holdings of investment trusts, the average discount to net asset value (NAV) has fallen from 12% in December 1992 to 5% in December 1993. It has since risen to 10% by December 1998.

	Dec 92	Dec 93	Dec 94	Dec 95	Dec 96	Dec 97	Dec 98
Assets (£bn)	28.34	40.78	45.01	50.34	57.54	64.21	70.21
Net Asset Cap (£bn)	22.46	32.10	36.21	38.77	43.21	48.21	53.21
Discount (%)	24	21	20	24	24	24	24



# You might find this a little painful...

Paying the dentist for treatment can hurt more than the work itself if you are not insured, writes Nic Cicutti

The next time your dentist asks you to open wide, make sure it's your mouth he is talking about and not your wallet. The mounting financial cost of having your teeth seen means many people may prefer painful gums to a depleted bank balance.

NHS dental fees are set by the Government, an issue which has led many dentists to complain that they are being paid too little for the services they provide. The result has been a gradual exodus by many dentists from the state system, leaving parts of the UK and some large cities without dentists willing to offer NHS care.

Even if your dentist is prepared to see you on the NHS, costs can be high.

According to *Which?* magazine, which this month publishes a survey of dental insurance, you are required to pay 80 per cent of your dental costs up to £330 for each course of treatment. Anything over that amount, plus the remaining 20 per cent, is paid by the state.

By contrast, private treatment might cost up to £345 for a gold crown normally available on the NHS for £36, while a small filling for which you pay £4.64 on the NHS will set you back between £18 and £42 from a private practitioner.

While private dentists charge much more, arguably the service is better – at least from some members of the profession. In any case, whether or not this is true hardly matters if you are forced to go private because NHS dentists no longer practice in your area.

If you are paying private rates, insurance is one way of avoiding large and unexpected bills, while helping to spread the cost throughout the year. Some types of insurance also allow you to choose more expensive treatment, such as white fillings in back teeth instead of the metal-looking amalgam.

There are three main types of cover available: capitation, dental insurance and health care cash plans.

Dental insurance schemes		Number of NHS GPs	Maximum age	Maximum age	Out of pocket	Waiting period (months)	Overseas cover (£)	Overseas cover (£)	Overseas cover (£)	Cost per month (£)	Cost per year (£)
Capitation schemes	Dental Cover	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
BUFA	Dental Cover	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
Denplan	Dental Cover	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
Insurance schemes	Carte Blanche	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
Claire	Carte Blanche	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
WPA	Carte Blanche	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
Health care cash plans	Hospital cash plan	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
BCWA	Hospital cash plan	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
OHSE	Hospital cash plan	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
Sovereign Healthcare	Hospital cash plan	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
The Health Scheme	Hospital cash plan	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18
WHCA	Hospital cash plan	65	17	26	25	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18	6 to 18

Capitation schemes: These are budget plans, typically available from your local dentist. You register and are given an initial dental check based on which the practitioner decides how much you should pay on a regular basis. The average monthly cost is £10, although if your mouth looks like an indoor version of a moon crater, this can rise to £25 a week.

There are some potential snags with capitation schemes. One is that you are required to pay for work on your teeth identified in the initial check before you are allowed to join.

Expensive treatment may not be fully covered, but on the other hand cheaper cover means you won't be covered at all. Finally, dentists will only sign up to one

insurer, which means you are given no choice. The most common is Denplan, owned by PPP, which specialises in health and long-term care insurance. Dental insurance schemes: These simply repay the cost of private treatment to the dentist, with some offered by insurers as standalone policies and others part of a medical insurance package.

You typically pay about £100 a year for such a package. But major work may not be covered, while there may also be an excess, leaving you to find the first £5 to £25 of any claim. There may also be a limit to the amount paid out each year or a waiting period before you are allowed to join. As with capitation schemes, you may not be allowed to join if your teeth are not up to scratch.

Health care cash plans: The treatment you receive is a integral part of a package which may include optical treatment and maternity benefits.

Premiums are calculated on a flat-rate basis paid monthly or weekly, and do not depend on the state of your teeth. The plan then pays out a proportion of any dental bills incurred, capped at an upper limit of £100, for instance. Payment takes the form of a reimbursement to you for treatment you have already paid for. The amount you receive depends on the cover you have bought.

However, in addition to the claim limit, you may find a long initial waiting period before making the first claim effectively negates the purpose of taking out such a scheme. Namely, the nasty pain in your upper left molar that drove you to check out the cost of insurance in the first place.

## Best buys in name only

The advice you receive from an IFA may not be independent, writes Simon English

How truly independent is the independent financial advice you receive? Tens of thousands of customers at Bradford & Bingley might well ask themselves this question following a row between the building society and some of its rivals, who accuse it of only recommending the products of a handful of companies that pay commission to the society.

According to the rules laid down by the Personal Investment Authority, the financial watchdog, financial advisers can either be tied to one firm and sell only that firm's products, or be totally independent, recommending from all available products.

The problem is that most big firms of independent advisers screen the products offered to investors. These so-called best-buy panels are widely used by large IFAs, though some are embarrassed to admit it.

When business newspaper *Money Marketing* tried to publish the best-buy panel of Bradford & Bingley, the largest high street IFA, its response was to threaten an injunction.

Why is the society touchy? For some time Bradford & Bingley has differentiated itself from other lenders by stressing the independence of its advice. Unlike most societies, its 400-strong team of advisers is able to recommend the most suitable pension or investment rather than just one company's, or so they say.

Yet a leaked best-buy list shows that consumers who visit B&B to buy a pension of any kind get the choice of just six products – Commercial Union, Legal & General, Scottish Widows, Standard Life, Clerical Medical or Sun Life.

All of these companies are recognised and respected providers, but some experts claim the list is too short to constitute fully independent advice. So why do they do it? Virgin Direct makes the point that all of the products listed pay commission to B&B. Why aren't any non-commission products recommended?

Virgin product development manager Martin Campbell says: "It is outrageous that customers who are told they are getting independent advice are being limited to just six pension companies out of the 70-plus in the market."

"I think these plans are a far cry from being the six best buys from a customer viewpoint and commission-free plans don't even get a look in."

So will you get good advice from B&B? B&B's list is based on research into the performance of the fund managers. B&B makes the point that it spends thousands of pounds on researching which products best suit its clients. Best-buy

panels are updated four times a year to keep companies on their toes.

The society claims to know precisely what kind of customers it gets and what kind of products they need. It is so confident of this, that for certain types of products there are only two options to choose from.

If you are not on our panel, B&B says, you just are not up to scratch. However, there are notable omissions from the panel.

Equitable Life, NPL, Scottish Equitable and National Mutual Life are reckoned by most experts to be leading providers of pensions, but B&B doesn't think so.

Marketing manager Lynn Colman says: "We start with the same universe as everyone else, but we screen lower. As we know our client base and what our customers' needs are, using best-buy panels enables us to look at the best products for our customers."

The plus point is that B&B is able to get deals for customers by being able to promise bulk sales. This could mean that it negotiates lower charges or special product enhancements.

On the downside, it could also mean that the society can demand high amounts of commission. Companies desperate to buy business and force themselves onto panels are offering higher and higher commission rates, up to 40 per cent more than that paid to small IFAs.

It would be a matter of grave concern if the best-buy tables started to reflect the providers with the deepest pockets rather than the best products.

B&B's rivals among IFA firms claim that six companies is far too short a list to pick from and that the use of best-buy panels makes a mockery of independent advice.

Charles Levett-Scrivenor at leading IFA firm Towry Law says: "If their advisers have got so few options, how can it be independent advice, even if they are good options?"

The PIA says it keeps a close eye on best-buy panels and will stamp down hard on any IFA which gives more than 20 per cent of its business to one company. Spokeswoman Sarah Modlock says: "Firms must ensure that clients receive suitable advice."

"Clearly this would not be the case where an independent firm restricts itself to using the same small number of product providers and refuses to discuss products of firms outside that group."

For consumers, the question they ought to be asking next time they speak to a supposedly independent adviser should be: "Who else could you have recommended and how independent are you?"

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Legal & General Investment Management







TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ THE EYE TODAY

Newquay is one of those places that divides its tourist population between people who lose their false teeth at the sight of a mini-skirt and people who don't yet qualify for 18-30 Holidays. Sixth-formers whose parents feel themselves that they can't get up to too much in a week under canvas with their mates. The first-jobbers who inevitably end up sleeping in gutters after work. The place swarms, early evening, with lads who are having to be carried by their mates, girls who have slumped against lamp-posts with their skirts up around their waists. By midnight, the area's pretty much dead.

It's also, it seems, pronounced "Nookie". That was what the conductor called it as the train drew into the station. As if on cue, the half-dozen 17-year-old girls in my carriage, who were off, huge suitcases and separate make-up bags, to share a caravan, leapt from their seats and pressed themselves against the windows when their friend shouted the magic word: "Boys!". "Where?" they cried, and fought to be first on the platform. They don't call it Nookie for nothing.

These girls were obviously not going to make it further than their caravan site, if they made it there at all. Which was a bit of a tragedy for them, because if they had found their way to Fistral beach they would have been in boy heaven. Fistral beach was heaving throughout last weekend with prime examples of the boy thing: lean, muscled, toffee-skinned, salt-bleached boys, mostly falling between the ages of 16 and 22, wearing rubber on the bottom half and, when they were out of the water, nothing on the top. Boys in cool sunglasses, boys with cool haircuts, boys who sat in the sand with their wrists wrapped round their ankles looking serene. Fistral beach, you see, was playing host to the Headwax Surf Festival, and another tribe was finding itself triumphant in the arena of Summer Tribalism.

Saturday was the finals, and the sun, though the rest of the country was awash, had played

hall and was forcing everyone to strip down to the bare minimum. If you'd been anaesthetised, kidnapped and plunked down there, you would have sworn you weren't in England. The surfers had been boiling it out, four at a time, in 30-minute heats, since the previous Tuesday, and the semis were made up of Brazilians, Australians and Californians because, though most extreme sports enthusiasts like to see themselves as more or less anti-establishment, the marketing potential of their activities hasn't gone unnoticed. The labels queue up to put money into spectacles like this: G-Shock, the jelly-coloured unbreakable watch company, beach who wasn't auditioning for something; Baywatch, Point Break II, Invasion of the Body Snatchers, The Midwich Cuckoos.

And when they got on to their boards, they became demigods. From the cliff, hobbling among the breakers in black wetsuits, they looked like a flock of cormorants. But suddenly one would catch a wave, rush inland, gain his feet and turn into a porpoise. They glided down and up, flipped into the air, turned full circles, tossed their manes and were carried by the force of their own momentum all the way up onto the sand. Whenever this happened, the crowd developed that eerie animation of Beverly Hills High: punching the air and shrieking "whoa!"

I understood what they meant, though: this was cool in action. After the final siren, Rob Pescado, hot favourite but ultimately triumphant, rode back in from a couple of hundred yards out on a single wave, standing upright, no tricks. He waved in a couple of kids on the rocks, and then, leisurely, looked down to check the time on his G-Shock. I melted.

We caught a cab back to Nookie Central, where Bernard Manning plays live every Tuesday night and men in vests jingle change in their pockets and fondle their red bits as they feed the fruit machines in the arcades. Sunday morning, we woke to torrential rain. The picture windows of the hotels were heaving with dismal families who sat in rows and ignored each other. I wandered the streets, got excited about finding a tearoom called the Copper Kettle, considered buying a miniature St Michael's Mount for £14.95 or a pearlised loo-roll holder with rampant pixie for £1.99. In the fudge shop on the main street, I found myself standing next to a barefoot Adonis with small goatee beard and pierced nose. "It's lucky it wasn't like this yesterday," I said shyly. He grinned. "Strenth, I know," he said, contriving to fit all five vowels into the simple pronoun, "My hair's as wet as a dingo's belly."



sponsor the whole world series, and other labels fight to put their names on the national heats: thanks to Headwax, Cherry Coke, CK specs and £100,000 of prize money. Cornwall has its place on the world surfing map. No one needs to rob banks to follow the waves these days: sponsorship does it for you.

Knots of staggeringly beautiful bodies drifted up and down the sands, drank from bottles of mineral water, elegantly draped backs of wrists over eyebrows to help them squint at the action out on the water. Last year's competition drew 250,000 people over the week, which must have meant that the whole of the rest of Britain was even dingier than usual. Pierced-nosed and long-stomached, they stood and sat and said not a word to each other: merely gazed at the waves like a chocolate advert. There wasn't a single person on that

# Show the world who's boss



Robert Hanks  
the week on radio

It's possible that in a few years' time, once the dust has settled, historians will come to see that the most destructive phenomenon of the 20th century has been the dominance of management theory. This may sound unlikely, but consider the competition: Stalinism, Nazism - aren't these extreme applications of management theory? What was the Cultural Revolution but re-engineering? What was the First World War but an ambitious example of downsizing, carried out by governments working in co-operation?

What links all these things and management theory is that they all involve reducing people to numbers - perceiving them in essentially economic terms, as units of production and consumption. Certainly Haig's management of his bit of the Western Front during the Great War makes far more sense if you work on the assumption that he regarded conscripted soldiers as disposable, a regrettable inefficient means of mopping up enemy firepower, like a sort of human kitchen-roll.

The connection wasn't made

explicitly, but certainly seemed to lie behind Time and Motion Man (Radio 4, last Saturday), a dramatised feature about Frederick Winslow Taylor, the American industrialist who invented time-and-motion studies. In 1911, Taylor testified before a special congressional committee after the introduction of his management methods into American arsenals and navy yards had sparked protests and strikes, and Mark Rickards used the transcripts (performed by the excellent Colin Stinton and Shane Rimmer) as the framing device for an informa-

tion, impressionistic study of how lives have been damaged by the pursuit of efficiency.

Behind Taylor's theories lay a benevolent justification: that only by increasing productivity could mankind raise his standard of living. But as he saw it, such an increase faced two massive obstacles: the laziness and the stupidity of the working man. The solution, Taylor decided, was minute supervision, to get the working man to work more efficiently, and to stop him skiving off to the toilets for a fag every 10 minutes.

Taylor's attempt to formulate principles of "scientific management" clearly had a lot in common with the Marxist attempt to create a scientific version of history. In both cases, an enterprise that started out with philanthropic aims ran up against the profoundly irrational, irreducible nature of human desire; and, in both cases, the result was conflict. But admitting that, and the awfulness of management theory, you could still feel that Rickards' programme went a tad over the top, with its great slabs of

Pierced-nosed and long-stomached, they stood and sat and said not a word to each other, merely gazed at the waves like a chocolate advert

# I fear the Greeks baring breasts



Jasper Rees  
the week on television

It was a week of mixed fortunes for British commentators on in Athens for World Athletics (BBC1 and BBC2, all week).

"The thing for John is to hold that position," said Brendan Foster of our man in the 1,500 metres final, and within nanoseconds he had been overtaken by all those runners who weren't already in front of him. He finished ninth. Still, in times of trial, it's important to think positive, and there's no doubt that the world championships have provided a useful learning curve for our commentary squad. In their armoury they now have more ways of saying "And he'll be really disappointed with that performance" than any other box in the world. And when it comes to building up the viewers' hopes of national victory, they can henceforth be confident of a place on the rostrum at the very least. This week, they had to make do with a silver (to go with all the others): the gold was a shoe-in for their Greek hosts.

Though perhaps the most inappropriate city in Europe to hold a track and field meet in August, Athens was a lovely place for the well-fanned fan to zap into in an armchair, what with its rim of ancient hills that the camera glimpsed above the lip of the stadium every time it followed the swirling parabola

of the javelin's trajectory. How evocative, you mused, socratically. How Hellenic: these witnesses to sporting deeds of yore have been around almost as long as David Coleman. There's none of that in your air-conditioned Stockholm and your utilitarian Stuttgart, where the small screen struggles to convey a sense of place, to pass on the character of the crowd. No problem in Athens, the crowd being stuffed with bubbling, squeaking Greeks. A week long anthropological study of their collective behaviour yielded the unavoidable conclusion that they have lost their marbles as well as their Marbles.

Aware that the Greekness of the atmosphere would be a feature of the championships, Stuart Storey had spent the winter rifling through his attic for mythological references.

famous military encounters as a board game, is possibly the most synthetic hybrid ever inflicted on an innocent viewer. Only on Channel 4. Each side was commanded by a flesh-and-blood British general talking stiffly out of the side of his mouth. Knowing the luck our chaps have been suffering this week, you'd have put money on both of them losing. For some reason Angela Rippon is a presenter, rather than Peter Snow, for whom the business of moving plastic artillery around a scale model of a battlefield is second nature. If he'd only patented his act on *Newsnight*, he could probably sue for plagiarism.

But hey, television is an inbred medium these days. Take the huge video screen in the stadium back to Athens. "In this day and age," explained Storey, "you can watch yourself win while winning." Par for the post-modern course, you'd think, but it's actually creepier than that. In the 1,500-metre final (in which our boy was ninth, by the way), the Algerian runner Morceli was overtaken by his own image because he was watching his own image rather than his back. "He was watching himself finish third," said Storey. "And he finished fourth." You couldn't come up with a more cautionary tale of the damaging effects of too much television.

**DAMIEN HURTS...and his painfully creative struggle** Neil Kerber

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YES, I LIKE THE AIR TO GET INTO MY CREATIVE PORES, THUS ENABLING A POSITIVE FLOW OF PRODUCTIVE FORCE TO ENTER MY INNER BEING.

## Whatever happened to... Radical magazines

**War of Words**  
Once the printing press was invented, its importance as a means of idea distribution was quickly realised. *Pravda* was founded in 1912 by Lenin and had a circulation at times exceeding 10m copies a day.

In Britain, *Marxism Today* was called the "last repository of thought" by Fay Weldon, coined the term Thatcherism, and, according to MP Chris Patten,

"treated politics as an adventure for serious grown-ups."

In the Seventies, there was a wave of feminist publishing, at the forefront of which stood *Spare Rib* magazine.

**Political Minefield**  
After the collapse of Communism in 1991, *Pravda's* circulation shrunk to 200,000. In 1996, it became a lifestyle tabloid, claiming that "our readers don't want

some long, boring article taking up a whole page."

In Britain, *Marxism Today* was crushed by debt in 1992. Its former editor, Martin Jacques, set up a think-tank called Demos, calling it a "catalyst for a different, less ideological politics".

**Popular Politics**  
*Marxism Today* was succeeded by Red Pepper, a left-of-centre political and cultural magazine.

In 1994, a new magazine called *Prospect* was designed to appeal to a "sceptical age", or what Charles Seaford the magazine's publisher called "intellectual glamour".

**Defeat**  
This month, the magazine *Class War* magazine has shut itself down with the epitaph: "In short, what passes for a revolutionary movement in this country is pitiful..."

*Class War* had, at its height, a circulation of 15,000. Instrumental to protests against the Criminal Justice Bill, it resisted Thatcherism, inspiring direct action groups that attracted the attention of Special Branch.

**What hope?**  
Rosie Boycott, co-founder of *Spare Rib*, said: "In the 1960s there was a lot of underground

magazines like *Oz* and *Friends*. Out of this came the political magazines *Red Dwarf*, *Inc*, and *7 Days*, driven by passionate and narrowly focused beliefs. Now such magazines stand alongside the mainstream."

Editors might bear in mind what Sartre once said, that democracy and freedom is a battle that must be fought and won each day.

**Jennifer Rodger**

**WEATHER**

General Situation and Outlook: England and Wales will have a mostly fine, but day with any early morning fog soon clearing to leave a good deal of strong sunshine. However, it will be very humid inland with isolated thunderstorms developing late in the day. The coastal fringes will be a little cooler with sea-breezes. Scotland and Northern Ireland will be much more cloudy with sprinkles of rain, although the south-eastern fringes should have a little warm sunshine, and it may clear up in the far north-west.

Tomorrow, Scotland and Northern Ireland will start cloudy and misty with some sporadic rain and drizzle, but Northern Ireland and southern Scotland should turn brighter and warmer. Meanwhile, England and Wales will be hot and quite sunny again but the heat and humidity may trigger the odd thunderstorm. On Monday most of the UK will be very warm and humid with scattered heavy showers and thunderstorms breaking out. It will stay unsettled on Tuesday and turn somewhat cooler and less humid.

Aberdeen	c 20 68	Cardiff	s 27 81	Isles of Scilly	c 19 66	Plymouth	c 20 68
Anglesey	s 20 68	Cork	i 22 72	Jersey	s 21 70	Scarborough	s 20 68
Ayr	n/a	Dover	s 27 81	Lincoln	n/a	Shrewsbury	c 25 77
Belfast	i 24 75	Edinburgh	i 23 73	Liverpool	s 27 81	Southampton	s 27 81
Birmingham	i 27 81	Exeter	c 22 72	Lizard	f 21 70	Southend	s 26 79
Blackpool	i 26 79	Glasgow	c 23 73	London	f 21 70	St Andrews	c 19 66
Bournemouth	s 25 77	Guernsey	c 21 70	Manchester	f 27 81	Stornoway	i 15 59
Bristol	i 23 73	Inverness	c 26 79	Newcastle	f 27 81	Swansea	c 16 61
Brighton	s 27 81	Isle of Wight	s 28 82	Nottingham	n/a	York	s 26 79
Cardiff	s 23 73			Oxford	f 27 81		

**Lighting Up Times**

Today	Tomorrow
London 8:34pm to 5:38am	8:32pm to 5:38am
Bristol 8:44pm to 5:48am	8:42pm to 5:48am
Birmingham 8:45pm to 5:49am	8:43pm to 5:49am
Manchester 8:50pm to 5:54am	8:48pm to 5:54am
Newcastle 8:53pm to 5:57am	8:51pm to 5:57am
Glasgow 9:07pm to 6:11am	9:05pm to 6:11am
Belfast 9:09pm to 6:13am	9:06pm to 6:13am

**Air Quality**

Yesterday's Readings	Outlook for Today
London NO <sub>2</sub> Moderate	London NO <sub>2</sub> Moderate
S England SO <sub>2</sub> Good	S England SO <sub>2</sub> Good
Wales Good	Wales Good
C England Good	C England Good
N England Good	N England Good
Scotland Good	Scotland Good
Ireland Good	Ireland Good

**AA Roadwatch**

London, A11 Leytonstone. Lane closure at A12 roundabout until August 1999.

London, A306 Hammersmith Bridge. Closed until January 1998.

Sturmy, M25, J5-A0. Lane closures both ways until further notice.

Bristol, A45 J18-19. Contraflow on Avonmouth Bridge until August 1998.

Swansea, A483 Ffiliu Way. Lane closures both ways until July 8th.

Staffordshire, A57 Stoke On Trent. Major works at Meir until March 1998.

Leintwardine, A6 Lockington. Contraflow near M1 J24.

West Midlands, A41 Wolverhampton. Roadworks on Bilston Road until further notice.

Greater Manchester, A627 Burnley. Temp lights on Ashton Rd.

Mercyside, A567 Bowdley. Stanley Rd closed northbound until further notice.

Type & Weir, A10 Newcastle area. Roadworks at Killingsworth.

West Yorks, M1 J47. Major long-term roadworks until Sept 15.

North Yorks, A19 Thaxby-on-Thames. Roadworks.

**Out and about with AA Roadwatch** call 08366 4043, for the latest local and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 50p per minute at all times (inc VAT).

**High Times**

AM	HT	PM	HT	
London 8.09	8.7	16.19	6.6	
Liverpool 8.13	8.6	15.34	8.3	
Aberdeen 11.22	11.6	23.35	11.5	
Hill (Albert Dock)	10.31	8.1	22.58	7.8
Greenock 14.33	3.4	17.11	3.1	
Dun Laoghaire 3.50	3.8	16.12	3.6	

**Sun and Moon**

Sun rises 5:36am	Sun sets 8:34pm
Moon rises 11:53am	Moon sets 10:57pm
Full Moon August 18	

**The Sky at Night**

PERSEUS

Capella

Auriga

Hanson

NE

The constellation Perseus, with the radiant of the Perseid meteor shower lying close to its border, rises over the north-eastern horizon around 11pm BST this week. Its position at midnight is shown here.

This is the week to look for meteors (shooting stars). The Perseid shower, peaking on the night of the 11th/12th could well produce the most prolific display of the year. But not only that, meteor watching in the relatively balmy air of an August night is a pleasant pastime anyone can enjoy. By comparison, observing the great winter meteor showers demands more dedication. Predictions based on recent years suggest that meteors could rain down at an enhanced rate - up to 3 or 4 a minute - over a short period sometime between about 3.00am and 7.00am BST in the early morning of the 12th. However, the bright streaks may flash across the sky at any time during the night, especially between midnight and dawn. The odd Perseid might be spotted on any night between now and about 20th August. Though the sky tracks will all trace back to the radiant in Perseus, meteors will be seen over a wide area of sky, not just in Perseus.

**Jacqueline Mitton**







school's  
out

Gordon's rate of interest has never flagged, rising steadily throughout the term

david  
aaronovitch

The Prime Minister is to issue an annual report, commenting on the progress of his government. An early draft was lying on the desk of a minister I went to see recently, and I managed to read it upside down. In the interest of open government, I reproduce it here.

"To all parents and stakeholders: Hi! It's been a fantastically busy first term of the new parliament. On the whole, the Government has done extremely well, adjusting to the new offices very quickly and with the minimum of disruption. Our review groups are now looking at virtually every aspect of administration and policy, and will be reporting well before the end of the century. Which is not – if I may remind you – very far away!

In the meantime, these are my interim reports on your ministers. I hope that you find them instructive and useful.

John: Has had – for him – a quiet term. He has, I think, begun to realise that his occasional over-enthusiasm has led to his taking on too many different things at once. The transport project, especially the Birmingham ring-road, has not quite been the success that he hoped for, and has led to John failing to grip the Nature Studies part of the course. *Effort: A minus; Achievement: C minus.*

Jack: Has set about his task with his usual grim determination, so I've actually seen very little of him! Seems to be achieving a nice balance between liberalism and firmness, but I do wonder where he's keeping all those prisoners! *Effort: B plus; Achievement: B double plus.*

Gordon: Beneath that gloomy exterior there is a very clever chap indeed! His innovative work on the Bank of England has been the talk of the Government, and his rate of interest has never flagged, rising steadily throughout the term. I hope he doesn't find the rest of the work too taxing. *Effort: A; Achievement: A minus.*

Clare: An excellent start! Last term's distressing tendency towards discipline has been almost completely eradicated, leaving her free to concentrate on what she loves

best, travelling and sympathising. I thought I'd never be able to say this, but she is an asset to the government! *Effort: B; Achievement: C plus.*

Robin: Difficulties at home have not prevented him from making his mark. His landmark essay "Morality in Foreign Policy" was the talk of the Christian Society, attracting a great deal of favourable comment. Now let's see how he puts it into practice! His forthcoming trip to Indonesia should prove stimulating. *Effort: A minus; Achievement: B double plus.*

Prefects: Peter tells me that morale is good, and that almost everybody is pulling their weight. The plan to send work teams into the vegetable garden to occupy them during slack periods is now close to fruition. Also the work on the Dome is well under way, and, under Peter's inspired leadership, should provide us all with a memorable evening on 31 December 1999.

Matron's Report: Although there are signs of improvement in attendance and punctuality, Miss Harman is concerned that there are still too many who stop work at the smallest sign of illness, or who still refuse to take on tasks that they consider beneath them. A new system of encouraging less hardworking girls and boys to pull their fingers out is about to be introduced.

Trips: It is important that ministers get out and experience life in other countries. I myself have accompanied several such delegations, and although all have been hard work (especially the weekend in Amsterdam) nevertheless a good time was had by all.

Sports: Mr Banks tells me that the First XI has enjoyed mixed fortunes against the Australian boys with a splendid win followed by a couple of disappointing results. Sports day last week was also something of a let-down, with too many of our athletes performing below par. Let us hope that the soccer team will enjoy better fortune next year on their world tour!

All in all, a terrific term – and a year of achievement in prospect. I hope you share my excitement! *Tony Blair*

by Sara  
Maitland

This month marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mary Shelley, the author of *Frankenstein*, a novel that has proved astonishingly influential and effective, having all the qualities of a genuine myth.

Mary Shelley was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin. Mary Wollstonecraft is now best known as the writer of *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* and the founder of modern feminism, but in her own day she was as notorious for her support of the French Revolution and her unconventional lifestyle. Godwin was a leading rationalist, a significant political philosopher, and a libertarian Jacobin. Much was expected of their child: particularly as Wollstonecraft died in childbirth.

At 16 Mary fell in love with the young Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, a disciple of her father's who had been expelled from Oxford for writing *The Necessity of Atheism* and, although he was married with two children, ran off with him: at which point her father rejected her entirely – despite his previous advocacy of Free Love.

The young couple lived an itinerant life over the next two years, during which Mary suffered a miscarriage and the death of her premature daughter. The couple were clearly very close but Shelley, who was both intellectually brilliant and emotionally volatile, was demanding to live with. The summer of 1816 found them living near Geneva with Lord Byron (by whom Mary's half-sister was pregnant) and their surviving child. Byron and Shelley had formed a friendship of extraordinary intensity, which always contained a strong element of competition.

In this highly charged atmosphere Mary Shelley conceived and wrote *Frankenstein*: a macabre Gothic tale of a brilliant and talented young man who starts out with a proper desire for learning and knowledge, but gets too ambitious. He withdraws from the world and normal human contact into his laboratory and pulls off the greatest victory of all scientific imagination – he constructs a body out of bits of dead flesh, and galvanises it. Far from this turning out to be an exciting and hopeful breakthrough for humanity, the consequences are horrendous.

Frankenstein's creation is horribly botched: unlike nature's creation, it is neither beautiful nor lovable. It is destructive, vengeful, and very dangerous. (Interestingly, the piece of the story that is least prominent in all the tellings is Mary Shelley's central question – is the monster evil

because it is unloved, or unlovable because it is evil?) The monster brutally destroys everything its creator loves – friends, and family, and sanity. Finally, Frankenstein has to sacrifice his life to destroy his own creation. Nothing good comes of this supremely creative act.

reference way beyond the cinematic. It is unusual for any pervasive cultural myth to have a known and named author. It is even more unusual for such an author to be a teenage girl.

Why did it work so well? What nerve is it that *Frankenstein* touched and still touches?

From the moment of publication it struck a chord.  
Dr Frankenstein represents many of our deeper beliefs  
about scientists – in fact he forms these beliefs

Although it is written with an enormous emotional power, *Frankenstein* was not the first Gothic horror novel, and it was not the first science fiction novel either, but from the moment of its first publication in 1818 it struck a chord, whose reverberations seem to increase still. It is unusual for a novel so to escape from its origins. Almost every eight-year-old in this country now knows the name and something of the story – however botched, confused and misinterpreted – of the hero of a radical, literary, intellectual novel written over 150 years ago. (Although Boris Karloff may have something to answer for, the fame of this story is not based simply on a film version. The name "Frankenstein" has a cultural

The French Revolution destabilised Europe. It raised hopes that reason could perfect humanity and then dashed those hopes. It also led directly to the devastating Napoleonic Wars – which ended only the year before *Frankenstein* was written. And it left Europe with a profound tension between the liberating, life-enhancing capacities of human knowledge and the dangers (moral, practical and imaginative) of "interfering with nature".

It is a conflict which has not been resolved in the subsequent two centuries and is seen most clearly in the life sciences, particularly medicine: will reducing pain in childbirth undermine maternal devotion? Will organ transplants change personal-

"unnatural" lengths to get them.

Robots, cyborgs and clones (artificial people) are the "haddies" of popular science fiction – from the film *Blade Runner* (where it is taken as a given that it is essential to work out who is a "real" human and who is not, even though it is well nigh impossible to discover any difference whatsoever) right down to the crassest children's TV cartoon, in which human heroes can take on the characteristics of robots, while the villains are technological constructions which take on the appearance of humanity.

Because of such fears, scientists have become what priests and wizards were – they are different from "us", in exchange for their enor-

mous power, they are required to sacrifice certain sorts of normality, whether simple practical skills (professors are "absent-minded" just as saints often were) or more profound satisfactions (like normal human relationships). But these sacrifices make them even more alarming. Scientists

Dr Frankenstein carries great psychological conviction, which is far more important than factual credibility. He is a true tragic hero, noble but flawed. He represents many of our deeper beliefs about what scientists are like; in fact he forms these beliefs. But more importantly, Mary Shelley created a powerful narrative: myths are not just symbols or metaphors or abstract theories; they are always stories. Stories that put in order what we want to think.

One of the problems with myths is that you never know they are myths until you don't need them any longer. *Frankenstein* is a story. Mary Shelley made it up. She despised convention, and conventional thinking. Perhaps we should celebrate this bicentenary by recognising how useful her novel has been, by accepting we have made a mythology out of it, and by treating it as we do earlier myths – by demythologising it, and setting ourselves free from some of our fears. Easier said than done.

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## Tony Blair, the first African PM

Sorry, but when we're down to "Mandelson manipulates the press" and "Labour proclaims achievements of its first 100 days by promising an annual report" you know that domestic politics is on holiday. Turn to the entertainment pages, and we discover the Princess of Wales, as usual. Mr Dodi Fayed may not know it yet, but he has been selected to be the latest candidate for a media death-by-Diana, the fate that inevitably meets anyone standing too close to the Princess. The irony of her campaign to ban landmines is that she is herself a sort of social hand grenade, ready to explode, leaving unsuspecting playboys legless and broken.

However, there are still events happening around the world. I'm sure that Mr Blair is watching with a keen eye from his Tuscan holiday home, because the team is always on the lookout for models of government to enhance his mission, aka The Project.

We know from the welfare-to-work programme that Australia and New Zealand have been under scrutiny, as has the United States, if only because Friend Bill has made so many avoidable mistakes. At one point I feared that The Project was going to be the creation of a proto-Canada – Dullsville on Sunday. But I think that I have finally worked out where The



Trevor Phillips

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lexicon

Project is actually heading. Tony is an African, though in the political sense, rather than the biological. If he has a modern political hero, it is Nelson Mandela; if he has a spectre at his feast, it is Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire.

Look at the facts. Labour has come to power after decades of corrupt, partisan government, pledging to destroy political tribalism. Their troops have marched for many years, often with little hope of victory and in the face of doubt from the people and hostility from the organs of civil society (yes, *The Sun* qualifies). At last, at last there is a breakthrough, and a sense of liberation across the nation. It seems that everyone has been waiting for this moment, and even those who appeared to be in cahoots with the *ancien régime* now cheer along with the rest.

The rhetoric is characteristic – "heal the wounds", "end privilege", "unify the people". The phrases could just as easily be drawn from speeches by Nyerere, Kenyatta, Mugabe, Nkrumah as from the New Labour lexicon. The new leaders are men and women of iron discipline. They take hold of the reins of power vowing that the old days should never be allowed to return.

They are inclusive and forgiving. Mr Mandela appointed

whites to key posts in his government, and set up the Truth Commission to absolve his former persecutors; Mr Blair has recruited businessmen, and given house room to the Social Democrats who helped to pitch his party out of power for a generation. They inject a new style – Mr Mandela blinds us with his shirts, Mr Blair charms us with his informality. And they set about creating what they call a new politics that will put an end to division. It is when we hit the politics that we run into difficult territory.

In Africa, as in Britain, the historic political obstacle to modernisation is tribalism. In South Africa, that includes the white tribe; here we may call them classes, but we all know which party is supposed to represent our interests. Like most African leaders, the Blair team has clearly decided that the party political framework, when combined with these archaic loyalties, could derail The Project. Thus virtually every move they make has to undermine that framework, in spite of the fact that it has given them a huge, overwhelming mandate.

There, Mr Mandela brings minority parties into the cabinet; here, the Liberal Democrats join a cabinet committee. There they purge the party of undesirables like Mrs Mandela; here they neutralise the

disruptive party conference. There they decentralise power massively, creating regional assemblies and provincial prime ministers; here we get devolution and a new style of government for London. There they turn up at football matches and concerts – remember Mr Mandela at the World Cup Rugby Finals in a Springbok shirt? Here, though Mr Banks at Chelsea is not that remarkable, since he's been going for umpteen years, Mr Fisher, the Arts minister, goes to Glastonbury – truly amazing.

All this is fine. Where we may become a little nervous is the bit that follows – an attempt to defeat tribalism by embracing every strand of opinion within the governing party. This need not be a one-party state, but it could be as near as dammit. In Africa, they tend to acknowledge that there is only one party of government and then introduce long and cumbersome methods of establishing consensus, which eventually give a result, usually too late and too complex to be of much use. The South African model is rather like this, and in the space of reviews and commissions and focus groups set up by New Labour one can see this tendency emerging.

Unfortunately, in Africa, many also believe that in a dangerously unstable situation, only one thing can prevent the

divisive tendencies re-emerging, and that is to stick together the main party political interests, find a place for everyone in government and ensure that there is no basis for destabilisation – by which is usually meant, no basis for anyone else to take over the government.

Some versions of this tendency invent vigorous federal structures to ensure that the national government does not simply do as it likes – its powers are limited and its actions are scrutinised. An example of this would be the old Tanzanian ruler, Julius Nyerere, who got his way by charm, cunning and sheer intellectual force. Some countries forget to install any checks on the power of central government and are ready to use its power to deliver what it believes is good for the people, whether they like it or not; check out Mobutu.

Of course we hope that Mr Blair's version will be Mandela rather than Mobutu. For a straw in the wind, look towards Mr Nyerere's Tanzania. The old man originated the Blairish phrase "The Third Way" (between communism and capitalism), gave us an African version of what New Labour is currently calling "inclusion," and insisted that he did not have to follow anyone else's doctrines. Oh – and he gave Peter Mandelson his first job, teaching for a year in the bush.



## obituaries / gazette

## Professor J. D. Pearson

J. D. Pearson was the most influential librarian in Oriental and African studies ever known in Britain. When he was appointed to the library of London University's School of Oriental and African Studies in 1950, the library had 17 staff members and a stock of 100,000 volumes; when he gave up the librarianship 22 years later the staff stood at 40, the stock at some 500,000 items, and it was the most important library of its kind in Europe.

James Douglas Pearson was born in 1911 and educated at Cambridge County High School for Boys. He left school at the age of 16 with, as he himself termed it, "undistinguished attainments" and secured a post as a book-keeper, or "library boy" in the Cambridge University Library.

Inspired by the example of the librarian, A.F. Schofield, he developed a passion for languages that became a byword among his contemporaries in the library. "A scholarship was then found for me at St John's College," he recalled, "and there, and later at Pembroke College... I was able to indulge

an addiction to Oriental languages for six years." The scholarship was for Hebrew and his studies lasted from 1932 to 1936, when he returned to the University Library as an Assistant in the Oriental Section.

Called up for military service in 1941 as a signaller, he was later transferred to the Field Security Corps and served in Germany at the end of the war. Demobilised from the Army on the last day of 1945 he returned to Cambridge University Library as an Assistant Under-Librarian.

His first marriage was dissolved and he later married Hilda Wilkinson, who was to assist fully with his bibliographical work. The demands of a growing family (he had four sons) meant that, when in 1950 he was offered the post of Librarian at the School of Oriental and African Studies, he accepted even though it meant leaving Cambridge.

At SOAS the library was only just being re-assembled after its wartime dispersal, and was housed in numerous dif-

ferent stores throughout various buildings; the staff was small, and the book-buying budget tiny. Pearson applied himself with energy to promoting the library's cause in the councils of SOAS and to securing increased staff and money to buy books. Academic going on study leave in Africa or Asia were supplied with lists of wanted titles and money to make local purchases. Gradually, in spite of accommodation problems, the library became better equipped to serve the teaching and research needs of the school.

Major expansion came with the appointment of a new Director, Sir Cyril Phillips, in 1957. Phillips appreciated the need for a strong library to underpin the special studies undertaken by SOAS, and encouraged Pearson to expand the library and its staff. He secured a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to support SOAS and among the projects was a series of country-wide surveys of manuscripts relating to Asia and Africa. These surveys were supervised by Pearson and carried out by Doreen

Wainwright and Noel Mathews and published by Oxford University Press.

Meanwhile Pearson had already begun his work on Oriental manuscripts with *Oriental Manuscript Collections in the Libraries of Great Britain and Ireland* (1954), followed later by *Oriental Manuscripts in Europe and North America: a survey* (1971). But his principal work, *Index-Isis, 1906-1953* (1958), is a catalogue of periodical articles on Islamic subjects, continued in succeeding cumulations and quarterly issues, and regularly cited as "Pearson".

He was responsible for initiating the first listings of higher degrees in African and Asian studies and securing their publication; he chaired the first International Conference on African Bibliography in Nairobi in 1967 and edited the proceedings (1970) with Ruth Jones; he published *A Bibliography of Pre-Islamic Persia* (1975); revised and annotated the Asian and African entries from Besterman's *A World Bibliography of Bibliographies* (1975); edited *South Asian Bib-*

*liography: a handbook* (1979); and after retirement produced a supplementary volume (1984) to Creswell's bibliography of Islamic art and architecture, and continued to revise the Wainwright and Mathews surveys, working on them in the University Library up to a few weeks before his death. (The supplementary volumes for South and South East Asia and Africa appeared in 1989-90 and 1993.)

From 1959 Pearson taught a course in Oriental and African bibliography for student librarians in the School of Librarianship and Archive Studies at University College London and many of his students subsequently rose to important posts in Asia and Africa, while his lectures and seminars led to *Oriental and Asian Bibliography: an introduction with some reference to Africa* (1966), the first textbook of its kind published.

Pearson played a full part in the affairs of SOAS, serving on numerous committees and the Academic Board, but outside SOAS he was a founder of the Standing Committee

for Library Materials on Africa (SCOLMA) and subsequently its Chairman, and he was also Chairman of the Standing Conference of National and University Librarians (SCONUL) Group of Oriental Librarians. He was instrumental in founding other regional groups of librarians and promoting co-operation between them both nationally and world-wide.

He was the founding Chairman of the International Association of Orientalist Librarians, and attended most of the International Congresses of Orientalists until his retirement; he was Library Adviser to the Inter-University Council from 1969 to 1975, and provided much of the material for the chapter on libraries in the influential Hayter report on the development of Oriental and African studies in the UK.

Pearson gave up the librarianship of SOAS in March 1972 just as the library was about to move into its new and long-expected building, designed by Denis Lasdun & Partners. He was first appointed Senior Research Fellow,

then to the first Chair in Bibliography "with reference to Asia and Africa" at London University. He retired from the Chair in September 1979 and moved back to Cambridge. He was appointed Professor Emeritus, made an Honorary Fellow of the Library Association in 1976 and awarded the Walford Prize for lifelong achievement in bibliography in 1992.

Jim Pearson's warmth and cheerfulness made dry meetings go with a swing, and his indefatigable energy and willingness to persevere with seemingly thankless tasks produced bibliographical works of enduring value. When SOAS library closed for Christmas each year, the party that began in the Librarian's room just before closing became an annual institutional event.

As Librarian of SOAS he was one of the great travellers, when it was unusual for librarians to move outside their libraries. All his life he retained a love of Cambridge and a keen interest in flora and natural history.

B. C. Bloomfield



Pearson, regularly cited

James Douglas Pearson, librarian and bibliographer, born 17 December 1911; Assistant Under-Librarian, Cambridge University Library, 1939-50; Librarian, School of Oriental and African Studies, London University 1950-72; Professor of Bibliography, with reference to Asia and Africa 1972-79 (Emeritus); married first Rose Betty Burden (one son; marriage dissolved), second Hilda Wilkinson (three sons); died 1 August 1997.



Dean: "Our stage is rich in actresses - the most undervalued is Isabel Dean" Photograph: Hulton Getty

In a career spanning 50 years, Isabel Dean demonstrated talent and versatility while never fulfilling the great promise initially indicated. With large eyes and classically chiselled features, she became best known as an exponent of somewhat stately patrician ladies of elegance and breeding. That she was capable of much more was demonstrated by her work on stage in both the classics and contemporary drama, but most of this was done in provincial theatres, partly no doubt because early in her career she offended "Binkie Beaumont", the West End's leading theatrical manager.

She was born Isabel Hodgkinson in Aldridge, Staffordshire, in 1918. Her first ambition was to be an art teacher. She studied painting at the Birmingham Art School and in 1937 joined the Cheltenham Repertory Company as a scenic artist. Soon she was taking both acting lessons and small parts with the company. "It was inevitable, with her ravishing looks," commented one of the company later.

After appearing with repertory companies in Brighton and Norwich, she made her London debut on 1 May 1940 as Maggie Buckley in an adaptation of Agatha Christie's thriller *Peril at End House*, following this

with a Shakespearean role, Mariana in Robert Aldrich's Regent's Park production of *All's Well That Ends Well*. A major break came in 1943 when she played Jenny in John Gielgud's celebrated production of Congreve's *Love for Love* at the Phoenix.

The following year she was asked to join Gielgud's repertory company at the Haymarket, again playing *Love for Love*, but also understudying Peggy Ashcroft as Ophelia to Gielgud's Hamlet (the last time the great actor played the role). She played Ophelia several times when Ashcroft was sick and followed this with a performance as Hermione in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which, according to Harold Hobson, was "as pretty and sharply defined as it was lovely".

When Beaumont asked her to go with Gielgud's company to tour India, but only to play the role of the maid in Coward's *Billie Sykes* and again to understudy Ophelia, she refused and Beaumont made it clear he considered her ungrateful. She never worked for his management again and made few more West End appearances. Instead she played leading roles in Oxford, Brighton and the Boltons Theatre, including a luminous Juliet.

She returned to the West End

in 1956 to play Mary Dallas in the thriller *The Night of the Fourth* at the Westminster, and three years later played Miss Frost, the Catholic lodger seduced by a young student, in the hit production of J.P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* at the Fortune.

She had meanwhile become a familiar face on television. She had the principal female role in Nigel Kneale's enormously popular blend of science-fiction and horror *The Quatermass Experiment* (1953), six 30-minute episodes which went out live, with filmed inserts. Dean played the scientist whose astronaut husband returns from a mission with an alien infection that causes him to mutate into a vegetable-like creature.

When *A Life of Bliss*, a successful radio comedy series, was transferred to television with its original star, George Cole, as the bumbling bachelor hero, Dean was cast as his forthright sister Anne.

Other television roles included Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, David Mercer's *The Parachute* (as mother to John Osborne), Julian Bond's 13-part series *A Man of Our Times* and a high-toned soap-opera, *199 Park Avenue*, set in a luxury apartment block where the stories of the inhabitants are linked by a gossip columnist

searching for stories. Created and written by Dean's husband, William Fairchild, it went out twice weekly, but lasted only nine weeks. (Dean's 1953 marriage to Fairchild, who wrote such screenplays as *Morning Departure*, *The Malin Story* and *Star!*, was dissolved in the early Seventies.)

In the theatre, she had successes in several contemporary plays, including the Royal Court production of John Osborne's *A Hotel in Amsterdam* (1968), which moved into the West End, and in provincial productions of Orton's *What the Butler Saw* and John Bowen's chilling *Robin Redbreast*. She had a particularly notable triumph as Hester in Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* (at Guildford in 1971 and Nottingham in 1972), once more following in the footsteps of Peggy Ashcroft. Her wrenching portrayal of the clergyman's daughter, married to a High Court judge, who leaves her husband to pursue a hopeless and obsessive affair with a young air force pilot, clearly demonstrated that Dean's gifts had not always been appropriately exploited.

In 1977 she played with Gielgud, for the first time since she had been his Ophelia, in Julian Mitchell's *Half Life* at the National Theatre.

Dean's film career began in 1943 with a tiny role in *The Man in Grey*. Later films included *Lean's The Passionate Friends* (1948), and Sidney Gilliat's *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan* (1953), in which she was the epitome of droll elegance as wife to Robert Morley's Gilbert. "How does it feel to be married to a transcendent genius?" asks her husband as he puts the finishing touches to *The Mikado*. "I suppose I've always taken it for granted, dear," is her reply.

In Alexander Mackendrick's *A High Wind in Jamaica*, she presented a beautiful and touching picture of Victoria's motherhood in the film's early sequences. Her last appearance on the West End stage was as the tragic mother of Alan Turing (Derek Jacobi) in Hugh Whitmore's *Breaking the Code* (1986).

A few years earlier the critic Harold Hobson had written: "Our own stage is rich in actresses of whom the chief jewel is Peggy Ashcroft - and the most undervalued is Isabel Dean."

Tom Vallaance

Isabel Hodgkinson (Isabel Dean), actress, born Aldridge, Staffordshire 29 May 1918; married 1953 William Fairchild (two daughters; marriage dissolved); died 27 July 1997.

## Harold Spina

The first of the composer Harold Spina's many hits was launched by a handclapper who couldn't decide whether it was a funny song or a tragic one.

The tongue-in-cheek "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More" (1933), which Spina wrote with Joe Young, veteran lyricist of such standards as "My Mammy", "You're My Everything" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter", was considered a dud by its publishers, who sent it to the handclapper Guy Lombardo in

a parcel of tunes they regarded as equally hopeless. Although unsure whether the song would make people laugh or cry, Lombardo asked the publishers if he could have it exclusively for six weeks. They replied, "You can have it for six years!" In less than three weeks, the number became a nationwide hit.

Like Lombardo, America was divided about "Annie": college students and big-city types found it funny, while those in the hinterlands thought it poignant; its ending ("She was oh-so faithful - what a pitiful

sight! / Waited for a letter that you promised to write... / A gentleman with a top hat called around the other night, / And Annie doesn't live here any more") led many to think Annie had died of a broken heart, and that the top-hatted gentleman was not a rich lover, but an undertaker.

Obsessed with music from an early age, Spina led his own high-school dance band at 14. Soon after graduation he became a pianist and vocal arranger for a music publishing firm in his native New York, turning full-time composer in

1932. After the success of "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More", he and Johnny Burke turned out a dozen songs, including "It's Dark on Observatory Hill" (1934) and the Fats Waller hits "You're Not the Only Oyster in the Stew" (1934) and "You're So Darn Charming" and "My Very Good Friend the Milkman" (both 1935).

The partnership ended in 1936, when Burke left for Hollywood to write for Bing Crosby. In 1937 Spina too went west; with Walter Bullock he wrote the score for United Artists' *52nd Street* (1937), a te-

dious musical whose title invited invidious comparison with Warner Bros' *42nd Street* (1933). After being signed by 20th Century-Fox, Spina and Bullock provided songs for the Sonja Henie-Don Ameche-Ethel Merman film *Happy Landings*, Alice Faye's *Sally, Irene and Mary*, and Shirley Temple's *Just Around the Corner* and *Little Miss Broadway* (all 1938).

Frank Loesser was his lyricist on Paramount's *True to the Army* (1942), which starred the hillbilly comedienne Judy Canova. Spina later worked on her

equally corny *Honeychile* (1951) and *The Wac from Walla Walla* (1952) with others providing the words.

In 1950 Dinah Shore had a hit single with Spina's "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House". Jack Elliott wrote the lyric, which ended with the cynical "Though it's two to one you'll wind up with a louse". Pat Boone had a million-seller with "Would I Love You?" (1951), which Spina wrote with Bob Russell. Soon afterwards, the composer became his own lyricist; his "Lazy Summer Night" (1958) was a leading record for

the Four Preps. He also provided both words and music for "The Velvet Glove" (1953), which his long-time friend Jerry Colonna recorded. "If Jerry hadn't been a friend," joked Spina, "I wouldn't have let him do that to my song!"

During his long life, Harold Spina also founded two music publishing firms and a film studio, produced and directed for record companies, developed the first automated music programme in radio, and campaigned tirelessly for his union, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Although his most enduring song was the Latin-American "Cumana", (written with Barclay Allen and Roscoe Hillman), his most remunerative composition was "Man Around the House", which was adapted for a long-running television cake-mix commercial. It became "It's so nice to have a cake around the house".

Dick Vosburgh

Harold Spina, composer, lyricist, music publisher and record producer, born New York 21 June 1906; married (two sons); died 18 July 1997.

## Births, Marriages &amp; Deaths

## DEATHS

**SMYTHE** On 2 August, in Dorset, aged 56 years, Francis Brendan (Frank) Smyth, writer, raconteur, bon vivant, highly loved. Funeral service at St Joseph's RC Church, Highgate Hill on Wednesday 13 August at 12 noon followed by interment at Highgate Cemetery. Flowers may be sent to Leventon & Sons, 1 Denmark Terrace, Fortis Green, N2 0JH (0181-444 5753).

**WILDER** William S., Honorary Consul of Sao Tome and Principe and President of the Consular Corps of London, passed away suddenly on 8 August 1997. Much-loved husband of Irene and father of Jeffrey and Lorraine.

**WILLIAMS** Beside, fortified by the rites of Synagogue and Holy Church, Canberra, 13 June, aged 91. Founder of the Australian Literary Library for the Blind. Much-loved widow of George, mother of Malcolm, Marion and Diana; grandmother of Peter-Jesus, Tamara, Clare and Rebecca (deceased); Nicola, Robin and Adrian; great-grandmother of Joseph, Robert and Michael. Jean mercy, Mary pray.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3DL, telephoned 0171-293 2812 or faxed to 0171-293 2010. Charges are £6.50 a line (VAT extra).

## ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Queen today visits the Isle of Arran. Changing of the Guard. The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery, mounted on the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, London. The Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace. 11.30am. Lord Princes of Wales (Prince Charles) and the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, London.

## Forthcoming marriages

**Mr C. M. Arthur** and **Miss P. S. J. Moyes**. The engagement is announced between Charles, son of Mr and Mrs Stanley Arthur, and Jo-Jo, daughter of Mr Jim Moyes and Mrs Elizabeth Sanders.

**Mr B. C. E. Steadman** and **Ms L. T. Edwards**. The engagement is announced between Ben, only son of Mr and Mrs Evan Steadman, of Cambridge, and Lorien, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert Cook, of Hackley, Leicestershire.

## Birthdays

**TODAY** Mr David Astor, former Chairman, Council for the Protection of Rural England, 54; Mr Ernest Beaumont, former chairman, Buzzi, 76; Sir Philip Beck, president, John Mowlem, 63; Mr Mervyn Boulding, Lord-Lieutenant of Dorset, 73; The Right Rev Colin Buchanan, former Bishop of Aston, 63; Professor Elizabeth Cutler, botanist, 68; Mr Tam Dalyell MP 65; Baroness Dennington, former teacher and journalist, 93; Captain Colin Farquharson of Whitehouse, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, 74; Miss Whitney Houston, singer, 34; Sir Allister Hunter, chairman, British American Chamber of Commerce of London, 61; Sir Christopher Laidlaw, former chairman, Briston, 75; Mr Rod Laver, tennis player, 59; Mrs Jackie Lawrence MP 49; Sir Frank Layfield QC, 76; Mr Robert Maynes, chair, 60; Cooks Group, 70; Mr James Naughtie, broadcaster, 46; Mr John Simpson, foreign affairs editor, BBC, 53; Professor Kevin Thompson, Principal of Dartington College of Arts, 45; Dr George Turner MP, 57; Dr David VanderLinde, Vice-

Chancellor, Bath University, 55; Sir Mark Weinberg, chairman, J. Rothschild Assurance, 66; Lord Young of Darlington, Director, Institute of Community Studies, 82.

**TOMORROW** John Allid, conductor, 68; Dame Gillian Brown, former diplomat, 74; Dame Elizabeth Butler-Sloss, a Lord Justice of Appeal, 64; Sir Lawrence Byford, management consultant, 72; Mrs Leila Campbell, former Chairman, ILEA, 86; General Sir George Cooper, former Chief Royal Engineer, 72; Mr Eddie Fisher, singer, 69; Miss Rhonda Fleming, actress, 74; Professor Alexander Goehr, composer, 65; Sir Alan Hardcastle, chairman, Lloyd's Regulatory Board, 64; Professor Adrian Harris, clinical oncologist, 47; Mr Roy Keane, footballer, 26; Mr Leonard Lickorish, former Director-General, British Travel Association, 76; Mrs Barbara Mills QC, Director of Public Prosecutions, 57; Miss Kate O'Mara, actress, 58; Mr David Rowland, chairman of Lloyd's, 64; Lord Stewardby, former government minister, 62; Mrs Elizabeth Thomas, literary consultant, 78; Mr Richard Unsworth, novelist, 67; Mr Richard Wells, Chief Constable, South Yorkshire, 57; Mrs Rosa Winterston MP 39; Miss Jane Wyatt, actress, 86.

## Anniversaries

**TODAY** Births: Isaac Walton, author of *The Compleat Angler*, 1593; John Dryden, poet, 1631; Thomas Telford, civil engineer, 1757; Leonide Fedorovich Massine, dancer and choreographer, 1896; Jean Piaget, child psychologist, 1896; Robert Aldrich, film director, 1918; Philip Arthur Larkin, poet, 1922; Deaths: Captain Frederick Marryat, novelist, 1848; Professor Graham Wallis, economist, 1932; Herman Hesse, poet and novelist, 1962; Joe Orton (John Kingsley Orton), playwright, 1967; Dmitri Dmitriyevich Shostakovich, compos-

er, 1975. On this day an atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, 1945; Singapore became independent, 1963; the London production of the musical *Jesus Christ Superstar* was first presented, 1972; Gerald Ford succeeded Richard Nixon as 38th US President and others who have suffered recent doses of official untruth. That is why to Western ears the notion of a "truth commission" sounds so alien. It is alien, too, to many of the people of South Africa. There in recent days leading figures among the families of the thousands murdered under apartheid are beginning to oppose applications for amnesty by their relatives' killers and torturers. They are demanding justice, not reconciliation.

Truth commissions are not a new idea. They have already been used in Latin America as a way of dealing with gross human rights violations after a civil conflict has ended. Such bodies are empowered to grant an amnesty to criminals who confess fully to their actions and can prove that they were politically motivated. Mercy and reconciliation being at the forefront of their philosophy, truth commissions have proved attractive to many church leaders; Archbishop Desmond Tutu chairs the South African commission.

But justice is a gospel imperative too. What happens when the two seem to clash? By allowing murderers and torturers to walk free, truth commissions raise fundamental questions about what is meant by justice. This has become more than academic interest in Britain over the past two decades, when the word "justice" was increasingly narrowed to mean punishment of the criminal. The populist response to the James Bulger and Myra Hindley cases can give the impression that the severity of punishment should not be the prerogative of an independent criminal justice system but a direct reflection

## Must justice come before reconciliation?

## faith &amp; reason

In South Africa the families of those murdered by apartheid have begun to challenge the notion of amnesty for the torturers. Ian Linden believes they are wrong to do so.

Truth is not a word much used in politics today. It has a religious ring to it. It crops up most in speeches by people like Vaclav Havel and others who have suffered recent doses of official untruth. That is why to Western ears the notion of a "truth commission" sounds so alien. It is alien, too, to many of the people of South Africa. There in recent days leading figures among the families of the thousands murdered under apartheid are beginning to oppose applications for amnesty by their relatives' killers and torturers. They are demanding justice, not reconciliation.

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of the popular will. At its worst such populism is catching and results in a desire for "justice" becoming synonymous with a desire for vengeance.

But truth commissions are not institutions of a criminal justice system. Nor are they expressions of the popular will. Inmissions to the perpetrators of serious crimes can be deeply harmful to victims or victims' families. This is clearly the case in South Africa where this week, despite opposition from the dead man's family, an amnesty was granted to three members of a former South African police hit-squad, led by Dirk Coetzee, who confessed to the murder of the anti-apartheid lawyer Griffiths Mxenge in 1981.

needed for a closure of mourning and grief. In the same way as the individual is restored to well-being, it is hoped that society is returned to health. People can begin to make their own histories again instead of being shackled by the past.

The idea of restorative justice is an ancient and biblical one. An "eye for an eye" was not a vengeful prescription but a formula for avoiding two eyes for one, a continuing spiral of violence. Moreover the Jubilee theme of Leviticus holds up the ideal of freeing slaves, forgiving debts and redistributing land, as a cyclical restoration of God's just order.

From a Christian perspective, therefore, apartheid as a crime against humanity cannot simply be dealt with at the level of individual plaintiffs who have suffered crimes against the person. Land was stolen. Millions of forced removals took place into abject housing. Workers were exploited cruelly. Education was grossly discriminatory. What chance genuine reconciliation if such wrongs are not righted? The risk is that what is created is an ersatz form of reconciliation - and that church leaders merely give legitimacy to a process which falls far short of the Christian ideal.

Yet the radical nature of the Christian idea of reconciliation always confronts the realities of political and economic power. The Truth and Reconciliation Commission is achieving probably the best that can be achieved in the present South African political context without involving a violent backlash from the white Right. Britain should learn from South Africa's experience. It will have its own demons to exorcise when, and if, peace comes to the north of Ireland.



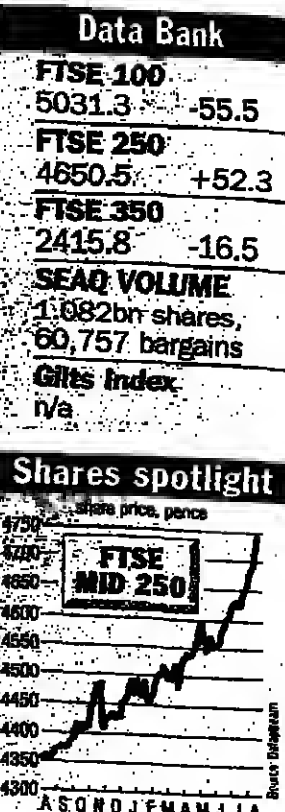
# market report / shares

## Taking Stock

## Sterling effort from second-liners as blue chips slump

### MARKET REPORT

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FTSE MID 250

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The further slide in the pound induced a bout of schizophrenia among market-makers yesterday, with the heavyweight stocks which have led this year's charge tumbling back and the second-liners taking up the running for a change. Banks and pharmaceuticals were in the forefront of the ragged retreat from Thursday's all-time high, leaving the FTSE 100 index flailing with a collapse back through the 5,000 barrier.

ended 55.5 points lower at 5031.3, having touched 5009.4 at lunch-time on fears for Wall Street. Interest rate fears sent the Dow Jones plummeting, but despite a fall just shy of 110 points by the time London closed, bottom-fishers had returned by then to leave the UK market off its lows.

Lloyds TSB, one of the high-fliers this year, lost 24.5p to 753.5p as profits-takers moved in to take advantage of the

shares' strong run on the back of sparkling profit figures earlier in the week. Positive noises from SBC Warburg, HSBC James Capel and Dresdner Kleinwort Benson could not prevent Barclays slithering 26.5p to £14.21p. Otherwise it was the Scots which suffered the most damage, with Royal Bank of Scotland a leading casualty in the sector, down 20p to 629.5p, and Bank of Scotland slipping 10.5p to 436.5p.

Drugs, too, suddenly lacked the protection for investors they seemed to have while the pound was rampant. The two-way pull in Zeneca evident on Thursday after the interim figures went the other way yesterday, dragging the shares back 62p to £19.90. Its peers fared only a little better, with Glaxo Wellcome slipping 35p to £12.87 and SmithKline Beecham giving up 30.5p to £11.67.

Other former "safe haven"

stocks to receive a bloody nose yesterday were to be found among the oil and retailing sectors. Shell Transport & Trading was the third-biggest faller in the index, relinquishing 15p to 443.5p, the shares hastened on their way by disappointing figures on Thursday. Lasse, which has basked in the glow of the market since its recent results, fell 8.5p to 279p.

But what the pound took away, it also gave back. Yesterday's fall in the currency, taking the three-day fall to around 14 pence against the German mark, left a swathe of British industry breathing a collective sigh of relief. Smiths Industries, having

just tied up an agreed bid for medical equipment to gas monitoring group Graseby, was a big gainer as the currency move relieved pressure on its overseas earnings. The shares bounded 37p to 870.5p. LucasVarity was another foreign earner in the vanguard of the market's rise, picking up 9p to 217.5p, with other engineers not far behind. TI added 22p to 615.5p and GKN, another company to delight with results this week, putting on another 39p to £12.26.

But the other big story yesterday was growing optimism that interest rates are near their peak in the wake of the Bank of England's Monetary Policy

Committee's decision to raise rates by 0.25 per cent. Building materials groups, many of which are also foreign earners, got the double boost of lower money costs and improved overseas results. That helped RMC, with big German operations, put on 32.5p to £11.05. The good news also brought Hanson, which has underperformed this year, a welcome 10p gain to 327p.

But the prize went to Blue Circle, the cement giant, which gained added impetus after Dresdner moved the stock on to its buy list, helping the shares climb to the top of the Footsie gainers yesterday with a 20.5p jump to 447p. Another of the building materials groups favoured with a recommendation was Pilkington, up 6p to 150.5p after being upgraded to a "market outperformer" by Goldman Sachs.

Most of the good news was for once concentrated amongst

the smaller stocks, with the FTSE 250 second-liners' index adding a chunky 52.3p to 4650.5p, the SmallCap index putting on 12.6 to 2,209.8. Manufacturers, like Low & Bonar up 25p to 241p and Catto 35p ahead at 338.5p, are better represented lower down the stock market pecking order, boosting the indexes yesterday.

The lower echelons were enlivened by a 63p-a-share agreed bid from Danisco, for maker of food ingredients, for Northwicks 17.5p to 61.5p. Elsewhere, Rank added 7.5p to 347.5p after BZW and NatWest waded into the market for 4.9p, nearly half the amount the leisure group said on Thursday it would buy back. At the other end of the scale, Memory Corporation jumped 7p to 35.5p on news of a tie-up with a US group.

Two directors were cashing in on the equity boom yesterday. Keith Oates, Marks & Spencer's deputy chairman, netted £347,000 after selling 100,000 options at 601p received after exercising at 254p a share. Separately, Christopher Castleman, a director of Standard Chartered, sold 35,000 shares at £10.40 to pick up £364,000 in the wake of the bank's well-received figures earlier in the week.

### Alcoholic Beverages

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0
Wm Watson	320.0	+10.0	+3.1

### Banks, Merchant

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Barclays	14.21	-0.26	-1.8
HSBC	15.00	+0.10	+0.7
James Capel	16.00	+0.20	+1.3
Lloyds TSB	753.5	-24.5	-3.2
NatWest	800.0	+10.0	+1.3
Paragon	850.0	+15.0	+1.8
Prudential	900.0	+20.0	+2.2
Royal Bank	629.5	-20.0	-3.2
Scottish	436.5	-10.5	-2.4
Standard	480.0	+10.0	+2.1

### Banks, Retail

Stock	Price	Chg	%
ABN-Amro	25.00	+0.50	+2.0
ABN-NL	26.00	+0.60	+2.3
ABN-RD	27.00	+0.70	+2.6
ABN-SL	28.00	+0.80	+2.9
ABN-TL	29.00	+0.90	+3.1
ABN-VL	30.00	+1.00	+3.3
ABN-WL	31.00	+1.10	+3.5
ABN-XL	32.00	+1.20	+3.8
ABN-YL	33.00	+1.30	+4.0
ABN-ZL	34.00	+1.40	+4.1

### Breweries, Pubs & Rest

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Building/Construction

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Chemicals

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Distributors

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Diversified Industrials

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Electricity

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Electronics

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Engineering

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Food Manufacturers

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Government Securities

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Index-linked

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Medians

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Property

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Support Services

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Tobacco

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Health Care

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3
Heineken	180.0	+3.0	+1.7
Interbrew	200.0	+4.0	+2.0
Kaiser	220.0	+5.0	+2.3
Miller	240.0	+6.0	+2.5
Orkla	260.0	+7.0	+2.7
Reckitt	280.0	+8.0	+2.9
Tenneco	300.0	+9.0	+3.0

### Household Goods

Stock	Price	Chg	%
Adnoca	40.0	+0.5	+1.2
Beck's	120.0	+1.0	+0.8
Carlsberg	150.0	+2.0	+1.3



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FINANCIAL JOURNAL  
OF THE YEAR

## Pound's plunge prompts shift from blue chips

Tom Stevenson  
Financial Editor

The pound plunged on the foreign exchange markets yesterday as currency traders responded to a hint from the Bank of England that no further interest rate rises were necessary in the short term.

On the stock market, the fall in sterling prompted a shift out of the high-flying FTSE100 index of leading companies into exporters and other second-line stocks that have missed out on the market's surge.

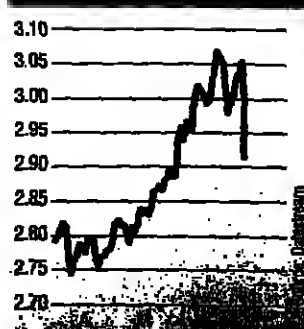
Sterling tumbled another 5 pence to DM2.92, 14 pence down on almost 5 per cent down on its recent high of DM3.06 against the German currency. The fall was a continuing reaction to comments from the Bank of England, as it raised base rates for the fourth time in as many months, that the cost of money was now consistent with its inflation target.

The Bank's carefully worded statement, accompanying the rise in base rate from 6.75 to 7 per cent, was seen as a clever way of keeping the lid on consumer spending while at the same time avoiding the collateral damage to industry of a sky-high pound. Despite its success, economists said yesterday they did not expect the Bank to make a habit of talking the pound up or down.

Sterling's fall, after its dramatic 25 per cent rise since the beginning of the year, gave a shot in the arm to the FTSE250 index of medium-sized stocks, which closed 52.3 points higher at 4650.5 compared with a 55.5-point fall in the FTSE 100, which closed at 5,031.3.

The leading index was driven lower by Wall Street, which traded sharply lower as investors fretted about reports due next week on inflation and retail sales. Worries that inter-

### DM to the £



est rates will have to rise in the US have pushed bond yields higher, emphasising the perceived over-valuation of American shares.

The rise in London's second-liners ended a long period of underperformance that has seen the smaller stocks lag the leading index by 18 per cent since January as investors flocked to the financials and pharmaceuticals that dominate the top flight.

The mid-cap index is loaded with exporters, engineers and other companies highly exposed to foreign, especially European, markets. During the next few holiday weeks, in which few companies are expected to report results, the stock market is expected to be unusually susceptible to currency movements.

One trader said: "I expect to see more switching into 250 stocks, but remember that this is the silly season when the market is more vulnerable to erratic moves."

The markets will have to contend with a stream of economic data in the next week, with Monday's producer prices followed by retail prices on Tuesday and unemployment and average earnings figures midweek. Also on Wednesday, the Bank of England will issue its quarterly in-

flation Report and the minutes of last month's meeting of the Monetary Policy Committee. Beneficiaries of the pound's fall yesterday included engineers, Salford Industries, Lucas Varity and GKN as well as building stocks such as Blue Circle and RMC, which are among the stocks most vulnerable to movements in interest rates.

The Bank of England was only given the freedom to set interest rates in May, since when it has nudged the rate upwards four times. Its advice to increase rates had been consistently ignored for months by former Conservative Chancellor Kenneth Clarke in the run-up to the general election.

According to Alison Cottrell, chief economist at Paine Webber: "The Bank of England has only now got to where it is happy, its neutral starting point with interest rates."

She added: "They moved in slow steps, but this built the expectation that they would do another small step every time. They've said, 'In case you are worried, we think we've got to where we want to be now.' It's quite comforting, because it implies that had they thought they needed a half-point increase, they would have done it."

Despite the hint from the Bank that it would hold off for a few months before raising rates again, most economists still expect base rates to rise again with some believing the peak in the current cycle could be as high as 8.5 per cent.

The Bank did not receive universal praise for its intervention. Richard Jeffrey, group economist at Charterhouse, said: "I think there is a great danger that when policymakers get involved in currency markets they tend to come off worst. The currency has to be allowed to find its own level."

Institutional investors call for the resignation of the chairman of United Utilities



Sir Desmond Pitcher: His £310,000 salary has been criticised Photograph: Edward Webb

## Survival battle for Sir Desmond

Chris Godsmark  
Business Correspondent

Sir Desmond Pitcher, the embattled chairman of United Utilities, will come under severe pressure to resign next week when a senior non-executive director tells him of intense investor unrest.

It emerged yesterday that Sir Peter Middleton, chairman of BZW and viewed as the City as United's most senior non-executive, held meetings with 10 big investors over the past few days in gauge reaction to the surprise ousting of Brian Staples as chief executive.

Sir Peter was left in no doubt from the meetings that the majority of investors would only be satisfied by Sir Desmond's swift departure. One institution said: "We told him it was not credible even to downgrade Sir Desmond to a non-executive chairman's role. The best recent comparison is with Yorkshire Water, where they got rid of the old board and brought in a new management team."

The investor said United, which is due to announce the outcome of an operational review by October, had to address its "dramatic underperformance" compared with other utility companies. He added: "What does Sir Des do to justify his huge pay package?" Sir Desmond has a basic salary of £310,000.

Another large shareholder saw United's problems as the first test of the Hampel proposals to beef up corporate governance rules.

Sir Desmond refused to give interviews yesterday, with advisers fearing his comments could inflame tensions further. "There's a lot of speculation but no institution has given its name to any of these stories. We can't comment on rumour and speculation," United shares slipped further yesterday, dropping 9.5p to 701p.

At United's annual shareholders meeting in Manchester last month Sir Desmond brushed off resignation speculation. "I've no intention of resigning. I have worked to build this company up," he said.

It was unclear whether Sir Desmond was made aware of Sir Peter's discussions before they began, though sources close to the company said the chairman was kept "fully informed".

The chairman had apparently not intended to justify his position further until the review concluded in the autumn and was said yesterday to be unlikely to change his mind. The Pitcher camp sought to defuse speculation of a rift with Sir Peter, arguing that the talks were merely to clarify the succession issue for when Sir Desmond retires on 2000.

## Thomson warns of rise in holiday costs

Andrew Yates

Thomson, the UK's largest tour operator and travel agent, warned yesterday that holiday prices could rise by more than 10 per cent, equivalent to at least £60 on a typical summer holiday costing £600, as a result of controversial proposals being considered by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission to overhaul the travel market to make it more competitive.

The changes, which may

include forcing tour operators to sell travel agents or renege them and preventing agents tying holiday discounts to travel insurance, could also lead to wide scale redundancies across the industry according to industry insiders.

However, the Association of Independent Tour Operators (AITO) refuted the claims. It said the current structure of the industry was anti-competitive and accused the larger tour operators of acting "dishonestly" by using their monopoly to limit customer choice and squeeze smaller travel groups out of the market.

The MMC has criticised

travel groups for failing to make the link between tour operators and travel agents clear. There are concerns that tour operators can restrict customer choice by using its travel agency branches to promote its own products in preference to rivals. The MMC is also worried that travel agents only stock brochures of those other tour operators that offer them large commissions and the practice of tying insurance to discounts misleads customers.

"Large tour operators attract customers by offering discounts. But they are basically pretty dishonest, typically charging a family £117 for travel insurance, compared to £50 at a smaller travel agent," said an AITO spokeswoman said yesterday.

Martin Brakenbury, a director of Thomson Travel said yesterday: "We plan to fight the MMC tooth and nail over this. It could push prices up well over 10 per cent."

## Takeover-spotting keeps bank sector on the boil

The stock market's love affair with the banking sector showed no sign of abating this week. With the notable exception of NatWest, all the banks to have reported their results in the past two weeks have received well-deserved accolades ranging from the warm to the frankly ecstatic. Barclays brought proceedings to a dramatic end on Thursday, with the promise of a bigger share buy-back than expected sending its shares into the stratosphere.

Being fully invested in the banks over the past year or so has been the only sure way of participating in the soaring stock market. With more than a quarter of the value of the FTSE 100 accounted for by the financial sector, the banks have been the market's mainstay in recent months. A year ago Lloyds shares were trading at 72p, now they are worth 742p, and Standard Chartered has all but doubled over the same period.

There are good reasons for that dramatic rerating of banking shares. In an environment of low inflation coupled with sustainable growth, the earnings quality of financial institutions improves as fewer companies go bust. Banks have also become much better at managing their costs and weeding out underperforming businesses.

Importantly, capital is being managed as a scarce resource rather than as the "free" source

Tom Stevenson believes there are good reasons for the re-rating – in spite of competition worries

of funds it has been viewed as in the past.

But what has surprised some analysts in the past two weeks is the extent to which share prices, which should already have factored in much of that good news, have continued to rise despite a set of results that have been good but not stunningly so. Barclays, for example, reported a modest 8 per cent rise in underlying profits but saw its shares add the best part of 10 per cent on the day of its results.

What appears to have happened is a shift in focus from the fundamental attractions of the sector – where there are quite serious worries about the incursion of the former building societies and a persistent squeeze on margins – to its potential for consolidation.

Investors are increasingly looking for the next takeover candidate, regardless of its underlying prospects.

That consolidation needs to take place has been clear for a number of years, but it has taken the movement of the former building societies into product lines traditionally seen as the preserve of the clearing

banks to concentrate minds on the over-supply of banks in British high streets.

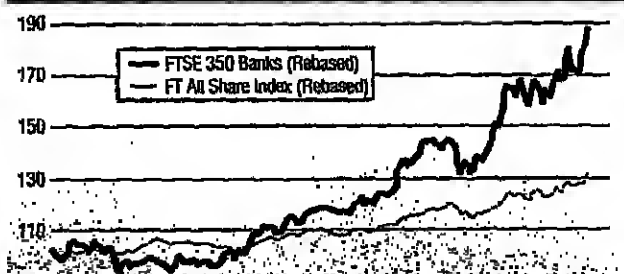
Another interesting feature of the reporting season has been the extent to which generalities about the banks have become invalid.

The seven banks in the table below are producing very different returns on their capital because they have become very different sorts of companies. The forces driving a global player such as HSBC are plainly very different from those driving Lloyds TSB, which has made a conscious and successful decision to focus on the retail side of the domestic market.

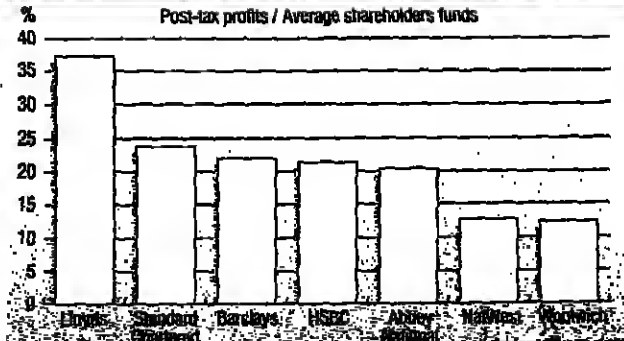
The star of the season was undoubtedly Lloyds TSB, where the potential for further cost-cutting from the merger of its constituent parts in 1995 continues to boost expectations. It has avoided the temptation of battling it out in the competitive investment banking world and seen its return on capital soar to a massive 40 per cent as a result.

At Barclays, the battle to turn BZW around appears to have been won and the return on

### Banking on Outperformance



### How the returns compare



equity at the investment bank of 12 per cent, while hardly better than its cost of capital, is at least moving in the right direction. Barclays is banding buckets of cash back to shareholders, arguably not what its management is paid to do but better than squandering it as in the past.

HSBC and Standard Chartered march to a different tune and both, in different ways are making a success of their overseas franchises. Standard cashed in on the currency turbulence in South-east Asia. HSBC continues to benefit from the booming economies of Asia and is

building up a meaningful franchise in Latin America.

The black sheep of the sector continues to be NatWest, although its plight appears to have been exaggerated by a press that has scented blood. Certainly its investment banking arm is still in trouble, returning just 2.4 per cent on its capital, but what NatWest appears to have got most wrong is to allow the perception of the bank as a loser to get such a firm grip. Its biggest error has been to allow itself to look weak when, all around, its rivals were looking stronger than perhaps they really are.

## Saracen claims bid support

Clifford German

The letters of support for HSBC Asset Management in its bid to take over the running of the poorly performing Saracen Value Trust from SFM Investment Management were not watertight commitments, Mr Jim Fisher, the SFM director on the Saracen board claimed last night. HSBC had not yet completed with his request to show him the letter.

Several of the shareholders had told him that they had also asked HSBC to pass a copy of the letter to the board of the trust. There may also be two or three different letters of commitment, added Mr Fisher.

The Saracen board will meet on Monday to consider several options for improving the performance of the trust, which specialises in "value investment" in small companies – which are currently deeply out of fashion.

SVT shares traded at a discount of 17-18 per cent to net asset value, although they gained 2p to 96.5p yesterday. The HSBC proposal will be considered at Monday's meeting, but Mr Fisher ruled out any change of investment policy. He believed investment preferences could change back at any time in favour of small companies with potential for earnings growth.

## informative:

First Direct Base Rate  
With effect from 7 August 1997, First Direct Base Rate has been increased by 0.25% from 6.75% to 7.00% p.a.

HomeOwner Reserve  
With effect from 7 August 1997, the HomeOwner Reserve interest rate has been increased by 0.25% to 13.25% p.a. (APR 13.8%)

First Direct is a division of Midland Bank plc Member HSBC Group

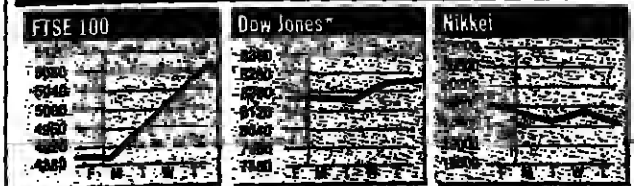
## BASE RATE

With effect from 7 August 1997  
The Royal Bank of Scotland  
Base Rate has been increased from 6.75% to 7.00% per annum.

**The Royal Bank of Scotland**

The Royal Bank of Scotland plc.  
Registered Office: 36 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh EH2 2YR.  
Registered in Scotland No. 90312.

### STOCK MARKETS



Indices	Close	Day's change	Change (%)	1996/97 High	1996/97 Low	YTD (%)
FTSE 100	5088.80	+80.80	+1.2	5088.80	4056.60	3.24
FTSE 250	4588.20	+80.80	+1.8	4725.40	4386.20	3.61
FTSE 350	2432.30	+31.50	+1.3	2432.30	2017.90	3.31
FTSE SmallCap	2197.15	+8.38	+0.4	2374.20	2178.29	3.26
FTSE All Share	2389.07	+29.33	+1.3	2389.07	1989.78	3.31
FTSE AP Share	8271.39	+12.08	+0.1	8259.31	5032.94	1.58
New York	19475.85	-226.22	-1.1	20581.07	17303.85	0.801
Tokyo	16673.27	+131.67	+0.8	16673.27	12055.17	2.891
Hong Kong	4414.35	+78.96	+1.8	4438.93	2848.77	1.281
Frankfurt						

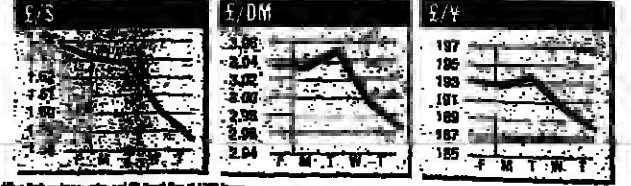
Statistics as of 8 August

### INTEREST RATES



Money Market Rates	1 Month	3 Month	6 Month	1 Year	Long Term	90 Day
UK	8.88	7.44	6.99	7.75	7.02	7.86
US	5.58	5.94	6.21	6.49	6.48	6.74
Japan	0.47	0.59	2.12	3.22		
Germany	3.06	3.50	5.69	6.27	6.40	

### CURRENCIES



Pound	Yesterday	Day's change	Year Ago
\$ (London)	1.5880	-1.51c	1.5420
\$ (NY)	1.5850	-1.53c	1.5430
DM (London)	2.9711	-9.01p	2.2888
DM (NY)	1.8741	-32.4p	1.6819
¥ (London)	102.8	-1.1	84.3
¥ (NY)			

Other Indicators	Yesterday	Day's change	Year Ago
Oil Brent	19.12	-0.26	19.78
Gold	321.40	+1.25	388.20
Gold E	202.85	+2.69	251.75

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# Nagging doubts about Labour 100 days on

MICHAEL HARRISON

'Raging against so-called excess might make good copy but at what point does it spill over into a more general antipathy towards business as a whole and the pursuit of profit?'

Labour reaches the end of its first 100 days in power in an unfamiliar position. On election, Robin Cook's marital break-up, the Gordon McMaster suicide and the mis-handling of Lord Simon's BP shareholding have conspired to present a picture of a Government less in control than it likes to be. To top it all, interest rates have just gone up for the fourth time since Tony Blair took office. Increasing the payment on the average mortgage by £40 a month.

Harold Macmillan had an explanation for the sort of quicksand Labour has suddenly run into. Asked once what was hardest thing to handle in government, he replied: "Events, dear boy, events."

Well, the events of the last 10 days bear out that adage. If they make Labour appear more human as a party, more fallible as a government, perhaps that is no bad thing. The stage-managed, news-managed, Mandelsonised way Labour has conducted itself since 1 May has begun to wear a little thin. It has encouraged those who argue Labour is more about style than substance, that it prefers slogans to policies. The critics think they have exposed a "rhetoric gap" between its words and actions.

Labour's response, unfortunately, has been to come up with another gimmick wrapped in a slogan. Mr Blair, we were told yesterday, is going to produce an annual report so that the "shareholders of Britain

can see how well Labour's performance is measuring up to its promises.

This is an irrelevance. Worse still, it distracts attention from the real substantive progress Labour has made, notably in economic management, but also in the regulation of the City, the implementation of competition policy and its commitment to tackle unemployment.

No one could seriously accuse Gordon Brown of not having had a seismic impact since taking over as Chancellor. The decision to give the Bank of England operational independence to set interest rates ranks as one of the most significant constitutional changes since the War.

The jury is still out on how well the policy is working and will remain so until well into next year. It will take until then to reach a judgment on whether the strategy of gently nudging up interest rates in a quarter point at a time has succeeded in keeping the cost of borrowing lower than it otherwise might have been, while still delivering a soft landing for the economy.

There is a legitimate fear that it will produce a stand-off between monetary and fiscal policy, encouraging expectations of higher rates and thereby pushing the pound to unsustainable levels. That concern was fuelled by the very modest personal tax increases announced in the Budget at the expense of higher taxes on business. Until this week, the ammunition was mounting.

But the Bank's latest tactic of combining another rise in rates with a broad hint that there would be no more for the foreseeable future seems to have done the trick in bringing sterling back down to earth for now.

Similarly, the decision to strip away the Bank's responsibility for banking supervision and bring it under one roof along with all the other City regulatory bodies marks a sea-change. The creation of super-SIB is certainly the most significant regulatory change since the 1986 Financial Services Act.

There are questions about how this new overarching body will work. There is a worry that the advantages gained from bringing separate regulatory functions together will be negated by the unwieldy and bureaucratic animal that emerges.

There will be ample scope for power battles and there will be plenty of room for empire building, especially given the size of the new headquarters the super-SIB is building for. But no one can argue with the boldness of the strategy.

As far as competition policy is concerned, the reinsurance, initially at least, came in what the President of the Board of Trade, Margaret Beckett, promised not to do. There would, she said, be no change in the burden of proof in takeover cases nor any change in the policy of vetting mergers on the basis of their impact on competition.

The decision to replace the Monopolies

and Mergers Commission with a more broadly based Competition Commission and grant the Office of Fair Trading new powers to fine companies engaged in cartels or anti-competitive agreements are also a step forward. The previous government pledged to do much the same but never quite found the Parliamentary time.

Similarly, there can be few grumbles with the reform of the Private Finance Initiative, while Labour has made enough noises to suggest that neither the Social Chapter nor the national minimum wage will prove quite the bogymen business once feared.

So far, so good. The equity markets have shaken New Labour in their stride, the FTSE 100 index rising by 10 per cent since the election, even though the performance of gilts has been less impressive.

The nagging doubts about Labour concern not the broad sweep of its changes but whether, for all Mr Blair's words, it really is a pro-business government. On the one hand Mr Blair has gathered to his breast a small coterie of "can do" business leaders whose endorsement he touchingly believes will cement Labour's credentials with the rest of the business community. Step forward Sir Peter Davis of the PwC, Martin Taylor of Barclays, Gerry Robinson, Alan Sugar and, until he blotted his copybook by being heady to his cabin crew, Bob Ayling.

On the other, the savage treatment meted out to Railtrack, for a set of profits that were hardly exceptional, and Camelot, for executive bonuses that merely reflected its money-raising success, suggests that Old Labour, red in tooth and claw in a different way, lurks not far beneath the surface.

Raging against such so-called excess might make good copy but at what point does it spill over into a more general antipathy towards business as a whole and the pursuit of profit? Despite her policy statements, Mrs Beckett seems to be intent on referring or blocking every merger that lands on her desk, not always with the backing of her competition experts. Is this to protect consumers or is it really because she dislikes corporate activity?

The Chancellor has spoken often and at length about how New Labour will foster enterprise and sweep away barriers to growth and productivity. But in his attempt to be more "businesslike" by dressing down both the Mansion House speech and the annual CBI dinner, was he really betraying his latent distrust, even dislike of the City?

The one consolation is that the Conservatives have scarcely won any more business friends during Labour's first 100 days. The attack on such a distinguished businessman as Lord Simon may have drawn blood. But in doing so the Tories seem to have completely forgotten which side their bread is buttered on.

## Byatt warns on water companies' dividend payouts

Chris Godsmark  
Business Correspondent

The privatised water companies could face further action from the industry regulator after failing to disclose sufficient information about their generous dividend payouts.

In another sign of his increasing concern at recent substantial hikes in dividends, Ian Byatt, the regulator, attacked the companies yesterday for paying "scant attention" to financial figures in their annual submissions to Ofwat, the watchdog.

He also raised the spectre of tougher price controls from 2000, by suggesting the companies were "setting aside too much cash from their profits to cover depreciation charges. A similar argument was used by Clare Spottiswoode, the gas regulator, in her long-running dispute with British Gas over pipeline charges.

Mr Byatt has written to all the large water and sewerage groups asking them to submit special reports on dividends and depreciation by next month. He warned that if they continued to fail to explain the way dividends between the main regulated utility businesses and the quoted holding companies were calculated, he

would insist tougher provisions in their operating licences.

Each year the companies make annual returns to Ofwat giving detailed operating results for their main regulated water and sewerage businesses. But Mr Byatt said the latest set of data did not clearly show the flows of money between different parts of their businesses.

"The water companies need to articulate their dividend policy at the time of their public results. I'm not saying that there's been no progress on this issue since I first made my concerns known, but it hasn't been good enough," Mr Byatt said.

He added that he wanted to see companies provide greater detail on regulated dividends at their next set of results for the six months to the end of September, to be published at the end of the year. "I'm not saying I want to control dividends, but I'm equally determined to get better transparency."

At the last set of annual results most water groups reported unexpectedly large rises in dividends, typically in the high teens. South West Water's increased by 20.3 per cent, while Thames water's payout soared by 22 per cent.

Most pointed to customer rebate schemes or increases in discretionary investment pro-

grammes as a sign that consumers were sharing in the distribution alongside investors. But the level of information about dividends paid by the core regulated businesses, the main source of earnings, varied widely between the companies.

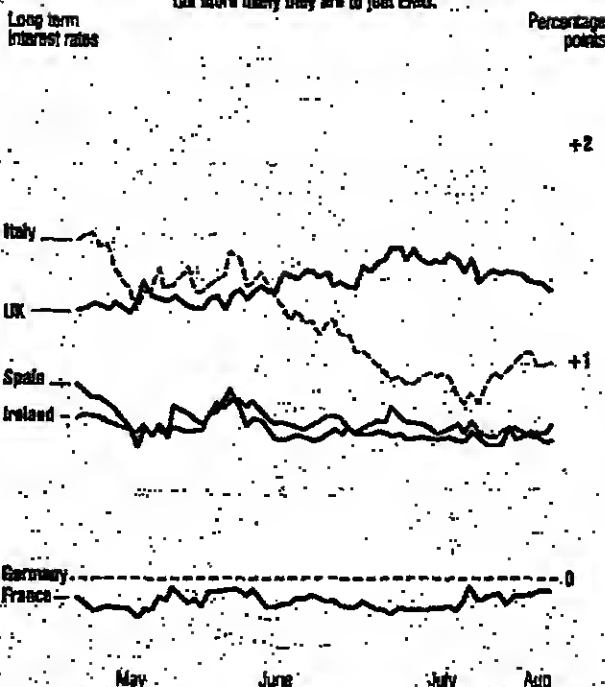
The additional concern over depreciation charges came after Ofwat found the companies were setting aside much bigger sums for depreciation than the amount of cash spent on maintaining the assets themselves. A larger depreciation charge would artificially reduce profits at a time when the companies are negotiating the next price review. Mr Byatt has already called for a substantial one-off drop in customer bills.

Separately, Ofwat yesterday approved the second move towards water competition, with a plan by Anglian Water to service business customers outside its own region. Anglian will take over a sewage treatment works on the former RAF Fintona base near Doncaster, which is due to be developed in a housing estate. The base is in Severn Trent's sewerage area.

Earlier this year Anglian won the first so-called "inset appointment", taking over the provision of water to a chicken plant supplied by a neighbouring drinking water company.

### Who will be in EMU? The financial markets' view

The closer other countries get to the desired baseline (Germany) the more likely they are to join EMU.



TOWARDS EMU: If the line moves towards the German base line it means investors no longer require such a high premium for holding that country's bonds compared to German ones, because they are confident the currency won't devalue against the Mark. In other words, they think that country will be locked into a single currency with Germany in ten years' time.

AWAY FROM EMU: However, if they think the country won't be in EMU, that it will have higher inflation, and that there is a risk of a future devaluation against the Mark, then they will demand an extra premium for holding that country's bonds, so the line will move away from the base.

### When will EMU start? The City Analysts' View.

The independent analysts from: William Europe, Paine Webber, ABN Amro, JP Morgan, Deutsche Morgan Grenfell, Salomon Brothers, Goldman Sachs, HSBC James Capel, UBS.

What probability they placed on EMU starting on time.

Probability EMU starts on time: 85% (53% last week)  
Probability EMU starts late: 32% (32% last week)  
Probability EMU never happens: 3% (5% last week)

## German spanner in EMU works

Magnus Grimond

The consensus that monetary union will go ahead on time in 1999 weakened further this week, with attention continuing to focus on the Germans.

Rumours, later squashed, that Chancellor Helmut Kohl had died of a heart attack hit sentiment, coming on top of worries stemming from the failure of his tax reform measures. Even so, most observers' trepidation still centres on what the Bundesbank will do with interest rates in the next few weeks.

Julian Jessop of Nikko Europe says speculation about an imminent announcement has been a little over-cooked, but he still expects an increase to come in September or October.

Even an uptick of as little as 0.1 per cent would be psychologically significant, coming as the first rise for five years. That could throw a spanner into the EMU works, particularly for investors who have made fat profits on the reducing yield gap between the Mediterranean currencies and Germany.

Stephen King of James Capel is more sanguine about the impact of higher rates, pointing out that German money costs are still well below the 4 per cent or so indicated as required after a European monetary area comes into effect. "But politically, it could suffice rising resistance to EMU within Germany."

### IN BRIEF

#### Fraud alert issued as EU Bank collapses

European Union Bank, which claimed to be the first offshore bank to offer services over the Internet, has collapsed. Based in Antigua, EU Bank was set up in 1994 and last October was included in a Bank of England warning of the potential dangers of deposits with offshore institutions. Coopers & Lybrand's Antigua arm has been appointed to investigate what went wrong and the Antigua Office of National Drugs and Money Laundering Policy has issued a fraud alert. No British depositors are thought to have been affected.

#### Nomura fined £1.1m over racketeers

Nomura Securities was fined a total of yen 200m (£1.1m) by the Japan Securities Dealers Association and the Tokyo Stock Exchange over its illegal trading activities on behalf of *sokaiya* racketeers. The Japan Securities Dealers Association, which fined Nomura the maximum ¥100m said it had asked all publicly listed securities companies to strengthen supervisory measures. And it has revised its articles to penalise similar violations to cover all securities trading, not just equities, adding that it will penalise similar infringements by banks and insurers in the future.

#### Memory announces cash-raising move

Memory Corporation, the beleaguered computer chip maker, announced plans to raise more money, probably via a rights issue or placing. The move comes after a disastrous 18 months for the group, which has seen its shares go into freefall and its value fall from more than £350m to just £18m. Memory also announced a tie-up with Micron Technology, a US manufacturer of computer chips, to produce Flash memory cards for digital cameras. Memory raised more than £4m when it floated in December 1994 but only has £1m left. It has been hit by the plunge in the computer chip prices but managed to reduce losses for the six months to June to £1.2m, compared with a loss of £3.1m in the previous year.

#### Vickers sells Jered Brown for \$14m

Vickers has sold substantially all of the business and assets of the Jered Brown Brothers in the US to Jered Industries, a new company formed by a private investment group and members of the subsidiary's management for \$14.3m (£9m). Jered Brown Brothers, which specialises in naval and commercial systems design, engineering, manufacturing and service, was acquired by Vickers in 1980.

#### Oftel to let businesses decide numbers

Oftel, the UK telecommunications regulator, plans to give businesses more choice and control over their telecoms numbering arrangements. Don Cruickshank, director-general of Telecommunications, said that under the plans businesses and large public organisations can choose to move to the "05" range of telephone numbers. "These plans are in response to clear customer demand," he said. Companies would be allocated blocks of numbers direct and would be able to decide how to use them across the organisation. The scheme is primarily intended for organisations who operate extensive multi-site networks, although smaller companies will also be able to use it. "Calls to 05 numbers would be capped at no more than the national rate, though in most cases it should cost less than this." The 05 range should be introduced by 1999.

#### Buy-back plans boost Biotechnology

Biotechnology Investments, the Guernsey-based investment company managed by Rothschild Asset Management, proposes to buy back up to 15 per cent of its 55.5 million shares in issue in an attempt to raise the share price, which on Thursday stood at a discount of around 25 per cent to net asset value. The shares jumped 20p to 335.5p on the news, reducing the discount by 5 percentage points. The fund has suffered from the relatively dull performance of biotechnology stocks this year.

#### Abbey raises mortgage rates

Abbey National is raising its standard variable mortgage rate by 0.25 percentage points following this week's increase in interest rates. The increase takes effect from Monday for new borrowers and from 1 September for existing customers. The mortgage rate for a loan of up to £59,999 will be 8.45 per cent, for a loan of £60,000 it will be 8.4 per cent and 8.35 per cent for £100,000. Increases in savings and investment rates will be announced shortly.

## Digital TV launch faces delays

Chris Godsmark

The consortium formed by British Sky Broadcasting and British Telecom may be forced to postpone next year's launch of a digital satellite television service because of delays in gaining approval from regulators in the UK and Europe.

Investors in the service, called British Interactive Broadcasting (BIB), fear the European Commission is taking much longer than expected to give the plans the go-ahead, which would involve injecting £265m into the consortium to subsidise the cost of the set-top boxes that decode programmes.

British Sky Broadcasting will use the technology to launch a

digital television service in the spring, with the full interactive home shopping and educational channels provided by BIB in the summer.

It emerged this week that the rival digital cable service planned by Telewest has already been put back from the end of this year to coincide with BIB's launch.

Despite attempts by BIB to accelerate the process, Karel van Miert, the Competition Commissioner, has given no indication about whether he would agree to the proposed subsidies of around £200 a box, to bring the price in retailers down to about £200. The EC is understood to have indicated that it needed extra time ex-

amining the plans, which could become a template for other digital services across the European Union.

Though Oftel, the UK telecommunications watchdog, is thought to be closer to approving the scheme, it has also not reached a final conclusion. The partners, BT, BSkyB, the Midland Bank and the Pan-European parent group Matsushita, had hoped to hear from all the regulators involved by the middle of this month.

The Independent Television Commission and the Department of Trade and Industry are also involved.

An industry source said it looked as though the EC would not reach a decision until late

September at the earliest and time was "critical" for BIB to meet the spring deadline.

Electronics groups which intend to make the set-top boxes, led by Matsushita, have been unable to invest in production facilities until the regulators give BIB the go-ahead. More time would then be needed to test the systems and distribute the boxes to retailers.

A BIB spokesman yesterday insisted the launch dates for both the television and interactive services would not be put back.

He added: "If we want to delay it by a month or two then we can, but at the moment we are working to the original schedule."

## Holland & Barrett sale raises healthy £100m

Nigel Cope  
City Correspondent

Holland & Barrett, one of Britain's best-known health food retailers, has been sold to an American group for £100m.

NBTY, formed in the US as Natures Bounty in 1960, has bought the chain from Gehe, the German pharmaceuticals group which acquired it as part of the Lloyds Chemicals deal in January. The existing management, led by managing director Barry Vickers will continue to run the company, and NBTY said there would be no redundancies among the 2,250 staff.

The deal means a further invasion of the UK health food market by US groups. General Nutrition Centres is also expanding in the UK, though from a smaller base. Holland & Barrett has 402 shops and last year achieved profits of £8.2m on sales of £110m. NBTY plans to continue the group's expansion plans. Barry Vickers, Holland & Barrett's managing director, welcomed the deal, saying it would help fund further expansion and aid investment in better in-store technology and additional advertising and marketing.

The deal will give NBTY combined sales of £260m this year with 500 stores.

### Foreign Exchange Rates as at 7.00pm

Country	Sterling	Dollar	D-Mark
US	1.5860	20.18	59.56
Canada	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Germany	2.2071	97.40	167.03
France	1.0266	94.32	665.80
Italy	2.0041	102.14	16.07
Japan	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Spain	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Belgium	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Denmark	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Netherlands	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Sweden	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Switzerland	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Australia	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Hong Kong	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Malaysia	1.0266	104.10	16.07
New Zealand	1.0266	104.10	16.07
South Africa	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Saudi Arabia	1.0266	104.10	16.07
Singapore	1.0266	104.10	16.07

### Other Spot Rates as at 7.00pm

Country	Sterling	Dollar
Argentina	1.5860	0.9938
Australia	2.0203	0.9938
Brazil	1.0266	1.0000
Canada	1.0266	1.0000
China	1.0266	1.0000
France	1.0266	1.0000
Germany	1.0266	1.0000
Italy	1.0266	1.0000
Japan	1.0266	1.0000
Spain	1.0266	1.0000
Sweden	1.0266	1.0000
Switzerland	1.0266	1.0000
USA	1.0266	1.0000

Forward rates quoted high to low are at a discount; rates quoted low to high are at a premium.

\*Dollar rates quoted as approximate.

For the latest foreign exchange rates call 0891 123 3033.

Cable cost 50p per minute.

### Interest Rates as at 7.00pm

UK	Germany	Japan
Base	6.75%	5.50%
Discount	5.50%	4.50%
Prime	4.75%	3.50%
Overnight	2.50%	2.50%
Advances	2.50%	2.50%

### Bond Yields as at 7.00pm

Country	5yr	10yr	15yr	20yr	30yr
UK	7.00%	6.50%	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%
Germany	6.50%	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%
Japan	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%	3.50%
France	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%
Italy	7.00%	6.50%	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%
Spain	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%
Sweden	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%	3.50%	3.00%
Switzerland	4.00%	3.50%	3.00%	2.50%	2.00%
Australia	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%	3.50%	3.00%
Canada	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%
USA	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%	3.50%	3.00%

### Money Market Rates as at 7.00pm

Market	7 Day	1 Month	3 Months	6 Months	1 Year
Bank Bill	6.75%	6.50%	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%
Local Authority Debt	6.50%	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%
Treasury Bill (3yr)	6.00%	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%
CDs (1yr)	5.50%	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%	3.50%
CDs (3yr)	5.00%	4.50%	4.00%	3.50%	3.00%

### Tourist Rates as at 7.00pm

Country	£ Buys	£ Buys	£ Buys
Australia (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Australia (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Canada (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Canada (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
France (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
France (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Germany (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Germany (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Italy (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Italy (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Japan (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Japan (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Spain (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Spain (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Sweden (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Sweden (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Switzerland (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
Switzerland (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
USA (Dollars)	2.2003	71.86	208.20
USA (Sterling)	2.2003	71.86	208.20

### Life Financial Futures as at 7.00pm

Contract	Settlement price
Long Gilt	115.05
German Grt Bd	122.22
Italian Bond	115.84
Japan Grt Bd	125.70
3 Mth Sterling	92.80
	92.88
3 Mth Eurodmt	98.63
	96.48



PHILIPS  
ECOTONE

# Pick your team to take you to the World Cup Finals



INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

**W**ith the new league season now underway, a vast array of footballing talent is on parade for the first time. Arsenal and Chelsea have been the busiest clubs in the overseas market, with Marc Overmars the most expensive recruit. The two London clubs can be expected to mount a strong challenge. Liverpool and Newcastle United will also be fighting for the title. However, Alex Ferguson's men will again be the team to beat. With the signings of Teddy Sheringham and Celso Silva from Brazil they are again the bookmakers' favourites to win the title. Can you keep up with the changes? The Independent and Independent on Sunday are giving you the chance. With a budget of £40 million, can you come up with a team to top them all in the Premiership this season?

## HOW TO ENTER.

Firstly you will need to pick your team formation, of course there's your goalkeeper plus you have a choice of four formations for the others in your team.

- FORMATION A. 4-4-2**  
4 Defenders, 4 Midfielders, 2 Strikers
- FORMATION B. 4-3-3**  
4 Defenders, 3 Midfielders, 3 Strikers
- FORMATION C. 5-3-2**  
5 Defenders, 3 Midfielders, 2 Strikers
- FORMATION D. 3-5-2**  
3 Defenders, 5 Midfielders, 2 Strikers

Once you have chosen your formation and team name pick your team of 11 players and 1 manager from the list below. Players can only play in the positions that they are listed under and their total value must not go over £40million. Having made a note of your team call our registration hotline. Please try to use a tone telephone - one which makes tone noises when you dial, although pulse telephones can be used to register your team.

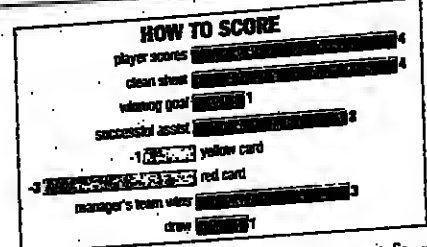


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Every time one of your players score you get four points. There are four points for a keeper or a defender every time their team keeps a clean sheet. If a player scores the winning goal, i.e. if there is a one goal difference in the winning goal, the player scoring the final goal for the winning team is awarded 1 bonus point awarded in addition to standard goal related points. Each successful Assist, a pass judged by our experts to lead directly to a goal, will give a player 3 points. The opinion of our experts on the matter is final. Each player selected and starting a game will be awarded one point.

If a player is given a Yellow Card they lose 1 point, if a player is given a Red Card they lose 3 points. Own goals, either scored or conceded, do not count.

The Premiership Manager that you choose will be awarded 3 points if their real-life team wins, 1 point is awarded if they draw and no points are given if they lose.

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# INDEPENDENT FANTASY FOOTBALL

CODE	PLAYER	TEAM	VALUE (£m)	CODE	PLAYER	TEAM	VALUE (£m)	CODE	PLAYER	TEAM	VALUE (£m)	CODE	PLAYER	TEAM	VALUE (£m)				
GOALKEEPERS																			
300	Seaman	Ars	4.0	455	Cox	Bol	2.5	560	Lundekvam	Sou	1.2	679	Sharpe	Lee	3.5				
303	Lukic	Ars	1.0	456	Elliot	Bol	3.0	563	Scales	Tot	3.4	680	Ribeiro	Lee	1.5				
304	Manning	Ars	3.0	457	Fairclough	Bol	2.0	564	Campbell	Tot	4.0	683	Haalaod	Lee	2.5				
305	Bosolich	AV	4.0	458	Taggart	Bol	1.5	565	Calderwood	Tot	2.9	684	Parker	Lei	2.5				
306	Oakes	AV	1.5	459	Bergssoo	Bol	3.0	566	Austio	Tot	2.2	685	Taylor	Lei	2.1				
307	Watson	Bar	1.0	460	Duberry	Chel	3.0	567	Edinburgh	Tot	1.6	686	Izzett	Lei	2.6				
308	Lesse	Bar	1.0	463	Petrescu	Che	3.0	568	Carr	Tot	1.2	687	Leonon	Lei	1.7				
309	Flowers	Bla	5.2	464	Lamhoude	Che	5.0	569	Mahbutt	Tot	1.5	688	Guppy	Lei	3.0				
310	Filan	Bla	1.5	465	Lehouef	Che	3.0	570	Dicks	WH	3.5	689	Barnes	Liv	3.0				
333	Branagan	Bol	1.2	466	Sioclar	Che	2.5	573	Rieper	WH	2.7	690	Redknapp	Liv	5.2				
334	De Goeij	Che	1.0	467	Daish	Cov	2.7	574	Hall	WH	3.0	693	McManaman	Liv	5.9				
335	Grodas	Che	1.0	468	Shaw	Cov	2.2	575	Potts	WH	1.5	694	Thomas	Liv	3.0				
336	Ogrizovic	Cov	2.2	469	Burrows	Cov	2.2	576	Ferdinand	WH	2.5	695	Leonhardsen	Liv	4.0				
337	Hedman	Cov	1.0	470	Haworth	CP	1.5	577	Impey	WH	2.2	696	Giggs	Man	7.4				
338	Nash	CP	1.0	473	Edworthy	CP	1.5	578	Turner	WH	2.0	697	Beckham	Man	7.0				
339	Day	CP	1.0	474	Gordon	CP	2.0	579	Perry	Wim	4.0	698	Keane	Man	7.0				
340	Poom	Der	1.2	475	Muscat	CP	1.0	580	Cunningham	Wim	1.5	699	Butt	Mao	3.5				
343	Hoult	Der	1.6	476	Tuttle	CP	2.0	583	Thatcher	Wim	2.0	700	Pohorski	Man	3.6				
344	Southall	Eve	3.0	477	Linighan	CP	2.0	584	McAllister	Wim	1.5	703	Lee	New	3.8				
345	Gerrard	Eve	1.5	478	Roberts	CP	3.0	585	Kimble	Wim	1.5	704	Batty	New	3.6				
346	Martyn	Lee	3.3	479	Hreidsson	CP	1.0	MIDFIELD				705	Gillespie	New	2.5				
347	Beeney	Lee	1.2	480	Stimac	Der	3.3	600	Platt	Ars	2.5	706	Beardsley	New	2.0				
348	Keller	Lei	2.5	483	C Powell	Der	1.8	603	Parlour	Ars	2.4	707	Ketsbara	New	2.0				
349	Poole	Lei	1.5	484	Laursen	Der	1.5	605	Vieira	Ars	4.5	708	Blinker	SW	1.8				
350	James	Liv	3.5	485	Erano	Der	2.5	606	Overmars	Ars	2.0	709	Hyde	SW	1.7				
353	Warner	Liv	1.0	486	Phelan	Eve	1.9	607	M Rodriguez	Ars	6.0	730	Whittingham	SW	3.0				
354	Schmeichel	Man	5.5	487	Short	Eve	3.0	608	Taylor	AV	1.9	733	Carhane	SW	2.4				
355	Van Der Gouw	Man	1.2	488	Watson	Eve	2.7	609	Townsend	AV	3.2	734	Magilton	Sou	1.5				
356	Given	New	2.5	489	Uosworth	Eve	3.0	610	Drape	AV	4.1	735	Slater	Sou	1.2				
357	Hislop	New	3.0	490	Hinchcliffe	Eve	3.5	630	Marcelle	Bar	2.0	736	Oakley	Tot	6.0				
358	Pressman	SW	1.8	493	Bilic	Eve	4.0	633	Bullock	Bar	1.2	737	Anderton	Tot	3.5				
359	Taylor	Sou	1.0	494	Kelly	Lee	3.6	634	Bullock	Bar	1.5	739	Fox	Tot	3.2				
360	Beasant	Sou	3.4	495	Wetherall	Lee	2.5	635	Redfern	Bar	1.2	740	Howells	Tot	3.5				
363	Walker	Tot	1.0	496	Molenaar	Lee	2.5	636	Eaden	Bar	1.0	743	Sinton	Tot	3.0				
364	Bardsen	Tot	1.0	497	Dorigo	Lee	1.2	637	Tinkler	Bar	3.0	744	Nielsen	WH	2.5				
365	Miklosko	WH	1.5	498	Robertson	Lee	2.5	638	Donis	Bla	3.0	745	Williamson	WH	2.0				
366	Sullivan	Wim	2.7	499	Walsh	Lei	2.2	639	Wilcock	Bla	3.0	746	Hughes	WH	2.5				
DEFENDERS				500	Whitlow	Lei	1.2	640	McKinlay	Bla	2.2	747	Moncur	WH	2.5				
400	Dixon	Ars	2.5	503	Elliot	Lei	1.2	643	Sherwood	Bla	3.4	748	Bishop	WH	2.5				
403	Upson	Ars	2.0	504	Watts	Lei	1.6	644	Flitcroft	Bla	3.0	749	Berkovic	WH	3.0				
404	Petit	Ars	4.2	505	Wright	Liv	3.0	645	Franssen	Bol	1.5	750	Lomas	WH	2.8				
405	Grimendi	Ars	2.7	506	Ruddock	Liv	3.0	646	Thompson	Bol	2.8	753	Jones	Wim	3.1				
406	Winterburn	Ars	2.5	507	Harkness	Liv	1.2	647	Pollock	Bol	1.2	754	Earle	Wim	2.0				
407	Bould	Ars	4.5	508	Kvarme	Liv	2.5	648	Sellars	Bol	1.5	755	Ardley	Wim	2.0				
408	Adams	Ars	4.5	509	Bjornehye	Liv	2.5	649	Gullitt	Che	4.4	756	Fear	Wim	2.0				
409	Keown	Ars	3.0	530	Matteo	Liv	3.0	650	Di Matteo	Che	5.0	757	Hughes	Wim	2.0				
430	Staunton	AV	5.2	533	McAteer	Liv	3.0	653	Wise	Che	3.7	STRIKERS							
434	Ehioquo	AV	3.0	534	G Neville	Man	4.2	654	Newton	Che	2.4	800	Bergkamp	Ars	7.5				
435	Nelson	AV	1.2	535	P Neville	Man	2.5	655	P Hughes	Che	1.0	803	Wright	Ars	7.2				
436	Wright	AV	3.0	536	Irwin	Man	3.0	656	Baheyaro	Cov	1.8	804	Boamorte Per	Ars	2.0				
437	Scimeca	AV	2.2	537	Pallister	Man	3.5	657	Telfer	Cov	2.4	805	Yorke	AV	6.7				
438	Grayson	AV	2.2	538	May	Man	3.5	658	Richardson	Cov	3.0	806	Joachim	AV	2.4				
439	Moses	Bar	1.5	539	Johnsen	Man	3.5	659	McAllister	Cov	2.4	807	Collinsmore	AV	8.1				
440	Appleby	Bar	2.0	540	Silva	New	4.1	660	Salako	Cov	2.0	808	Wilkinson	Bar	1.2				
443	Thompson	Bar	1.0	543	Alhert	New	3.7	663	Johansen	Cov	1.2	809	Hendrie	Bar	1.5				
444	Krizan	Bar	1.0	544	Howey	New	3.0	665	Simpson	Der	3.0	830	Hristov	Bar	1.5				
445	Berg	Bla	3.4	545	Pacek	New	3.3	666	Asanovic	Der	1.2	833	Sutton	Bla	4.5				
446	Le Saux	Bla	3.0	546	Barton	New	2.2	667	Van Der Laan	Der	1.6	834	Gallacher	Bla	3.0				
447	Coleman	Bla	4.4	547	Beresford	New	2.2	668	Daily	Der	1.2	835	Dahlin	Bla	4.0				
448	Hendry	Bla	1.9	548	Blondeau	SW	2.2	669	Hunt	Der	2.0	836	McGinlay	Bol	2.2				
449	Kenna	Bla	2.0	549	Nolan	SW	1.9	670	Parkinson	Eve	1.8	837	Blake	Bol	2.7				
450	Henchoz	Bla	3.0	550	Atherton	SW	2.5	673	Grant	Eve	2.2	838	Zola	Che	9.0				
453	Valery	Bla	3.0	553	Walker	SW	1.6	674	Farrelly	Eve	2.0	839	Vialli	Che	3.5				
454	Andersson	Bla	2.5	554	Stefanovic	SW	1.5	675	Stuart	Eve	2.5	840	M Hughes	Che	4.4				
TERMS AND CONDITIONS				555	Newsome	SW	1.7	676	Speed	Eve	2.7	843	Tore Andre Flo	Che	3.0				
1. Only entries made on the Independent/Independent on Sunday Fantasy Football official registration form will be valid.				556	Monkou	Sou	2.5	677	Bowyer	Lee	3.0	844	Dublin	Cov	3.5				
2. Changing data for telephone entries is not accepted as proof of entry.				557	Dodd	Sou	1.5	678	Wallace	Lee	1.8	10. All points scored during all Premiership matches count towards the team managers' total score for the season and the final top prize. No cap on individual manager's total score. No cap on individual manager's total score.							
3. The competition is open to residents of the UK and Republic of Ireland only. Entries must be made by 10.00pm on the day of registration. 14. Calls cost 50p per minute at all times. Entries made by pay phone will cost approximately double that of a normal phone. Your call should not last more than 4.5 minutes. Make sure your team selection is correct before dialling so that your call is for the minimum duration. Republic of Ireland calls will cost 50p per minute including VAT at all times. 15. The Independent/Independent on Sunday reserve the right to stop the game at any time and change the conditions. The editor's decisions are final in all matters relating to the game. No correspondence, either in writing or by telephone, will be entered into. 16. The entry number, name of manager, team name, and team selection must be entered on the registration form. If you do not wish to receive these please write to Independent Fantasy Football, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. 17. Should you have any difficulty registering your team please call our helpline on 0990 880 242. Please note before you ring the helpline the most common problems encountered is that of managers going over budget.				558	Benali	Sou	1.5	11. Team selections must be made, cannot be altered until each team has a transfer list may be published in connection with Fantasy Football. There is no limit to number of entries per person or household any make by individual entry. One PIN chosen number will be used for each valid team registration. You must keep your PIN chosen number safe. 12. Changing data for telephone entries is not accepted as proof of entry. 13. The competition is open to residents of the UK and Republic of Ireland only. Entries must be made by 10.00pm on the day of registration. 14. Calls cost 50p per minute at all times. Entries made by pay phone will cost approximately double that of a normal phone. Your call should not last more than 4.5 minutes. Make sure your team selection is correct before dialling so that your call is for the minimum duration. Republic of Ireland calls will cost 50p per minute including VAT at all times. 15. The Independent/Independent on Sunday reserve the right to stop the game at any time and change the conditions. The editor's decisions are final in all matters relating to the game. No correspondence, either in writing or by telephone, will be entered into. 16. The entry number, name of manager, team name, and team selection must be entered on the registration form. If you do not wish to receive these please write to Independent Fantasy Football, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. 17. Should you have any difficulty registering your team please call our helpline on 0990 880 242. Please note before you ring the helpline the most common problems encountered is that of managers going over budget.				559	Van Gobel	Sou	1.5	18. The competition is open to residents of the UK and Republic of Ireland only. Entries must be made by 10.00pm on the day of registration. 14. Calls cost 50p per minute at all times. Entries made by pay phone will cost approximately double that of a normal phone. Your call should not last more than 4.5 minutes. Make sure your team selection is correct before dialling so that your call is for the minimum duration. Republic of Ireland calls will cost 50p per minute including VAT at all times. 15. The Independent/Independent on Sunday reserve the right to stop the game at any time and change the conditions. The editor's decisions are final in all matters relating to the game. No correspondence, either in writing or by telephone, will be entered into. 16. The entry number, name of manager, team name, and team selection must be entered on the registration form. If you do not wish to receive these please write to Independent Fantasy Football, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. 17. Should you have any difficulty registering your team please call our helpline on 0990 880 242. Please note before you ring the helpline the most common problems encountered is that of managers going over budget.			

Let's make things better





**Woods wades in to save Lancashire**

**ROUND-UP**


Nathan Wood rescued Lancashire against Warwickshire at Blackpool yesterday. Needing 88 to win, Wood wrapped up their fourth championship win in five games. Lancashire hit trouble at 45 for 6 when they lost their first wicket on 24 overs, after Warwickshire's Graeme Welch had accounted for five of their batsmen.

But Wood, the 22-year-old son of former Lancashire and England opener Barry, held Lancashire together before Warren Hegg and Gary Yates saw them through to a three-wicket win.

Wood's painstaking innings lasted two-and-three-quarter hours and he faced 112 balls for 26 runs to shore up one end. He was dismissed by Dougie Brown with the score on 67, but Hegg and Yates made sure there could be no more mistakes.

Hegg scored 16 from 52 balls and Yates 14 from seven balls, but their third four took Lancashire past the target. Then win took them into joint fifth place in the table, level with Warwickshire and Yorkshire.

**THE INDEPENDENT**



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Moving image: Jean Alesi takes his Benetton-Renault round the Hungaroring at high speed during practice yesterday

Photograph: Empics

## Coulthard confident of his position

### Motor racing

DERICK ALLSOP  
reports from Budapest

Championships and contracts are powerful incentives, or perhaps it was just coincidence. Either way, Michael Schumacher and David Coulthard backed up their causes with emphatic statements on the track here yesterday.

Schumacher arrived for tomorrow's Hungarian Grand Prix with a 10-point lead in the championship and collected a late spin, he made good use of it, registering the fastest time in unofficial practice.

Second best was Coulthard, a timely performance to reinforce his prospects of staying with McLaren-Mercedes next season. Damon Hill is covering one of the silver cars and the Scot is intent on ensuring it will not be him.

Schumacher dominated pro-

ceedings all day, apparently confirming the optimism he expressed a fortnight ago. The German, however, is a master at containing Italian euphoria and again urged caution in his camp and among his followers.

He said: "It is very much like last year for me. We are quick on one lap, but I'm not so sure about a race distance. We have not done enough work yet to know."

Schumacher had a more positive view on the contribution of Eddie Irvine, his team-mate for another season, in testing last week. "Eddie did a lot of work and did a good job," he said.

Much the same can be said of Coulthard's labours yesterday. A season which began with a win and continued with a series of impressive drives lost a little momentum in the last two races and Hill's seemingly strengthening links with McLaren intensified the pressure on the Scot. Suddenly he, as well as Mika Hakkinen, was under threat.

Coulthard responded in the most eloquent manner. He was only two-tenths of a second slower than Schumacher and, off the circuit also, he presented a strong case for another season's employment at McLaren.

"I don't feel I'm under threat. I think I have done a strong job for the team. I'm not saying Damon has had his day because Nigel Mansell and Alain Prost won titles in their late thirties," Coulthard said.

"Damon is a quick driver, although it's difficult to gauge what his motivation has been this year. I don't know whether he would do a better job. It's a question of whether or not people see him as the future. I'm not a boxer, standing here saying I'm better than him and can do this and that. I have confidence in my ability and can do my talking on the track."

"I am comfortable with my performance. I am in only my third full season in Formula One and think I have a lot to offer.

I think I can still improve. I'm 26 and have another 10 years before I get to Damon's age. It's impossible to say whether or not Damon will improve any more, because maybe he can show he is a born again driver."

"I don't think there is any danger he will be given my place, but then I am looking through my eyes at my performance and how I compare with him. McLaren-Mercedes may look at it differently, but I have shown I can win races and I am going to be cheaper and younger."

Hill, his talks with Sauber having ended, boasted his own market value with fifth place in the Arrows Yamaha, so how about an all-British line-up at McLaren?

Coulthard, who partnered Hill at Williams-Renault in 1994 and 1995, said: "I don't see why there shouldn't be two Brits in the team. You have to go with the best drivers. I would be happy to be Damon Hill's team-mate again. I think we

work well together. But Mika and I are both quick drivers and we've been getting as much out of the car as possible."

Hill was grounded for much of the afternoon session with a gearbox problem, but was instantly quick once released, taking advantage of tyres patently suited to the circuit. He finished just behind the Williams of Heinz-Harald Frentzen. Jacques Villeneuve, Schumacher's closest challenger, in the other Williams, was a distant 11th.

Villeneuve and Williams are in danger of losing more and perhaps even decisive ground to Schumacher and Ferrari here. The Canadian said: "Ferrari have obviously been doing something and it is working. It's annoying because it makes our life harder. But we are also working on a few things. We are confident. We must close the gap on Ferrari."

The competition between the two teams, and especially the resurgence of Schumacher

and Ferrari, is proving good for business here. Ticket sales have been booming. All welcome news for the promoter, one Bernard Charles Ecclestone, Formula One's impresario.

His influence here appears to know no bounds. He vented his displeasure last year, when his chauffeur-driven limousine was held up on a narrow access track by the volume of traffic. This year a new road conveys carrying personnel to the circuit gate. It is called Bernie Avenue.

Hungarian Grand Prix (Sunday) Practice times: 1. M. Schumacher (McLaren) 1:17.589sec; 2. D. Coulthard (McLaren) 1:17.820sec; 3. J. Villeneuve (Williams) 1:17.842sec; 4. H. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.855sec; 5. J. Alesi (Benetton) 1:17.868sec; 6. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.881sec; 7. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.894sec; 8. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.907sec; 9. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.920sec; 10. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.933sec; 11. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.946sec; 12. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.959sec; 13. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.972sec; 14. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.985sec; 15. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:17.998sec; 16. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:18.011sec; 17. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:18.024sec; 18. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:18.037sec; 19. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:18.050sec; 20. J. B. Frentzen (Williams) 1:18.063sec.

## Italians may have the Fastnet edge

### Sailing

STUART ALEXANDER  
reports from Cowes

The fresh air of purpose blew through the Solent yesterday, with a racing breeze and some sunshine finally greeting Cowes Week. Accordingly, the Admiral's Cup teams completed their final preparations ahead of today's finale, the Fastnet Race.

In Lynnhampton, Southampton, Hamble, and even Plymouth, the nine Whitbread 60s appeared ready for the task at hand. A handful of maris, including Morning Glory, Hasso Plattner's Sydney-to-Hobart record-breaker, were hoping the forecasters had got it wrong and there would be stiff breezes for the 605-mile journey around the rock off the south-west coast of Ireland and back to Plymouth.

More than 250 yachts have entered, including 200 club-class racers and a dozen multi-hulls which are competing for the first time. The multi-hulls, featuring some of France's top boats, will sail a longer course.

With light air forecast, the only word of caution - competitors are ever-alert after the tragic deaths in the storms of 1979 - was that a rogue low-pressure system could sweep in on Monday or Tuesday. That would provide enough punch for a fast, downwind ride home and play into the hands of the Italians, whose challenge for honours is led by their big boat Madina.

The Fastnet has always proved the deciding race in the Admiral's Cup, and last time, in 1995, the Americans went in with a seemingly secure 25-point lead, only to see the Italians exploit some light air conditions and grab the cup by the slender margin of a quarter of a point.

This year the Italians are lying fourth, 25 points behind the Americans. As the Fastnet counts for quadruple points, they have to make up six places, an average of two in each of the three divisions. With major tactical decisions to be made in the

early stages - such as whether to go out to sea, avoiding the Portland tidal gate, or to stay in, where they can at least anchor if there is no wind overnight - there are opportunities for major gains as well as big losses.

The second-placed New Zealanders, just 16 points - or four places - on Fastnet scoring behind the Americans, know what is required, and their America's Cup-winning skipper, Russell Coutts, on board their big boat Numbers, is the right man for the pressure occasion. Germany, in third place, have been known to spring the odd surprise and cannot be written off.

The British, too, although languishing in sixth place of the seven three-boat teams, will be happy with a test of skill in light air. It will suit their two bigger boats, Graham Walker's 45-foot Corum Indulgence and Tony Buckingham's 40-foot Easy Cam.

Tim Barratt's Mumm 36 Bradamante, in the hands of the Olympic silver medalist John Merricks and Ian Walker, races on equal terms with all the other Mummets, and is capable of footing it with the best boats.

Cowes Week finally provided perfect conditions for the X-boats yesterday after they had had only one race in six days. The course-setters waited an extra couple of hours so that the 900 yachts could start in a settled breeze.

### TODAY'S NUMBER

42

The number of days between Sheryl Swoopes, of basketball's Houston Comets, giving birth and playing in the WNBA. Swoopes, who turned out on Thursday for the victory over Phoenix Mercury, last played in the 1996 Olympic final.

## US yearling sale ends on a positive note

Fasig Tipton's three-day Saratoga Yearling Sales ended on a positive note with the overall average attaining its highest level since 1990. There was also a news sales topper to contend with. Tuesday's record crumbled when Dent O'Byrne went to \$1.4 million to buy a Gulch colt.

The son of Gulch, purchased on behalf of John Magnier and Michael Tabor, is closely related to top-class American performers. A P Lindy and Summer Squall. O'Byrne said: "It is the same cross as the Kentucky Derby winner Thunder Gulch. I thought I might have to go to a million dollars, but never this high."

The average price rose 13.5

per cent to \$183,384 compared to last year, with the median rising a healthy 15.4 per cent from \$130,000 to \$150,000.

Corey Nakatani, suspended a month for elbowing an apprentice out of the saddle after a race at Del Mar last Sunday, has decided not to appeal. Nakatani will be sidelined from 11 August to 10 September. He will be required to attend a course in anger management and his licence will be on probation for one year.

The Grade One 1998 Florida Derby has received a \$250,000 cash injection. The Florida Derby, due to be run on 14 March next year, will carry a total purse of \$750,000.

### RACING RESULTS

#### MARKET RASEN

2.30: 1. PRINCE OF PLEASURE (J. P. McEvoy) 1.45 sec. 2. John Taffy 1.51. 3. New Year's Day 1.52. 4. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 5. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 6. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 7. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 8. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 9. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 10. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 11. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 12. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 13. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 14. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 15. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 16. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 17. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 18. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 19. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 20. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 21. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 22. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 23. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 24. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 25. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 26. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 27. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 28. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 29. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 30. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 31. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 32. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 33. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 34. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 35. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 36. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 37. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 38. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 39. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 40. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 41. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 42. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 43. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 44. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 45. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 46. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 47. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 48. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 49. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 50. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 51. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 52. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 53. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 54. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 55. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 56. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 57. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 58. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 59. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 60. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 61. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 62. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 63. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 64. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 65. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 66. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 67. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 68. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 69. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 70. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 71. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 72. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 73. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 74. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 75. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 76. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 77. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 78. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 79. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 80. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 81. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 82. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 83. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 84. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 85. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 86. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 87. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 88. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 89. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 90. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 91. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 92. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 93. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 94. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 95. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 96. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 97. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 98. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 99. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 100. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 101. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 102. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 103. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 104. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 105. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 106. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 107. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 108. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 109. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 110. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 111. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 112. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 113. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 114. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 115. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 116. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 117. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 118. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 119. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 120. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 121. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 122. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 123. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 124. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 125. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 126. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 127. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 128. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 129. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 130. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 131. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 132. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 133. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 134. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 135. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 136. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 137. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 138. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 139. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 140. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 141. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 142. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 143. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 144. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 145. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 146. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 147. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 148. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 149. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 150. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 151. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 152. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 153. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 154. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 155. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 156. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 157. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 158. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 159. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 160. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 161. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 162. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 163. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 164. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 165. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 166. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 167. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 168. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 169. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 170. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 171. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 172. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 173. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 174. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 175. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 176. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 177. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 178. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 179. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 180. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 181. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 182. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 183. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 184. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 185. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 186. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 187. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 188. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 189. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 190. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 191. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 192. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 193. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 194. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 195. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 196. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 197. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 198. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 199. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 200. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 201. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 202. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 203. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 204. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 205. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 206. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 207. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 208. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 209. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 210. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 211. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 212. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 213. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 214. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 215. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 216. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 217. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 218. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 219. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 220. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 221. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 222. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 223. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 224. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 225. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 226. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 227. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 228. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 229. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 230. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 231. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 232. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 233. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 234. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 235. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 236. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 237. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 238. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 239. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 240. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 241. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 242. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 243. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 244. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 245. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 246. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 247. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 248. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 249. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 250. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 251. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 252. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 253. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 254. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 255. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 256. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 257. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 258. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 259. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 260. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 261. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 262. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 263. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 264. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 265. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 266. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 267. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 268. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 269. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 270. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 271. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 272. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 273. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 274. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 275. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 276. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 277. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 278. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 279. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 280. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 281. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 282. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 283. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 284. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 285. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 286. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 287. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 288. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 289. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 290. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 291. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 292. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 293. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 294. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 295. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 296. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 297. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 298. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 299. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 300. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 301. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 302. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 303. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 304. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 305. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 306. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 307. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 308. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 309. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 310. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 311. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 312. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 313. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 314. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 315. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 316. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 317. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 318. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 319. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 320. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 321. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 322. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 323. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 324. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 325. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 326. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 327. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 328. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 329. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 330. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 331. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 332. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 333. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 334. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 335. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 336. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 337. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 338. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 339. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 340. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 341. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 342. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 343. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 344. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 345. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 346. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 347. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 348. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 349. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 350. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 351. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 352. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 353. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 354. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 355. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 356. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 357. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 358. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 359. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 360. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 361. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 362. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 363. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 364. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 365. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 366. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 367. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 368. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 369. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 370. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 371. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 372. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 373. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 374. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 375. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 376. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 377. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 378. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 379. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 380. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 381. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 382. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 383. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 384. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 385. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 386. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 387. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 388. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 389. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 390. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 391. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 392. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 393. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 394. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 395. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 396. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 397. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 398. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 399. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 400. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 401. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 402. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 403. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 404. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 405. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 406. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 407. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 408. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 409. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 410. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 411. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 412. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 413. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 414. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 415. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 416. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 417. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 418. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 419. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 420. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 421. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 422. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 423. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 424. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 425. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 426. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 427. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 428. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 429. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 430. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 431. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 432. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 433. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 434. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 435. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 436. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 437. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 438. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 439. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 440. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 441. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 442. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 443. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 444. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 445. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 446. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 447. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 448. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 449. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 450. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 451. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 452. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 453. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 454. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 455. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 456. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 457. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 458. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 459. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 460. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 461. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 462. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 463. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 464. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 465. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 466. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 467. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 468. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 469. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 470. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 471. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 472. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 473. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 474. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 475. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 476. 1.9 sec. 2.4. 477. 1.9



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**Mick Easterby: heavy fine**

**LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS:** Cats Bottom (3.05), Persian Lady (3.33) and Fairy (5.10) have been sent 254 miles from A Newcombe from Huntshaw, Devon.

**200** MONTANA WINES MAIDEN STAKES (CLASS D) £3,000  
added 1m-4f Penalty Value £3,753

2	02	JAZZ TRUCK (12) (Aes J Magnien) P Chapple-Hyam 3 8 10	W Swinburn 7
3	03	JUNE ABEX (15) (Tony Morgan) 7 Mills 3 8 10	J Quinn 3
4	0-433	JUSTICE (15) (B Haddon A Maltby) J Gooden 3 8 10	A West 4
5	00	SHINED AND SHELLED (15A) (15) (R M Oyst) C Oyst 3 8 10	A Moric 6
6	0-42	SON BECKY (15A) (15) Mistic Salko R Chaston 3 8 10	Pat Edworthy 5
7	64	STARDUST GARDENS (15) (K Abdullah) H Casal 3 8 5	W Ryan 9
8	65	WAX AND WAXENS (15) (M J Bernal) G Brown 3 8 5	D R McChabe 1

8 DO BULLDOG (Lust Halls) I Curran 3 8 5 \_\_\_\_\_ R Fitch 2 (3) 6  
9 PANORAMA (Last Hall) I Curran 3 8 5 \_\_\_\_\_ A McNeille 1D  
10 O SNOWCAP (LSJ) Ben Rochelle G Wang 3 8 5 \_\_\_\_\_  
- 1D declared -

BETTING: 7-4 Sir Kicky, 11-4 Ulan Gardens, 5-1 Muzart, 13-2 Panorama, 8-1 Just Alex, 12-1 Jazz  
Track, 18-1 Darline, 20-1 others  
1990: Five Deal 3 8 5 W Ryan 15-2 (R Chilton) down (4) 8 ran

**2.30** **EQUITY FINANCIAL COLLECTIONS CLAIMING STAKES**  
(CLASS D) £5,000 added 7f Penalty Value £3,785

1 04005 POLAR PROSPECT (307) (M) (Elway Racing Partnership) 8 Hanbury 4 9 6 \_\_\_\_ J Stank 7  
2 53000 VARNISHING DRY (522) (M) (Mrs J C Hyatt P Crepple-Hyatt 6 8 1 \_\_\_\_ S Whitworth 5 B  
3 80000 HON RETURNING (10) (D F Alport M Bell 4 9 0 \_\_\_\_ M Fenton 8

4	142300	ALLIANCE MADE (BY) (D) (C) Courier 1 D Ryan 8 8 13	Kimberly Hart 7 3 8
5	101454	LEG MEN (12) (D) (D) (D) Lady Dares R Hannon 3 8 11	Pat. Elliott 2 1
6	000-00	CLASS DISTINCTION (38) (The E MA Partnership) W Hannon 3 8 11	5 Sanders 4
7	030-00	RESE UP SINGING (12) (20) (Mrs Ren Brown) W Mussen 9 8 9	R Cychenko 10 8
8	000101	SOUTHERN MEMORIES (668) (Broughton Insulator) W Mussen 7 8 8	D R McCabe 11
9	302	WHY THEAT (USA) (D) (D) (D) Dario 3 8 9	G Carter 1
10	000002	WARRIOR (JFK) (F) (Bayer) M Polakoff 5 8 8	7 Melnykoff 6

**BETTING:** 11-4 Allham's Mole, 3-1 Hot Returns, 11-2 Big Ben, 13-2 Class Distinction, 7-1 Polar Prospect, 8-1 Vanishing Trick, 10-1 Windy Trent, 12-1 Rise Up Slinging, 20-1 others  
1996: Orinon 3 & 11 Dana O'Neil (3) 2-1 R Hannon drawn (13) 14 ran

**3.05** DANDELION LADIES INVITATION HANDICAP (CLASS F) £6,000 added 1m Penalty Value £4,299 **C4**

1 301001 KONG ATHELSTAN (21) (3) (an Guise) 8 Middleton 9 11 7 Miss E Ramsden 4 80  
2 020000 MONTAGNE (49) (3) (B Shazer) J Jenkins 7 11 2 Miss C Gatta 9 58  
3 002021 MEZZANOTTE (16) (30) (T R Pyle) K Morgan 5 11 0 M Arbuthnot 7 V 52  
4 040246 CANNARY HIDE (7) (an Parnment) J Taylor 4 10 11 Miss C Johnson Hamilton 5 62

[illegible]

**BETTING:** 4-1 Mezzanotte, 9-2 Sandcastle, 11-2 King Atheism, 6-1 Tenzai, 13-2 Cats Bottoms, 10-1 Montano, 12-1 Don't Drop Bombs, Fort Knox, Muzinorth, 14-1 Chalky Dancer, 16-1 Ringstaff, 20-1 others

1996: Mezzanero 4 10 9 Birgit Roesch 5-1 g for (N. Morgan) draw (2) 1D ran  
FORM GUIDE

Generation and 14 others, and though he could be taken on for the lead by a couple of these, he is a game sort. Sandiciffine is shaping up to win a race too luck in running when fifth in a Windsor handicap (last month) while King Athelstan is none too consistent but has won two apprentice events at Warwick this season and has Elaine Ramsden's help. In truth, it is difficult to rule out most of these, but the mere Cats Bottom can finish thereabouts. She was set too much to do last time after a fair fifth to Mismalot at Bath and could take her cue from stablemate Rattles Booster, easy winner of the Queen Mo-

**3.35** ENZA NEW ZEALAND SWEET SOLERA STAKES (Listed race) (CLASS A) £15,000 added 2YO 7f **C4**  
Penalty Value £9,420

1	5603131	JAY DEE (7) (C)	John Gaudin	G Mangerson	8 11		G Carter	8 98
2	1022	BELLADERA (15) (BF)	Wm O Vinho	D Tinker	8 8		R Cochrane	1 00
3	2033	DIAMOND WHITE (7) (F)	Pearl P Scott	G Bravery	8 8		D R McCabe	3 94
4	12	ELOQUENCE (16)	Cheveloy Paul Stutz	St M Prescott	8 8		G Duffield	8 05
5	11	PARISHAN LADY (28)	(New Gontle)	A Newcombe	8 8		G Hind	7 87
6	2	PARTICULAR FRIEND (22)	(Malcolm)	A Malcolmson	E Dunlop	8 8	W Ryan	4 4
7	133	SLEAZEBAGGERS (22)	(McG)	F J Hayes	M Ball	8 8	Post Evidley	7 70

10 **STOP OUT (24)** (Sharon M-Buchanan & Partners) H Monahan 88.....C Rafter 5 92  
- 8 declared -  
BETTING: 7-4 Elouquent, 7-2 Parisian Lady, 4-1 Silent Tribute, 6-1 Particular Friend, 8-1 Jay Gee,  
10-1 Stop Out, 10-1 Diamond White, 20-1 Bellissima  
1998: Cawick 2 8 H M Hts 20-1 (W Haggis) draw; (7) 10 min  
FORM GUIDE

The likely stifling heat will test the temperaments of these fillies, but *Parliament Lady* is also set for an examination by being moved up to seven furlongs from six. She might be one of the least fashionable fillies on show, but what a cracking effort she put up at Sandown last time when zooming nine lengths clear of *Silver Strand* in a last time. *ELUQUENT* was following the Red Camella path (they both won the same Carlisle maiden) when contesting the *Milsons Star Stakes* at Sandown (17) last time and she faded by only a short-head to emulate that filly. *Eluquent* was caught on the line by *Wonderland Melody*, who is

on an upward curve, and the third, Forum, had previously run a most promising sixth of 12 in the Cherry Hinton when finding the six furlongs too short. Jay Gee, winner of a valuable nursery here last Saturday, might well improve for the extra furlong, while Silent Tribute has impressed with her game outlook on being placed in Listed company here. Particular Friend and Step Out have improvement in the locker, although the latter graduates from five furlongs to seven in one step.

**4.10** JOE JENNINGS BOOKMAKERS HANDICAP (CLASS B) £25,000 added 7f Penalty Value £19,040 **C4**

1 6-0001 MASTER BOOTS (14) (Q) (Chris Basher) D Loder 4 10 0 ..... C Lowther (5) 16 95  
 2 105620 CHICKAWICKA (8) (Q) (Meritor Motor Auctions) 8 Pilling 6 10 0 ..... 7 Sprales 13 88  
 3 28-000 MADLY SHARP (45) (Q) (Lord Swandine) J W Watts 8 9 12 ..... Post Eddery 7 102

4	0-04020	HIGHBROW (50) (8) (Yorkshire Racing Owners Group) P Falcato 8 9 11	W Ryan 8	86
5	-02010	NEIGHWEST (USA) (30) (3) (Paul Gregg) R Alchut 5 9 11	S Sanders 12	89
6	02-024	TUP BAHAMA (30) (1) (Henry Candy) H Candy 8 9 10	Sarah Jackson 7 (2)	99
7	31-310	COSMIC PRINCE (24) (0) (Cosmic Racing) J Maves 3 9 11	R Conners 11	96
8	0-6510	ROYAL MARK (30) (0) (M P Burke's Settlement) T0 Barton 4 9 8 (5cd)	G Hinds 7	97
9	0-0000	DOUBLE BOUNCE (7) (Ms P Scott-Dunn) P Mohan 7 9 5	Qjman 10	91
10	0-0734	WOLFFY (7) (P C VV VV VV) P Campbell 4 9 7	Gj Quinn 15	93

11	20-800	PLEADING (24) (Simon Braker) H Cincy 49 1	A Butler 33	29
12	5521-0	URSA MAJOR (16) (Ken Balke) P Huron 38 12	F Joynes 8	88
13	111000	PHILSTAR (8) (Nigel Shanks) K Bufile 4 8 8	B Doyle 6	55
14	000-10	ZIGZAG (22) (Shek Ahmad Yusuf/Al Sabah) K Miami 3 8 7	D O'Donoghue (S) 8 100	
15	422100	PONER SCHOOL (16) (D Wessing) N Calaguen 3 8 7	6 Dellefoll 4	
16	600030	BILGE FLYER (20) (S) (B Scott) R Ingram 4 8 3	A McElaine 14	102

17 305422 SMITHS AND WONDERS (7) (M C) 3 C 37 10 ..... JR French (3) 1.88  
- 17 declared -  
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10-1 Double Bonanza-1, 12 Chickadee, Highstone, Macky Sharp, Plowding, Valley, 10-1 Blue Fly-  
er, Top Bonanza, 20-1 others.  
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FORM GUIDE



## sport

# WORLD ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS: British triple jumper produces determined final effort but is unable to retain his title

## Cuban leaves Edwards with another silver

MIKE ROWBOTTOM  
reports from Athens

Jonathan Edwards showed the competitive spirit of a champion here last night to earn Britain their fourth silver medal of the World Championships, writes Mike Rowbottom.

The 31-year-old defending champion produced a jump of 17.66m in his penultimate attempt to lift himself from third to second place behind Yoelvis Quesada of Cuba.

A huge effort of concentration on Edwards' part saw him improve on his final jump, but only by three centimetres to 17.69. After seeing the result register on the rotating scoreboard beside the track, Edwards smiled ruefully before

pacing forwards to embrace the new gold medalist. Quesada won with a second round jump of 17.85, the furthest recorded in the world this year.

It was an obvious disappointment for Edwards, who took silver at last year's Olympics - but also something of a triumph.

A heel injury had prevented him either competing or jumping properly for five weeks before these championships, and he arrived here talking in terms of a "step in the dark". Last night he landed safely to maintain his position as one of the world's leading triple jumpers on a night when the Olympic champion Kenny Harrison failed to progress after the first three rounds.

Before competition began Edwards paced contemplatively back and forth beside the runway as the commentator referred to his world record performance at the previous World Championships in Gothenburg.

Edwards has tried to distance himself from his annus mirabilis of 1995: in the end, it became a mental burden. But he has never been allowed to forget it.

The memory of his competition in last year's Olympics appeared to govern his strategy on his opening jump. In Atlanta, he had fouled his first two attempts but then overcame the prospects of elimination from the final three jumps with 17.13.

Having received the early



Triple jumper Jonathan Edwards failed to secure Britain's first gold medal at Athens yesterday. He finished second to Cuba's Yoelvis Quesada

Photographs: Allsport

encouragement of seeing Harrison jump on his first effort, Edwards took off well behind the board to get in a mark of 17.33. It represented a guarantee of his continuing involvement.

It was soon to pass, however, as Quesada, who jumped 17.60 before his second round

attempt which beat Edwards' world-leading mark of the year by 11 centimetres. Edwards, who ran through his second attempt and only managed 16.80 on his third, slipped back to bronze as Quesada's colleague Alcioer Urrutia recorded 17.64 which was eventually good enough for third place.

Earlier in the day came confirmation that Richard Nerurkar had been forced to pull out of tomorrow's marathon because of a virus infection he had picked up in the last few days.

The 33-year-old had been a realistic medal hope for Britain. He had feared the worst on Thursday night, although he de-

cided to give it an extra day to see if he recovered. But last night the Wolverhampton-born charity worker was forced to give in to the virus and withdraw from tomorrow's race.

"It's really unfortunate, because I felt I was in great shape," Nerurkar said. "Now we'll never know what would

have been. Last week I wasn't running normally. In the build-up to a marathon you need to be running easily and relaxed and I wasn't able to do that. I sensed something was wrong and the blood test I had showed an abnormal reading."

The double Olympic champion, Michael Johnson, has

pulled out of American's 400 metres relay squad because of the leg cramp which struck him in Tuesday's world 400 metres final. Johnson's agent, Brad Hunt, said Johnson's leg was still sore. "Michael and Clyde Hart [his coach] decided a few days' rest would be best for Michael for the rest of the season."



Ato Boldon enjoys victory yesterday. Photograph: Allsport

## Boldon delivers but Ottey fails again

Ato Boldon finally matched his words with deeds last night as he ran away with the 100m final, writes Mike Rowbottom.

Two metres clear as the line approached, he was able to take a look either side before raising his arms to acclaim the victory which so many - and not least himself - had forecast would arrive in the 100m final.

The first man to run out and greet him as he sank to the track was his friend and training partner, Maurice Greene, who had come through to win the short sprint five days earlier.

In the absence of the defending champion, Michael Johnson, Boldon - who was hampered by cramp in the 100m final after recording 9.87sec in the second round - always said the 200m was his race. He recorded 20.04sec as he slowed before the line, with Frankie Fredericks taking yet another silver in 20.23, and the bronze going to Claudinei da Silva, of Brazil, in 20.26.

Boldon was less manic afterwards than he has been of late and seemed genuinely moved at winning his first major title.

"This was probably my worst

technical race of the season. But what you plan and what your body allows you to do are often different things. What this was all about was the placing," he said.

Boldon, a noted student of his event, added: "I am definitely the nerd of the sprints. After what I have done here, I'm somewhat disappointed because I will have to go home with the statistic that I was the slowest winner of this title."

That should not entirely ruin his sense of satisfaction. Merlene Ottey's last chance of an individual medal at a

global championships disappeared 40 metres from the line in last night's 200m final.

The withdrawal of the defending champion, Gwen Torrence, and the Olympic champion, Marie-Jose Perce, appeared to have given Ottey an outstanding chance of signing off with a third consecutive 200m title. But despite being the clear leader as she turned into the final straight, the 37-year-old Jamaican came under challenge from Zhanna Pintusevich, the 100m silver medalist.

For a moment, the self-styled

"grandmother of sprinting" strained to hold off the advance of the Ukrainian, as if she were holding off the advance of time itself. The crowd seemed to be willing her on. But it was not enough.

The Ukrainian, whose jubilation after the 100m had been cut short when she realised that Marion Jones had taken the gold, was able to celebrate freely this time after winning in 22.32sec, with Sri Lanka's Susanthika Jayasinghe taking silver in 22.39, 0.01sec ahead of the exhausted Ottey.

### Aussie rules

APL: Matt Masbourne 17.14; 11.00; 8.80sec

8.5.1997.

### Baseball

NATIONAL LEAGUE: New York Mets 12 Colorado 4; Philadelphia 6 Houston 4; Pittsburgh 5 Florida 3; San Francisco 3; San Diego 3; Los Angeles 3; St Louis 3; Chicago White Sox 2.

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A Briton will become the youngest golfer in Walker Cup history today. **Andy Farrell**, in New York, found him in confident mood

Thus, his first summer as a full-time amateur, Rose won the St. Andrews Links Trophy. "At the start of the season I felt it was unrealistic to make the Walker Cup, but it was what I wanted to achieve. All the tournaments I played were mapped out to try to get into the team." His selection became inevitable. Peter McEvoy, the former British Amateur champion who played against Sandy Lyle and Nick Faldo before they turned pro, says Rose is better than either of those two at this age.

"His maturity is remarkable," said veteran Wolsstenholme, who had four summers with Rose in the England international against Anglo earlier this year.

Britain's Ashlee Lee last year, 15, was the youngest player in Great Britain and Ireland also having a range of youth and experience.

Up to five of the team may turn pro after the match—Rose will probably stay on for one more summer—but their are also career amateurs in the form of Amateur champion Craig Watson, 31, Graham Rankin, also 31, Wolsstenholme, 36, and Howard.

The reformed alcoholic was the only amateur to play all four rounds at Royal Troon and has decided to retire after playing for Scotland in in the 1997 World Cup internationals next month. "It's time to go," he said. "I want to go out on a high and there's no way you can top all this."

Teams, Digest, page 11.

## Hockey

**BILL COLWILL**  
reports from Harare

Kelleher, who had turned in a fine first half in the tournament, was the first to

## Equestrianism

GENEVIEVE MURPHY  
Reports from Dublin

Ireland, who received the Aga Khan trophy from their president, Mary Robinson, claimed the victory without Eddie MacKenzie having to jump a single fence. Like Ireland, Britain had three clear circuits in the first round, from Nick Skelton on Virtual Village Shalings, Geoff Billington on It's Otto and Robert Smith on Senator. Tess Hansauer, with Omb Whitaker thus not required to jump Grannusch in the first round, made errors, Whitaker retrieved the situation with a clear round on Grannusch forcing a jump-off with Ireland - but he dropped two fences to leave the team in fifth place.

The Netherlands moved up from fifth to be runners-up after three faultless second rounds. Eric van der Vleuten was the only Dutchman to emulate Daragh's performance of two clear circuits.

Van der Vleuten's team-mates Jan Tjops, on Operette II and Piet Ravmakers, part-

But drama followed, with the elimination of Billington, who was the best of the British contingent when sixth at last year's Olympic Games in Athens. His problems began at the

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**Teams, Digest, page 24**



Photograph: Allspoor

Patrik Sjoland narrowly missed birdie putts on the last two holes to lose a chance of becoming the first European Tour player to break 60 in a full event, in the second round of the Czech Open in Prague yesterday.

Spain was a stroke off the European Tour record for 18 holes as he joined Garrido and Jimenez on 11-under-par 131, two strokes ahead of the field. The Swede also equaled the best score of the year by Britain's Jamie Spence at the Cannes Open as he picked up 10 birdies by the time he came home victoriously his 17th hole.

Sjoland had switched to an old putter and needed only 22 putts in his round. "I started thinking about the record after I birdied the fourth, my 13th hole," said Sjoland, who led last year's Italian Open with five holes left but finished second. "But when I lipped out on the

Garrido continued his challenge for a Ryder Cup place with a 65, while Jimenez posted 64. Another Swede, Daniel Chopra, is in the clubhouse on 133 after a 63.

Garrido, 10th in the Cup table in his race for a place on Sevilla Ballesteros's team against the United States next month, can clinch his Cup place three weeks before the qualifying deadline but Italy's Costantino Rocca, ninth, is almost certain to miss the cut here by a stroke. He could also be passed by in the table by Ireland's Padraig Harrington, who is six off the lead after a 68.



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## sport

## FOOTBALL KICKS-OFF

## Overmars to provide cutting edge

## THE WELL-KNOWN IMPORT

Glenn Moore talks to the Dutch speedster who prefers to live life in the slow lane

From Iceland's Bjarni Gudjonsson to Macedonia's Georgi Hristov, the foreign players have flown in this summer leaving fans scratching their heads and wondering whether their manager has bought a canthorse or a diamond. Arsenal, it appears, may have bought both in one deal.

Their main signing, the most enticing of the summer, is Marc Overmars, a 26m recruit from Ajax. His pedigree is impressive – he is a European Cup winner and World Cup quarter-finalist – and his past uncommon.

Overmars, who makes his Arsenal debut at Leeds United today, grew up on a family farm. It was a small-holding which had made little investment in mechanisation. Thus, come time for the potato harvest, Overmars would yoke himself with a rope and haul along a cart while, behind him, other family members pulled out the crop. This, he thinks, may have contributed to his renowned pace.

As muscle-building tales go, it is up there with the claim that Dickie Bird prepared for a season's umpiring by standing for hours with bags of sugar attached to his legs and that Anthony Nesty, Surinam's first Olympic swimming champion, gained his speed in shark-infested waters. This one, however, appears to be at least partially true.

"I grew up on a farm," said Overmars when we met this week. "I used to help my grandfather who had no machines, no tractors. Each year when we harvested potatoes we had to do it with a rope from the front and few men standing on a platform. We would pull them along while they pulled up potatoes. They told me: 'This is good for you Marc'. Every year they would phone me and say: 'It is harvest time.' His grandfather, incidentally, still lives on the farm. He is, said Overmars with noticeable pride, 94 years old.

Overmars also attributes his pace to his mother – "she was quick but, being a farmer, had no time for sports" – and some weight-training he did as a small, slightly built teenager.

In those days, he was a junior with



Marc Overmars will probably play in three positions this season – left and right wing and, if necessary, just behind the striker or strikers

Photograph: Colorsport

Go Ahead Eagles. Unlike most Ajax graduates, he did not come through the celebrated system but joined, at 19, from Willem II. No sooner did he arrive than the team took off, winning everything available.

"We were only 23, 23 and we were so confident, every game we would go on the pitch whistling, expecting to win 3-1 or 4-1. And we were so popular, everywhere we went. It was unbelievable." His eyes are full of the happy memories but then his voice drops as he adds "but it is impossible to keep a team at that kind of level."

Ravaged by Bosman, Ajax fell from grace, barely making the Uefa Cup last May as players came and

went. Eventually Overmars joined the exodus consummating a move to Arsenal which had been long forecast.

"I spoke to Dennis Bergkamp many times, though his being here was not the reason I came. He said he was much more settled than in Italy and felt good. I think this is a country where I can be successful and enjoy the football. When I see the Italian game it is like chess. I don't like playing against them as there is so much emphasis on defence."

Overmars will start the season on the left flank for Arsenal, who have reverted to a 4-4-2 system. "I do more running but I expect that," he said. "I used to be a midfielder at 15, 16

so I am used to it. I have been told I have three positions, left and right wing or, when Ian [Wright] or Dennis are suspended or injured, I could play in the middle behind the centre-forward." Although two-footed, he expresses a slight preference for the left whence he bewildered Norwich in Arsenal's 6-2 win on Monday night.

He has already noticed a few differences. "The speed of the game is much faster. Even in training it is very fast. At Ajax we have a few minutes passing, then attack, we wait for the moment. Here it is so quick mistakes are made. There is also more space, with Ajax we were always pushing to get through as

other teams defended with 10 against us."

He also believes the refereeing is lenient, though his team-mates, after 83 Premiership bookings and six dismissals last year, may not agree. Overmars, who has had one yellow card in his career, said: "When they kick me around my personality is not such that I get angry. I stand up and walk away. I am not a diver either, I prefer to try and score."

Overmars first came to prominence in England for winning the penalty which earned the Dutch a 2-2 draw in a World Cup qualifier at Wembley. It was won after he demonstrated his pace by skinning Des Walker. That pace is a big com-

ponent of his game and there were naturally fears that he would lose it when he suffered a serious knee injury early last year.

"I have done tests since and I am just as fast as before. Personally, I was never afraid I would not recover, it was simply a matter of time. I tried to get back for Euro '96 but it was impossible."

"While it was not nice, I learned from the experience. Not playing for six to eight months makes you much hungrier when you start again. You need the bad times to appreciate the good. With Ajax we won so many prizes we did not enjoy it properly. We won the European Cup and a day later we were training as normal and

'I want to win prizes. I am used to doing that every year. I am 24 and young and hungry'

we thought: 'We should enjoy this'. That was not always easy under Louis van Gaal, the then Ajax coach who has joined Barcelona. "He does have a temper," confirmed Overmars. "There were many times we were meeting after the game on a Monday when he got so angry his face went red. But he is so good as a coach. From player No 1 to No 20 he gives everyone the same time, the same feeling that he is important. The quality of him was that he could see what you were doing wrong and get you training on it."

"He was my trainer for five years. He bought me and improved me a lot. He demands a lot but you have to admire his energy. Every day he was there. He never missed anything in training."

"But there were times when there were too many orders. After a while you wanted to do some things by instinct not the system."

And so to a Highbury great with expectation. "I don't feel under pressure because I expect things from myself also. When I was 18, Willem bought me for a lot of money, it was not a problem for me. Nor when Ajax bought me."

"I want to win prizes. I am used to doing that every year. I am 24 and young and hungry. For me there are two important prizes, the League and the Cup. There is also the Coca-Cola and, yes, Europe, but it is not the Champions' League."

That last line gives away the standards this small, neat and composed man is used to. Looking through his words he appears arrogant, but that has not come across in person as we have sat in the Hertfordshire hotel where he temporarily lodges. The afternoon is to be spent house-hunting in the local villages. Rumours that he is a playboy appear unfounded as he says: "I come from a small village and prefer to live in the country. I like to see the sights but London is so big, even Amsterdam is big for me."

He leaves with the complaint "the houses are so expensive round here". It is an odd comment for a highly paid star, but not for a farmer's son brought up to seek value for money and also to provide it. Arsenal may have found a diamond.

## Bringing colour to the Black Country

## THE UNKNOWN IMPORT

Phil Shaw meets Jan Sorensen, the Dane who wants to make Walsall great

few years I was European marketing manager for a tennis bowling company."

How did he make the leap from that to preparing to kick off at the FA Cup semi-finalists, Chesterfield, today? "The football kept coming back to me. I watched dozens of matches last season at all levels. So when this job came up I wrote to the chairman [Jeff Bonser]. I asked what he had to lose by speaking to me for an hour."

"He invited me for a chat and it went on for about five hours. They checked me out in a way that probably no other candidate was, but I was happy with that because it meant their decision was the right one. They seemed to like my ideas, plus the fact that I've got contacts on the Continent, which is important now."

"People say Walsall are taking a risk, but I say I was the safest bet. What makes more sense: to take on someone who's been sacked a few times,

or someone that's proved himself at everything he's done?"

Walsall's set-up was already surprisingly European. The general manager, Paul Taylor, takes care of the scouting system, transfer negotiations and players' contracts. Sorensen and Derek Mountford, whom he re-signed as player-coach weeks after Nicholl released him, are free to concentrate on the team.

Sorensen soon demonstrated a realistic streak in his revolutionary spirit, bringing the squad back in after lunch instead of letting them practise their putting or go shopping. "I've had to get across to them that it's better to have a shit month now and be able to cruise through the season than to be constantly trying to catch up on fitness levels."

Before beginning ball work in earnest, Sorensen put his players through two weeks of rigorous running. He is adamant that stamina and discipline are

prerequisites for playing the one-touch, attacking style in which he is steeped.

"You can't expect Second Division players to perform like Premiership stars. But you can still aspire to do it and I have a feeling my players fancy going for it. The British have always been good at the physical side but less so the tactical and the technical, though it's definitely improved in the last few years."

Crews, under Dario Gradi, won promotion from Walsall's 11th place to what Sorensen hails as pure football values. However, it was Bury, "a very powerful side", who took the title. Although that fact tempers his idealism, mention of top scorer Kyle Litherland's £500,000 switch to Coventry provokes an example of the positive thinking that led Walsall to choose him ahead of Willie Donachie, Gordon Cowans and Frank Stapleton.

"Kyle did brilliantly last season, but other sides were able to say: 'Stop him and we'll probably stop Walsall scoring'. That made us easier to defend against. I want us to score goals from all over the team."

Sounds not unlike Total Foot-

ball, as exemplified by Cruyff and Co. "You could say that," Sorensen says. "Put it this way, I won't complain if my right-back scores 15 this season."

In reality, he will be looking more to a French striker – Basile Boli's brother, Roger – whose capture this week has fuelled his natural optimism. "I haven't promised my chairman we'll go up this season. Our budget isn't the biggest, to say the least, but I do intend to do it within my two-year contract."

"Why not? There's 300,000 people in Walsall, so we'd pack the place out if Wolves, West Brom and Stoke were coming here in the First Division. And I don't plan to leave after that because the club would give me such a damn good contract that I'd have to stay!"

The hype and hopes of August often turn to sawdust by September, but Sorensen is sure he will not buckle under the legendary pressure of his new profession. "I thrive on stress," he asserts. "It can be a positive thing, to get the adrenalin going. It was fun doing a million-pound deal in the commercial world, but I'd sooner win 3-0."



Jan Sorensen: 'People say Walsall are taking a risk, but I say I was the safest bet'

Photograph: Peter Jay

As the remarkable becomes ever more routine in English football, it seems exceptional for a dreadlocked Dutchman and a bespectacled Frenchman to be managing major clubs in the cosmopolitan capital. The advent of a chunky, chain-smoking Scandinavian at Walsall may take more getting used to.

If Jan Sorensen, who is into his second month at Bescot Stadium, was not quite a Ruud Gullit as a player, he certainly boasts a more impressive CV than Arsenal's Wenger. A playmaker in the mould of his fellow Dane Jan Molby, Sorensen was in the Club Brugge side which lost to Liverpool in the 1978 European Cup final.

Six years later, following Graeme Souness' departure to Sampdoria, Sorensen was close to taking his place at Anfield. There were also spells with Ajax (under Johan Cruyff) and Feyenoord, as well as numerous years in the company of Allan Simonsen, Soren Lerby and Jesper Olsen.

Scepticism was nevertheless rife when Walsall, a middling Second Division outfit, unveiled

Chris Nicholl's successor. It was not just that they had entrusted their fortunes to a foreigner with no grounding in the domestic game or in management. The word was that he was a timeshare salesman from Tamworth.

Sorensen, now 42, separates fact and fiction with a hearty laugh and in near-perfect English. He was indeed out of the game for eight years. "Then again Kevin Keegan had seven years away before going to Newcastle and I'm a bigger name than him in Europe," he says, tongue not obviously in cheek.

There is no attempt, either, to deny that he has been domiciled in the aforementioned town for five years, having married a Midlands girl he met while living in Portugal. That, he believes, was Walsall's good fortune rather than something to apologise for.

Yet the timeshare hit is, he suggests, somewhat fanciful. "After I stopped playing I lived in the Algarve, where there's not much to do except get drunk in a bar, play golf or try to earn some money. I sold real estate for a major British property company, though for the past

## No 218 Paul Merson

## FAN'S EYE VIEWS

By Paul Elliott

ago, the club and the fans stood by him. Their faith was rewarded when Merson returned to peak form in the past two seasons.

Merson and Tony Adams are Arsenal men, the kind of players who keep the Gunners' legendary team spirit alive. So why did Arsene Wenger sell Merson? So far, the Arsenal manager's explanations have proved insufficient. Certainly, as Wenger stressed, £4.5m is a lot of money for a 29-year-old, but surely Merson still has a few good years in him?

The sale of Merson is Wenger's first questionable decision as Arsenal manager. Until now, his transfer dealings have met with universal approval among Gunners fans. Wenger's first signing – Patrick Vieira from Milan – was rightly acclaimed as a masterstroke.

Vieira is widely acknowledged as one of the strongest midfield players in the Premiership. Wenger has continued to buy wisely, strengthening the squad with a mixture of youth (Anelka, Upson, Boa Morte, Manninger) and experience (Garde, Overmars, Petit), but was it necessary to sell Merson? Wenger insists that there was no pressure from the Arsenal board to sell the player, so why do so?

If Arsenal are to challenge for the Premiership title this season they need the strongest squad possible and Merson was still among the better players at the club.

The sale of David Platt will have few Arsenal fans complaining. On the contrary, many will sigh with relief. Platt came as England captain, but has underachieved. Merson may have been outshone by

Bergkamp last season, but he is still a better player than Platt. Arsenal fans shed no tears when Wenger offloaded David Hillier, Eddie McGoldrick and Steve Morrow – mediocre footballers to a man. The Arsenal team had been full of such players during the latter part of George Graham's reign but Paul Merson was different. Merson, like Ian Wright, could win a game with one incisive piece of skill. It is conceivable that Arsenal have seen the best of Paul Merson, but if Wright can still perform to Premiership standard at 33, why not Merson?

Of course, if Arsenal win the Premiership next May, Paul Merson will not be missed. That's football, after all. Nobody pined for departed heroes like Anders Limpar or David Rocastle when the Gunners lifted three cups between 1993 and 1994. However, if Wenger's Arsenal fail to win a trophy this season, questions will be asked in the public houses around N5. Above all else, Arsenal fans may wonder: Where was the Merson when we needed him?

## TEAM SHEET

<b>Barnsley v West Ham</b> Last season: No corresponding fixture. Last five League matches: Barnsley WDWL; West Ham DWLWL. Long-term injury victim Davis is the only player missing from the Barnsley squad, which includes the new signing for their first Premiership match, while West Ham are without Hall and Dicks. Hammers' full-back Breaker is included, despite only being 80 per cent fit.	<b>Leicester v Aston Villa</b> Last season: 2-1. Last five League matches: Leicester LDWW; Aston Villa LDWL. Leicester's Taylor is out for the season after a training injury yesterday. Fenton will make his debut while Guppy has shaken off an ankle injury (ankle). Oakes is on stand-by. Defender Statton is suspended.
<b>Blackburn v Derby</b> Last season: 2-2. Last five League matches: Blackburn DWLW; Derby WDWL. Blackburn's Berg joins Flowers (groin) and Shenwood (suspended) on the sidelines. Goalkeeper Plan will make his debut. Derby are without Asanovic (hamstring) but Jim Smith will introduce wing-back Branko and striker Belarino. Burton looks set to start on the bench.	<b>Newcastle v Sheffield Wed</b> Last season: 1-2. Last five League matches: Newcastle WDWL; Sheffield Wednesday WLLD. New signings Owen, Pearce, Paterson, Nwankwo and Tomasson could all start. Newcastle's Le Tissier is out with a broken elbow, others missing include Dodd, Lundstram and Neilson. Johnson, Jones and Todd could make debuts. Bolton are without players' player of the year Fairclough. Elliott signed for Newcastle for £2.5m, will start.
<b>Coventry v Chelsea</b> Last season: 0-0. Last five League matches: Coventry WDWL; Chelsea LDWW. Record signing Le Saux could join Flo, De Goey and Poyet in making their Premiership debuts, but Bebeiro and Lamboune are out with groin injuries. Solari will start alongside McAllister in the Coventry midfield, but out-of-contract Richardson will not play.	<b>Southampton v Bolton</b> Last season: No corresponding fixture. Last five League matches: Southampton WDWL; Bolton WDWL. Southampton's Le Tissier is out with a broken elbow, others missing include Dodd, Lundstram and Neilson. Johnson, Jones and Todd could make debuts. Bolton are without players' player of the year Fairclough. Elliott signed for Newcastle for £2.5m, will start.
<b>Everton v Crystal Palace</b> Last season: No corresponding fixture. Last five League matches: Everton WDWL; Crystal Palace WDWL. Everton will give Speed (calf) a late fitness test, but new signings Ooster, Farrelly, Thomas and Bile – who is set to be named captain – are fit. Parkinson, Grant and Hitchcliffe are all injured. Warhurst will make his Palace debut, as will Lombardo as his registration has now been processed.	<b>Wimbledon v Liverpool</b> Last season: 2-1. Last five League matches: Wimbledon LDWW; Liverpool DWLW. Goodman (ankle) is the only player missing from the Wimbledon squad. Hughes could make his debut and Earle has recovered from injury. Barnes is likely to lose his place in the Liverpool midfield to Thomas and McGee to Jones, Leonhardsen, Keane, Fowler and Banger are all injured.
<b>Leeds v Arsenal</b> Last season: 0-0. Last five League matches: Leeds LDWW; Arsenal WDWL. Hassard, Hopkin, Haland, Robertson and Ribeiro all make their Leeds debuts, but George Graham is without Sharpe and Jackson. Arsenal are without Adams (suspended), while Grant faces a late test. Keown and Dixon are injured – Upson and Marshall stand by and Overmars and Petit will start.	<b>Tomorrow: Tottenham v Manchester Utd</b> Last season: 1-2. Last five League matches: Tottenham LDWL; Man United WDWL. Spurs are without new signing Dominguez, who has not yet got clearance, and also miss the injured Anderson and Armstrong. Merson will partner Ferdinand up front. Alex Ferguson will field his Charity Shield-winning side, which will mean a return to White Hart Lane for Sheringham.









**Hill happy in Hungary**  
World champion fifth fastest  
in first practice, page 22

**sport**

**Diamond speedster**  
Arsenal look to Overmars for  
cutting edge, page 26

# £5m Le Saux back at Chelsea for big kick-off

Chelsea saved one of the summer's biggest transfer coups for the eve of the new season, re-signing Graeme Le Saux from Blackburn for £5m in time for him to play in today's Premiership opener at Coventry.

Le Saux, rated at a mere £650,000 when he was shunted out of Chelsea by Dave Webb in 1993 in part exchange for Steve Livingsstone, had been valued at £7m by Blackburn. Arsenal backed off, but Ruud Gullit succeeded with a reduced offer.

The England wing-back, 28, drove to London overnight, passed a medical at 1am and an hour later became the FA Cup holders' record buy at £100,000 more than Roberto Di Matteo. Their managing director, Colin Hutchinson, admitted: "Selling him was a mistake which has taken four and a half years and £5m to rectify."

**Phil Shaw keeps track of all the new faces in new places as the 1997-98 Premiership season kicks-off today**

In his previous spell at Stamford Bridge, Le Saux's Channel Islands origins earned the dressing-room moniker "Bergerac". The composition of Chelsea's squad under Gullit is now such that the joke would be lost on his new colleagues, who are more likely to nickname him "English".

The polyglot trend is by no means confined to Chelsea. Tottenham also unveiled a late recruit in Jose Dominguez, the Subbuteo-sized winger who played for Birmingham before joining Sporting Lisbon and winning caps for Portugal. Spurs paid £1.6m to take him from under Southampton's noses.

Dominguez is ineligible to

depict a British bulldog, have recruited almost exclusively overseas in preparation for their first campaign at the highest level. After being patronised by media luvvies, working through a shopping list of clichés stretching from Michael Parkinson and Dickie Bird to mining and whippers, Danny Wilson's team will be more eager than most for the end of the phony war.

On the opening day of the 1995-96 season, after a youthful Manchester United lost at Aston Villa, Alan Hansen made an assertion that came back to haunt him: "You win nothing with kids." The question tonight – particularly pertinent to Arsenal as well as Chelsea – may be whether it is possible to win the championship with a team largely made up of foreigners.

Even Barnsley, whose badge



**Alex Ferguson talks exclusively to Glenn Moore in the Monday interview**

Plus: Reports on every Premiership meeting and that was the weekend. That was, our alternative look at the footballing weekend.

new faces. The Gunners' visit to Leeds is the fourth time Arsène Wenger has pitted his wits against George Graham, each winning once.

While a repeat of February's 0-0 stalemate at Elland Road would not surprise anyone who saw Leeds last season, Graham

Wednesday, Faustino Asprilla has the task of deputising for Alan Shearer – and Les Ferdinand, come to that – which will not necessarily be easier for Wednesday. The Colombian's off-the-cuff style makes him unplayable on his day.

Liverpool's bid to finish top for the first time since 1990 opens at Wimbledon, where one point of interest will be the identity of Roy Evans' captain. The smart money is on the self-styled "Guvnor", Paul Ince. John Barnes, having relinquished the armband, guested on *Celebrity Ready, Steady Cook* last night; whether he appears on *Match of the Day* must be open to question.

Teddy Sheringham assumes Eric Cantona's mantle as Manchester United's link-man at White Hart Lane, and expects a warm reception from his

former fans. Perhaps less naively, the man who sold him, Gerry Francis, believes his job will be "on the line" if Spurs fail to win anything.

The indisposition of Chris Armstrong is a reminder that the first weekend seldom reveals much about long-term prospects. A year ago, he scored both Spurs' goals in the 2-0 win at Blackburn. None of the trio who were eventually relegated lost, Kevin Campbell hitting a hat-trick in Nottingham Forest's

center at Coventry. Leeds scored three – away – whereas Alan Shearer failed to find the target. Wednesday embarked on a run of four wins and Wimbledon suffered the first of three defeats, although David Beckham's 60-yard strike against them did prove to be a sign of the champions' supremacy.

## Warne calls a halt to revival by England

### Cricket

**DEREK PRINGLE**  
reports from Trent Bridge  
Australia 427  
England 188-4

From the moment the thermometer climbed above the 90-degree Fahrenheit mark, it was always likely to be a day for the unexpected. In hot, humid conditions more reminiscent of Brisbane than Nottingham, England fought their way back into a match with some of their best bowling of the series, taking seven Australian wickets for 125 runs. Like the good Lord, however, what this Australian team gives with one hand it takes away with the other, and by the close England were 188 for four, still some 40 runs short of saving the follow-on.

As ironies go it could not have been more cruel, and England, whose timing for seizing the moment is about as faulty as a two-bob watch, were essentially a day late. Had they managed to produce bowling of

that calibre 24 hours earlier, the destination of the Ashes might not have been so clear cut as it appeared last night.

However, on a ground where they have won just one of their last 10 Test matches, England's stock, briefly buoyed after their extraordinary morning with the ball, fell sharply once Shane Warne began to work the magic of old.

The portents, if never entirely propitious after Australia's first innings total of 427, took their highest denting when Alec Stewart was dismissed for 87. Restored to his favoured opening position and batting like the sublime strokeplayer we saw last winter, Stewart provided the lion's share of the century opening partnership he shared with Mike Atherton, their fourth together in Test matches.

On course for his first hundred against Australia, Stewart was, in the end, a victim of his own excesses. Having scored at almost a run a ball, and driven the Australian bowlers to distraction with his glorious stroke-play, his slash at Warne was an

inglorious end to a memorable innings.

It also brought a brilliant diving catch from wicketkeeper Ian Healy, who, recovering after the initial thick outside edge had proved too hot to handle, performed a neat twisting backwards dive to snare the rebound.

With Atherton already a victim of the same combination, Warne began to warm to his task. Except for the latter stages of the Old Trafford match, he has not really had a bone-dry surface like this one to work with, and he quickly settled into the role of tormentor.

Once Stewart had departed, his generous flight began to make the ball drift and gro dangerously. It is these two factors that makes him such a difficult prospect to play against, and the ball that removed Nasser Hussain was about as perfect as a leg-spinner's dismissal can get.

Hussain, who normally plays spin well, had no answer to a ball that pitched on middle and leg and turned sharply to hit off-stump. If it was not quite as cataclysmic as the one that Mike Gatting received at Old Trafford four years ago, its effect on the England dressing-room would have been no less demoralising.

When John Crawley followed soon after, caught by Healy down the leg-side when fending at a short ball from Glenn McGrath, England's early momentum had drawn to a standstill.

It could have been worse, and had Graham Thorpe not batted Jason Gillespie's direct hit trying to scamper his first run, England could well have been following on, a prospect looking less likely since Adam Hoggie brought his steady influence to bear over his occasionally hot-headed Surrey team-mate.



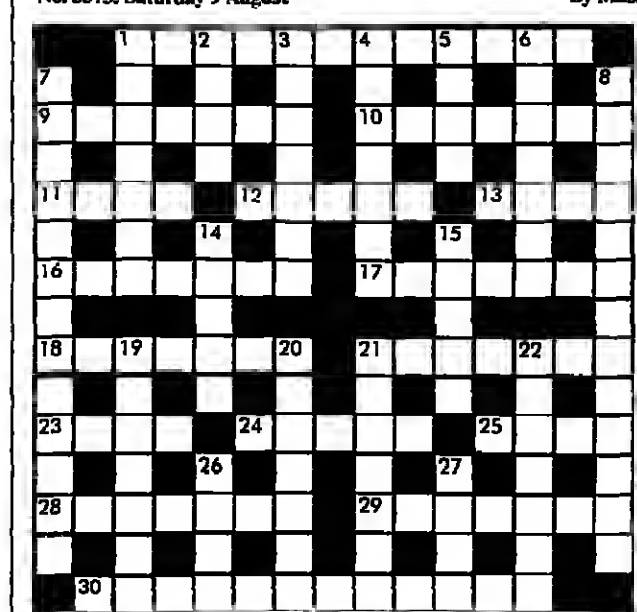
Ian Healy makes a successful diving effort to catch Alec Stewart off Shane Warne at Trent Bridge yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

Trent Bridge scoreboard	
Australia won toss	2-0-0-0; 7-0-35-1, 4-0-13-0; B & C
AUSTRALIA - First innings	427 (100.0 overs)
M E Waugh b W Gooch	98 (174 min, 124 balls, 8 fours)
S R Waugh b McGrath	75 (108 min, 102 balls, 13 fours)
A J Healy c A Hoggie b McGrath	87 (125 min, 118 balls, 3 fours)
S K Warne c Thorpe b McGrath	0 (22 min, 6 balls)
P R Stirling c Thorpe b McGrath	26 (61 min, 45 balls, 4 fours)
J N Gillespie not out	18 (52 min, 34 balls, 2 fours)
G P Thorpe not out	1 (10 min, 8 balls)
Extras (b, lb, nb, r)	19
Total (324 min, 221.5 overs)	427
England - First innings	188-4 (35.0 overs)
M A Atherton b McGrath	87 (112 min, 102 balls, 13 fours)
A J Healy c A Hoggie b McGrath	87 (125 min, 118 balls, 3 fours)
S K Warne c Thorpe b McGrath	0 (22 min, 6 balls)
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G P Thorpe not out	1 (10 min, 8 balls)
Extras (b, lb, nb, r)	19
Total (324 min, 221.5 overs)	427

## THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3373, Saturday 9 August By Mass



**Friday's solution**

Across: 1. L.A.S. 2. E.E.M. 3. E.E.M. 4. E.E.M. 5. E.E.M. 6. E.E.M. 7. E.E.M. 8. E.E.M. 9. E.E.M. 10. E.E.M. 11. E.E.M. 12. E.E.M. 13. E.E.M. 14. E.E.M. 15. E.E.M. 16. E.E.M. 17. E.E.M. 18. E.E.M. 19. E.E.M. 20. E.E.M. 21. E.E.M. 22. E.E.M. 23. E.E.M. 24. E.E.M. 25. E.E.M. 26. E.E.M. 27. E.E.M. 28. E.E.M. 29. E.E.M. 30. E.E.M.

**Last Saturday's solution**

Across: 1. L.A.S. 2. E.E.M. 3. E.E.M. 4. E.E.M. 5. E.E.M. 6. E.E.M. 7. E.E.M. 8. E.E.M. 9. E.E.M. 10. E.E.M. 11. E.E.M. 12. E.E.M. 13. E.E.M. 14. E.E.M. 15. E.E.M. 16. E.E.M. 17. E.E.M. 18. E.E.M. 19. E.E.M. 20. E.E.M. 21. E.E.M. 22. E.E.M. 23. E.E.M. 24. E.E.M. 25. E.E.M. 26. E.E.M. 27. E.E.M. 28. E.E.M. 29. E.E.M. 30. E.E.M.

- ACROSS**
- Hyperbole ever develops with speed in a watering-hole (12)
  - Alien group likely to have a field-day? (7)
  - Attached? Infatuated (5,2)
  - Secure Knight facing decline (4)
  - Further dam, mile off (5)
  - Put up tent's second stay (4)
  - Escorted old lady in (7)
  - Revoke? American's taken aback, in game, by East (7)
  - Eating cut of meat with drink brought round (7)
  - Mild gum containing hint of lime (7)
  - Gin in one's mouth (4)
  - Hound's out of car, in the grass (5)
  - Brief, short and formal (4)
  - Loose ulna she fractured (7)
  - Fly circling quiet study (7)
  - Sixth Form elite? (5,7)
- DOWN**
- Not the type to have a fluff? (7)
  - ... Gave? (7)
  - Brought into play? Edward's holding King back, note (7)
  - Chemist's stuff mixture put on edges of ulcer (7)
  - It's just like Lily, having a drink (4)
  - Elected man harbouring Liberal idea (7)
  - Like tough material, only partly worsted (4,3,3,3)
  - Discourt for European articles? I'm holding out (13)
  - Sap's dead wet (5)
  - One set, in spirit (5)
  - Pink fish (7)
  - Vivid Greek character clad in trimmed elegance (7)
  - Island - reportedly rough one, getting about (7)
  - Peer over letter, insensitive to the tone? (7)
  - An attribute of prevalent depression (4)
  - Croaks? Not right for these creatures (4)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hand-drawn copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5SL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcodes. Last week's winners: R Langdon, Lower Ockington; G Carless, Wareham; G Baker, Woodstock; K Phillips, Reading; M Collins, London SW11.

## Edwards claims a fourth silver for GB

### Athletics

Jonathan Edwards failed to retain his triple jump title at the World Athletics Championships in Athens yesterday. Following the British pattern at the championships, Edwards had to settle for silver, the fourth such medal for a Briton this week.

The 31-year-old Edwards has been bothered by a heel injury for the last six weeks. His silver medal means that Britain's last realistic hope of a gold medal lies in tomorrow's 400 metres relay. Britain have won at least one gold in each of the five previous world championships.

Yesterday's triple jump gold went to the Cuban Yoelvis Quezada with a jump of 17.85m. Edwards' leap of 17.69m secured his silver and another Cuban, Aliecer Urrutia, claimed the bronze in 17.64. Edwards also had to settle for silver at the Olympics in Atlanta last year.

Meanwhile, Trinidad's Ato Boldon claimed the first of what promises to be many major titles with a searing victory in the men's 200m. Boldon, who

was disappointed at finishing fifth in the 100m after complaining of muscle problems in his legs, came off the bend in front and stretched his lead over the last 100 metres to win by some five metres.

The Olympic bronze medalist could afford the luxury of raising his arms in triumph as he crossed the line in 20.04sec. Namibia's former world champion Frankie Fredericks, who finished second at the last championships in 1995, took the silver again in 20.23.

There was further disappointment for Jamaica's Merlene Ottey, who was beaten in the women's 200m by the fast-finishing Ukrainian Zhanna Pintusevich. Ottey made a superb start and looked on course for the title as she led for the first 150 metres, only to lose out with the finishing line in sight.

Pintusevich took the gold in 22.32 while Ottey then had to settle for bronze in 22.40 as she was outpaced on the line by Susanthika Jayasinghe, who claimed Sri Lanka's first-ever championship medal in 22.39. Reports, results, page 24

## A LANDMINE SHATTERED HER LIFE



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